NOTES FROM THE

Life and Travels

OF

JAMES BATCHELDER

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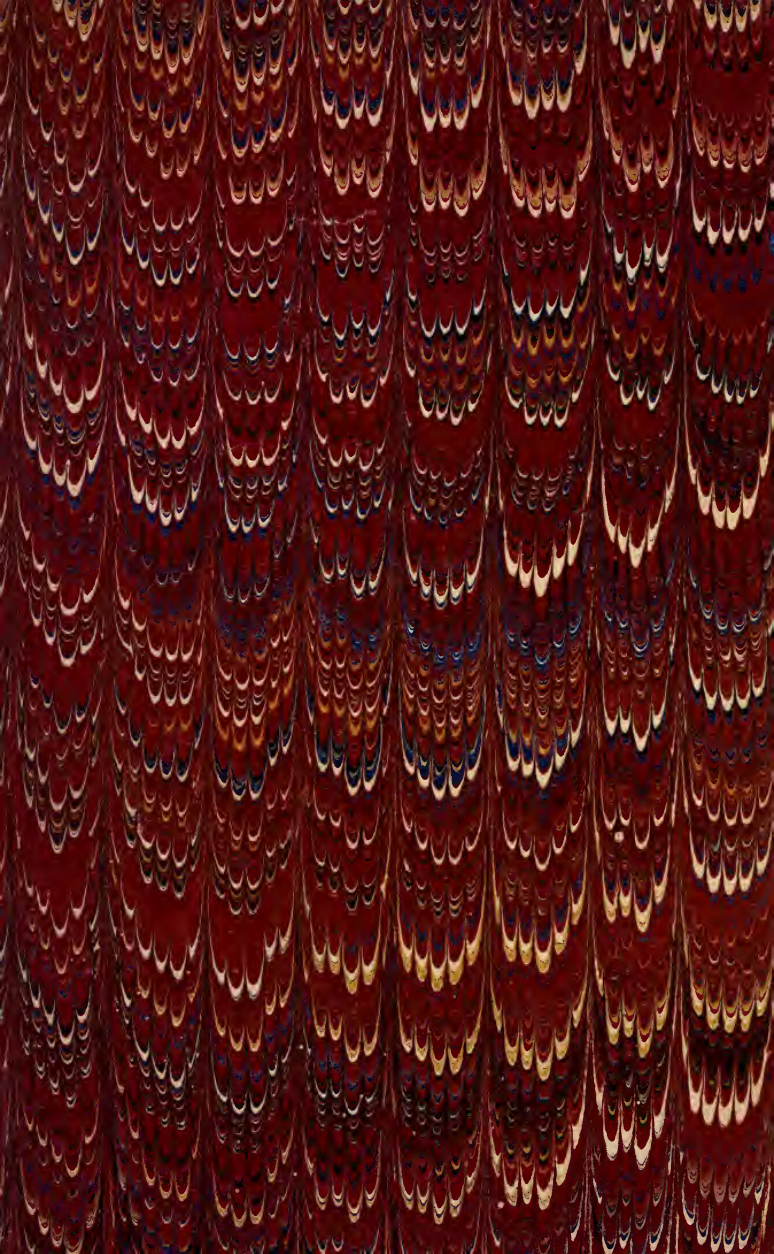

OCT 9 1902

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NOTES FROM THE

LIFE AND TRAVELS

—OF—

JAMES BATCHELDER,

A Retired Locomotive Engineer.

By JAMES BATCHELDER.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO:
PACIFIC PRESS PUBLISHING CO.,
1892.

PREFACE.

THE object of this work is to give my friends a slight knowledge of the places I visited during my travels in different parts of the world. To give a full description of every place would make too large a book, so I shall confine myself to describing some of the most important sights to be seen along the various routes taken.

My first trip of any great note after starting on my travels was to Alaska, in 1882. The next was a trip around the world, in 1883. During the year of 1884 I made five separate and distinct trips in the United States, Canada, and Mexico,

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and have recorded them as such in this work. I spent the year of 1885 in different towns in California, and have also spoken of them in these pages. In 1886 I took a trip to the Yellowstone National Park. During 1887 I traveled in Southern California, and in 1888 I visited South and Central America. I made no journey of any importance during 1889, but in 1890 I made a second voyage around the world.

All of these trips were accomplished with a great deal of pleasure to myself, and I have put them in writing, with no attempt at literary style, but in a straightforward and sincere manner, without any intention of having it published for sale or for circulation to any extent—merely for the gratification of myself and a few of my most intimate friends and relatives.

I need scarcely say that, for me, it brings back incidents of foreign travel, recalls the place and circumstances, and opens long vistas of delightful memories.

It may not be out of place to state to others who may chance to read this that my life, from

boyhood up to the time I commenced my travels, was spent at hard labor. I have had no advantages in the art of wielding words and phrases, so must give as my excuse for errors that may occur, my lack of experience in literary composition, and hope due allowance will be made for them.

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INTRODUCTION.

NOTES FROM THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

I WAS born November 6, 1828, in the town of Warren, Grafton County, New Hampshire. My parents, like most good, honest New England country people, were not overburdened with this world's possessions; but by hard work, they managed to get a good living from the products of a farm, situated about two miles from the village school, where I received as much education as I was capable of taking until I was ten years old.

About that time my father was instantly killed by the falling of the limb of a tree which he was cutting, it having struck him on the head. This was very hard for my mother, as she had a large family of children, consisting of six boys and two girls. Fortunately, two of the boys were nearly young men and able to take care of the farm.

As the care of the family devolved upon them, I came to the conclusion that I would find some place where I could take care of myself. So, at the early age of ten years, I commenced the battles of life, and have been as prosperous ever since as anyone could expect to be under the circumstances. Thanks to kind Providence.

On leaving home the extent of my baggage was a few changes of linen tied up in a handkerchief, which I carried under my arm. This bundle, together with the suit of homespun I had on, comprised the full extent of my worldly goods.

My mother accompanied me about a mile on my way, giving me good advice the while. Then, with tears in her eyes, she gave me a kiss and her parting blessing, leaving me with the injunction that I must be a good boy and come to see her as often as I could.

I have faithfully tried to follow her good advice by living an honest, upright life, and have often held out a helping hand to those who found themselves unequal to the struggle on life's journey. By hard work and prudence, I have accumulated a competence that has enabled me to indulge in my life's dream of traveling.

Many years have passed since then, and I am an old man now; but that parting scene is as fresh in my memory as though it were but yesterday; and should I live a thousand years, I will always remember it. Poor woman! She never

had any too much of this world's goods, but I hope she is happy now and receiving her reward for the trials and troubles she had to endure while battling with the cares of this life. She died about twenty years ago.

After taking my leave of her I dried my eyes, and, with a sad heart, I walked on till I reached the town of Wentworth, where I found a home with a family named Keyser, my wages being my board and clothing with three months' schooling each winter. The rest of the year I had to work hard, so I had no time to keep up my studies, and what little I learned in one winter was nearly forgotten before the next school term began. This was the only chance I had in my youth to get an education. It is far different with young boys nowadays. I stayed at Wentworth about five years, and then my desire to travel and see some of the world began. I took my first pleasure trip at this time, and, although a short one, it was none the less interesting. I started on foot to visit an uncle of mine, who lived in Burlington, Vermont, about one hundred miles away. I would walk each day as far as I could, and when night came I would stop at some farmhouse, and ask to be kept overnight, which request was never refused. After staying with my uncle about three weeks, I returned in the same way to Wentworth, where I found a position in a hotel, which I held for two years.

I then tried several occupations, such as driving team, working at stone work, and learning the blacksmith trade. But I was not satisfied with any of this work, and after a short time found a position as fireman on a locomotive on the New Hampshire Northern Railway. This was in 1848, when I was twenty years old. I served as fireman two years, during which time I was badly hurt in a collision of two trains near Grafton Center, which came very nearly making a cripple of me for life; but, fortunately, I recovered entirely from the effects of it, and will state here that, during my thirty-five years on a locomotive, I have never lost any time on account of sickness, nor have I received any other than the above-mentioned injury on a railway. And I was never discharged from any position I ever held, either on a railroad or elsewhere. At the end of two years as fireman, I was promoted to the position of engineer, in which capacity I served three years on that road.

I then went to Illinois, where I found employment on the Burlington and Quincy Railroad, running the mail train from Chicago to Mendota, and from Aurora to Galesburg. In 1858, after a stay of five years on that road, on account of the long, cold, snowy winters, together with my roving disposition, I left there and came to California with the intention of engaging in mining, but not finding it a paying business after trying it a short time, I started out to find some other em-

ployment. Leaving the mines, I went to Sacramento; not finding anything there to engage in, I went to Napa City, where I found a man who wanted an engineer to run an engine in a sawmill in the redwoods some five miles from Napa. He said he had been imposed upon by men who called themselves engineers, but whom he found, after trying, were not what they represented themselves to be. He engaged me at $75 per month and board. I found the engine in a bad condition, but soon put it in working order, and remained there ten months, then went to San Francisco, where I found a position as engineer on a sand train—taking the sand from a large hill on Market Street between Third and Fourth to fill in the low land at the foot of Market Street. After the sand hill was removed, a passenger train was run to the old Mission Dolores, and I was in charge of the first engine on that road, and held the position until 1863, when a local railroad was built in Oakland connecting with steamers at the end of a long wharf for San Francisco. I was the first engineer engaged on this road, and served until 1883, making twenty years of steady employment. During these twenty years I took several trips to different parts of California, taking in Los Angeles, Riverside, San Bernardino, Santa Monica, Pasadena, Yosemite Valley, the Geysers, and Lake Tahoe. I also visited certain places in Nevada.

I met with an accident while out driving, which came very nearly being a serious one. The horse got frightened by a threshing machine, and gave a leap into a ditch which we were passing, upsetting the carriage and breaking my collar bone. My young lady companion and the horse fortunately escaped uninjured. The affair caused considerable merriment among my intimate friends, who frequently made the remark that I could run a locomotive but could not run a mustang.

During the last year of my service on this road, I took a trip to Alaska on the steamship *Decota*. This was an excursion of about one hundred tourists. The trip (of which I will give a full description later on) was greatly enjoyed by all. Soon after this I left the employ of the railroad company, having by prudence and industry acquired a sufficient amount of capital to enable me to gratify my lifelong desire to travel. I will try to give my friends a faint description of places I have already visited, hoping that some day they will have the opportunity of taking the same trips themselves.

From the time I came to California, in 1858, I had never seen any of my relatives until my return there in 1883, while on my tour around the world, making a separation of twenty-five years. Upon my arrival at the town where I was born and spent my boyhood's days, I started to walk to my old home, where my brother still resides.

As I walked through the village, I felt very sad. My mother had died since I had left there, and no one remembered me. I saw not one in the place whom I looked upon as a friend, but the place had not changed much, as nearly as I could remember. People sat upon their porches the same as of yore; the same flowers seemed to bloom in the gardens; the same loungers to stand about the tavern door; the same young men and girls to hang on the garden gates. I could scarcely realize that some of them might be sons and daughters of those I had known twenty-five years before. There stood the old church that I used to attend when a boy. Well do I remember the funeral services of my father being held there some forty-five years ago. It seems to have undergone but little change since then. The same churchyard has been receiving constant additions, some whom I had known in my boyhood having been laid away in that final resting place. My father and sister were laid there many long years ago. On arriving at the old farm, there stood the same old house and barn, the same old orchard, on which the hand of time had left its mark; and the same brook went rippling by over its pebbly bed, with its large rocks here and there that I used to play upon when a boy. As I gazed upon all these familiar scenes, I could almost fancy myself a boy again. But the people! Alas, what a change

I found in them! My brother had grown old, and looked feeble and careworn, and soon will have to take his place with those who have gone before. His children had grown to be young men and women, some of whom were unborn when last I saw him. As I stood looking at them, and the changes they had undergone, I was made to realize that I, too, have turned the bend, and am on the road to that final home to which we all must go sooner or later.

"For with equal pace
Impartial fate
Knocks both at the palace
And the garden gate."

In conclusion I will state that I have never married, and have never had a home that I could call my own since I left my boyhood's home. Nor have I since known much about the comforts of a home or the influence of a woman's loving heart or guiding hand. But I can often bring to mind some act of kindness or something that was said to cheer me, or some slight or coldness by some who were too thoughtless to remember that they had ever been children. And should I live a thousand years, any slight or kindness that has ever been shown me by those with whom it was my lot to associate, will never be forgotten.

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CHAPTER I.

MY TRIP TO ALASKA.

I LEFT San Francisco toward the last of July, 1882, arriving at Victoria, British Columbia, after traveling two days and a half by steamer along the coast of California and Oregon.

Victoria is a city of about thirty thousand inhabitants, and is located on Vancouver Island. It is a sleepy place, and thoroughly English, but picturesque in every detail, having a commanding view of the Straits of Fuca and the far-away heights of British Columbia, also of the snowy mountain peaks of Washington.

Alaska is quite an unknown country to a great many. It has been under the control of the

American Government since 1867. Its scenery rivals in grandeur and beauty that of Switzerland, Norway, and Sweden; but how few are aware of it. It has the largest glaciers in the world. The territory of Alaska was purchased from Russia in 1867 for $7,200,000, and has an area of five hundred and eighty thousand one hundred and seven square miles. It is equal in size to all of the United States east of the Mississippi River, and north of Alabama, Georgia, and North Carolina. Its coast, including the islands if taken in a straight line, would belt the globe.

On leaving Victoria we went to Nanaimo, and then to Departure Bay, some three miles from the latter place, where we spent three days coaling up the ship. This gave us an opportunity to visit the coal mines located about five miles inland. They are very extensive, and the coal is of a fine quality. A narrow-gauge railway connects the mine with Nanaimo. While there we enjoyed an old-fashioned "down East" clam bake. The captain hired Indians to get the clams for us, and bread, pies, cake, and wine were provided from the ship. We also got up a fishing party one afternoon, and went out in small boats; but as the fish would not bite, we exploded dynamite cartridges in the water, which stunned them and brought them to the surface in good quantities.

In the evening we had a dance in the Nanaimo hall, and returned to the ship in the wee small

hours of the morning. The music was furnished by the military band of Fort Vancouver, which accompanied us on our trip. Our coming in and going out of ports were signaled by the playing of the band. They also favored us with fine music after each meal, and played dance music each evening in the cabin for the guests, which added greatly to the enjoyment of the trip. On leaving Nanaimo, a party of ladies and gentlemen, accompanied by a brass band, came in small boats drawn by a steam launch, and sailed around our steamer several times, their band serenading us the while, which was answered by our band in return. After our steamer got under full heading, leaving some distance between us and our serenaders, our captain fired a parting salute from the cannon on the steamer, and much merriment was caused when one of the other party answered it by firing off a pistol.

Our next stopping place was Fort Wrangle. This was a large mining camp a few years ago. The mines were located on the Steikeen River, but they have been nearly worked out, so that now the place is quite dull. On our way here we passed through the straits known as the Seymore Narrows, where the width is half a mile, the depth seventy fathoms, and the current runs at the rate of nine miles an hour. It is as dangerous as the St. Lawrence Rapids, it being full of hidden rocks. A United States man of war was

lost here some time ago. At Wrangle the Indians have standing beside their best-built houses tall spires of native wood on which are rudely carved the heads and animals that form the family crest of the inmates of the house. They are called totem poles. The Alaskan Indian is very fond of his totem pole, as it forms his crest and his history both in one.

From here we went to Holcomb Bay for the purpose of seeing a glacier. We cast anchor at eight o'clock A. M. and went ashore in small boats, procuring the services of an Indian to act as our pilot. The glacier seemed to be but a short distance off, and the Indian said it was very easily reached, but we found to our sorrow that it was not so near nor so easy to reach as we expected. We had to beat our way through the underbrush up and down steep hills for about three miles without the least sign of a trail, sometimes having to crawl on our hands and knees. Our guide said we were the first white people who had ever reached that glacier. The trip was accomplished after a good deal of perseverance and hardship, but the scenery was so grand when we arrived there that we felt ourselves amply repaid for our trouble. The glacier was one thousand feet high, lying in a deep gorge between two high mountains. It is said to be moving down, but so slowly that it is not perceptible to the eye. While climbing about over this glacier, we saw large cracks in the

ice several hundred feet in depth and three or four wide. Should anyone slip and fall into any of these cracks, his body could never be found.

When we left the ship in the morning, we expected to return at noon, but failed to do so till six P. M. that evening. The next morning we arrived at Juneau. This is quite a lively mining place. During the summer, business is quite brisk, but the winters are long and very cold, so that mines cannot be worked more than four months in the year. I do not think they are rich enough to pay much at that rate, and the chances are they will have to be abandoned unless some richer diggings are found. While at Juneau, Captain Carrol, commander of our ship, made arrangements with several boat crews of Indians to row their canoes around a small island about a mile distant, for a purse of $20 to the crew which made the quickest time. There were fifteen canoes, with twelve men in each, to compete for the prize. They used short side paddles, or oars, and all kept time in making their strokes. This was as fine a boat race as one could wish to see, and I think we all enjoyed it to its fullest extent.

After leaving here we went into the Tackou Inlet, where we started out with the intention of visiting one of the finest glaciers in the world, but had to give it up on account of so many floating icebergs. We were afraid of being caught between them and crushed to death, so we took another

direction, and went to see one less beautiful and grand.

The next stop we made was at Chilkat, after making an interesting run of twelve hours up Lynn Canal to Pyramid Harbor, the head-waters of inland navigation, and lying nearly sixty degrees north latitude. Chilkat River flows into Pyramid Harbor, up which canoes can run to Chilkat village, one of the largest Indian settlements in Alaska. Lynn Canal is a narrow strip of water with the high mountain peaks of the Chilkat Range on one side and the White Mountains of Alaska on the other. On arriving at Pyramid Harbor we found a small Indian village and a few white traders. The traders had two Indian women who had been condemned by their tribe to be burned at the stakes, as they were supposed to be witches. They had been hidden away by the traders until we arrived, when they were taken on board our ship and carried to Sitka, where they were safe from their persecutors. It is a common practice among the Indians, when any one of their number is sick, for the medicine man, when he fails to effect a cure, to accuse someone of having bewitched the sick person. The party thus accused is taken by their tribe and burned at the stakes. In the case referred to, had our arrival been delayed a few days longer, the traders would have been compelled to give the squaws up, in order to save their own lives, as they were threatened with death unless they gave them up.

Sitka, located on Paranoff Island, has a fine harbor, which is formed by two long arms of the island. Sitka Bay is full of islands of various sizes, and is one of the finest bays in the world. Sitka is not now what it was when peopled by the Russians. There was a great deal of gayety here then, but since they have gone, its glory, too, has flown. There is not much of interest to be seen here after one has seen the interior of the Greek Church, with its old gold gilt paintings and rich ornaments, also the castle on the hill near the wharf, which is a crumbling ruin now. But, in its day, the house was gorgeously furnished, and was the residence of the Russian governor, whose commands were obeyed by all. At that time Sitka had quite a population, but most all of the people have gone; the houses are vacant and going to ruin, and had they tongues would say, "My day is done; my glory has departed."

On leaving here we went back to Victoria, stopping at Hootsnoo and Metacatta, two small Indian villages. At the latter place they have a large cannery, where Indians, who are kept under the care of white traders, put up large quantities of fish. The Indians go to school, speak good English, and work at different trades, such as blacksmithing, tinsmithing, etc. They are also taught music, and play a brass band quite well.

From Victoria we went to Port Townsend, in Washington Territory, which is the port of entry for all shipping in these waters.

Our next place was Seattle, a growing business place, and the largest town in the territory.

We next went to Tacoma, where we left the ship, the steamship company being kind enough to make our tickets transferable *via* Portland to San Francisco, giving us an opportunity to see something of Oregon, which privilege we were glad to get. Portland is a fine city situated on the left bank of the Willamette River, twelve miles above where that stream empties into the Columbia. It is built on the slope of a hill, whose top is still covered with pines and fir trees. On clear days the city enjoys a magnificent view. Far away towards the east rest three snowcapped mountains, Mt. Hood looming above the rest. During our stay at Portland we took a trip up the Columbia River to The Dalles, making a short stop at Fort Vancouver. Here we were met by a lieutenant, whose name I cannot now recall, but who had been a fellow passenger on our trip to Alaska. He took us for a drive around the military post. The fort occupies a lovely little spot, and reflects great credit on General Miles, its present commander.

The scenery along the river to The Dalles is very grand and picturesque, and resembles somewhat that of the Rhine, only this is barren rock with but little vegetation, while the Rhine is interspersed with castles, vineyards, and crumbling ruins. On returning to Portland we took a trip

to Salem. This city is the capital of Oregon, and is situated in the Willamette Valley, about fifty miles from Portland. It is a manufacturing town of considerable importance. The capitol, which was begun in 1873, when completed will be an imposing structure. The penitentiary, also several institutions of learning, are located in Salem. Among the most important are the Willamette University, an institution of long standing, the school for the deaf, dumb, and blind, and an Indian training school maintained by the national government. From there I returned to Portland, where I took the steamer for San Francisco, arriving there after having traveled about four thousand miles, most of the time on inland waters, and I consider myself well repaid for the time and money spent, as it was one of the most enjoyable trips I have ever taken.

CHAPTER II.

MY TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

I STARTED on a trip around the world about the middle of January, 1883, leaving San Francisco for Japan, and arriving at Yokohama after a voyage of nineteen days, during which time we encountered a number of squalls, which caused some of the passengers to arrange for the disposal of their worldly goods. But nothing serious happened.

Japan is a beautiful country. It consists of four large islands, which may be regarded as Japan proper, and of many small ones, some lying near the shore, and others lying far out in the sea. The native name of the whole country is Nippon. Japan is bounded on the east and south sides by the Pacific Ocean, while on the west and north are the Yellow, Japan, and Okhotsk Seas. Its mainland is within about one hundred miles of

the great continent of Asia. Taking the four great islands as one, the length of the country, measured north and south, is nearly nine hundred miles, and its breadth, about eight hundred miles. The production of tea in Japan is enormous. They ship to the United States, annually, about thirty-five million pounds, or fifty per cent of all the tea consumed here—the rest comes mostly from Formosa, Foochow, and Amoy in China.

Japan has five lines of railway in operation, aggregating two hundred and sixty miles. The longest line, from Tokio to Nikko, is seventy-five miles. It was recently opened, and belongs to the Imperial Japanese Railway Company. The other lines are owned and operated by their government. All the employes on the trains are Japanese, having learned the business from Englishmen sent here in the early days of railroading in this country. After a few days' stay in Yokohama I went to Tokio. This is the largest and finest city in Japan, and is its capital. The city was founded nearly three hundred years ago. Its great feature was, and still is, its castle, or fort. It lies on a sidehill overlooking the city, and is partly surrounded by a wide canal, so that in case of an invasion the bridges could be torn down, affording complete protection. Another feature of the modern capital is the great temple district of Sheba. It is adorned with fine old trees, rising

here and there into wooded slopes and hills. These groves of Sheba were once secluded and sacred, but are now opened to the public.

Another beautiful spot of like association, but made far less beautiful by battle and fire, is Woogeno, or Ugeno, on the opposite side of the city. There is another temple in Tokio, called the temple of Asakusa, a notable place of its kind, and full of interest to the stranger. It is the principal Buddhist temple in Tokio. Its attractions are those of a fair rather than those of a temple, having such exhibitions as tea houses, waxworks, shows, monkeys, and various entertainments. In the immediate neighborhood singing girls make merry the hearts of citizens and visitors, filling their ears with joyous music, and their eyes with pictures of graceful dancers.

But these sights are not strange to the Japanese mind, associated with their temples and toy-shops. The business streets and shops in Tokio are chiefly managed by Japanese. The number of foreign residents are so few in proportion to that of their own nation that they do not interfere with the native aspect of the place, as one walks or rides along its thoroughfares. During my stay in Japan I rode around in jinrikishas to my heart's content. One consists of a small chaise on two wheels, propelled by a man between the shafts. When I first arrived at Tokio, I was met at the station by one of these carriage men, who

asked me in English if I wanted to go to a good English hotel. I told him that I did, so he told me to get into his conveyance, and he would take me to one. After taking me a considerable distance up town, he stopped in front of what he told me I would find a good English hotel. I was surprised on entering to find that not a person could understand a word I said, so I returned to the street and informed my carriage man that he had made a mistake. Then he informed me that I could get a good English dinner here anyway. I told him to tell them I would be back at noon, in time for dinner, and I had as good a meal there as one could wish for. It was served in courses, French style, by beautiful young native waiter girls.

The Japanese are a polite and genteel race of people. The women of the higher class are pretty, and neatly dressed, and keep their houses and themselves clean, it being their custom to take a bath every day. Before anyone can enter their house, their boots have to be taken off, and slippers, which will be found outside the door, put on in their stead; or, if a person chooses, he can go in in his stocking feet. The floors are so clean that they will hardly soil a white pocket handkerchief. It is the custom of the females, as soon as they marry, to blacken their teeth, and arrange their hair in a peculiar style, so as to be easily distinguished from those who are not married.

On leaving Tokio I went down the inland sea of Japan, anchoring in the harbor of Koby, a pretty looking European town, and one of the places open to foreign trade. Over the hills beyond lies Hiogo, which is a genuine old Japanese town, which practically adjoins Koby, and is contiguous with it. From here I went to Osaka, one of the three large cities of Japan. It has a population of one million, and was at one time the capital. The most beautiful sea voyage in the world is the trip on the inland sea of Japan. Between the large islands there is an expanse of water five hundred miles in extent from east to west, and varying greatly in breadth, forming a landlocked sea. We were two days and one night making the trip, and during the whole voyage the water had scarcely a ripple on its surface. The sidehills along the route are nearly all made into tea fields by building terraces one above the other to the very top of the highest hills. Our passage through this sea was an ever-changing panorama of green fields on the islands, narrowing straits, expanding bays, hills and valleys, with cities scattered along its shores, seeming to roll past us with constantly varying beauty.

After passing through the sea we arrived at Nagasaki. This was the last place we stopped at while in Japan. While here I had the pleasure of seeing the manner in which they load the ships with coal. Small girls from ten to fourteen

years old form a line from the lighter to the deck of the ship, and pass the coal in baskets from one to another, the one on deck emptying it into the ship's hold. The wages of these little girls for a day's work is about fifteen cents. One of the great features of the country is the sacred mountain, Fujiama, the highest mountain in Japan, thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. It was a volcano, but it is now extinct. On approaching Japan it can be seen from any direction while yet far out at sea.

After leaving Nagasaki we crossed the Yellow Sea to Shanghai, China. On the way we experienced pretty heavy weather, and the ship rolled about over the waves in a frightful manner, and when dinner time came I was the only passenger at the table, the others having all succumbed to seasickness—a sickness I never was troubled with during all my travels by water. But during this voyage I was sitting on a chair with my feet on another warming them, when the ship gave a sudden lurch to one side and threw me over against a table which stood near by fastened to the floor, with such a force as to break it loose, and table, chairs, and myself were piled up in a heap in one corner of the cabin. I was somewhat hurt and bruised by the fall, but not seriously.

Shanghai lies about fifty miles inland on the Yankersee River. It has a large European population, French, English, and Americans. It is also

a large native city, having fine walls around the old town, but there is not much to be seen here that will interest a stranger. The streets are narrow and dirty, as all Chinese cities are. The first evening of my arrival here I left the hotel in the American settlement to take a look at the old town inside the walls, but when I got to the gate, I found that no Europeans were allowed inside after dark, so I concluded to return to my hotel, but got lost in the native settlement outside of the walls, it being almost as large as it is on the inside. I wandered about from eight o'clock in the evening till eleven, trying to find someone who could speak enough English to direct me to the hotel I was looking for; but it was impossible for me to make either police officers or anyone else understand the name, and I began to think I would have to stay out all night. Finally, about eleven o'clock, I came to a place which appeared to be a Chinese hotel, so I stepped in and inquired at the office if there was anyone there who could speak English. A party of Chinese were playing billiards in another part of the room. The officer called to one of them, who immediately came up to me. I put the same question to him, and on his answering me in the affirmative, I asked him to tell me of one of his rikisha men, so that I could get him to take me to the Astor House. He did so, and in about five minutes' time I was safely landed at the house I had been hunting

for all the evening. In Shanghai and in Hongkong they have some of the Japanese jinrikishas, but the wheelbarrow is the old mode of conveyance, and is still used to some extent, although it is fast giving way to the rikisha.

From Shanghai we went to Hongkong, and then to Canton. While on the China Sea we encountered several squalls, but nothing serious, although in another of the sudden lurches the ship gave, I got another fall, which lamed me so badly that it took me about a week to recover from it. While in Canton, under the direction of a guide, I saw all that was to be seen of any importance. While here I did as every other visitor does, rode in a sedan chair, and the ride ranks among the funniest of my life. The motion is a slow, sleepy one, but not altogether unpleasant, although, like many other luxuries, one must acquire a taste for it. Two men will carry a chair when one goes a short distance only, but as I wanted to be out all day I had to have six men, three for my guide's chair and three for mine, which made, including my guide, seven men for me to pay making sight-seeing in Canton rather expensive.

Canton is the second city in size in China, Pekin being the largest. During my stay in Canton I took my meals and slept on board the ship I came on, having made arrangements with the captain to do so, paying the regular hotel prices for the privilege. There is only one European hotel in

Canton, and a very poor one at that. It is a common thing to see the women hobbling along through the streets, with such small feet encased in such tight shoes that they can scarcely walk. They are thus crippled while yet little children by the cruel custom of bandaging their feet, bending all the toes but the large one under the foot until they are dislocated. The heels are drawn up towards the legs until a partial dislocation of the ankle takes place, and are held in that position by bandages. They have to keep the bandages on for ten or twelve years, which cripples them for life. They suffer the most excruciating pain under this treatment, but it entitles them to a mark of distinction, as only the rich and aristocratic portion of the people practice this inhuman treatment.

On my return to Hongkong I had to wait nine days before a ship left for the direction I wished to go, although three days would have afforded me ample time to see all there was to be seen in the place. The city is on a high bluff along the bay, presenting a fine sight from the ship on entering the harbor, but, like Constantinople, when one goes ashore, the beauty all disappears. Hongkong belongs to the English Government, and is a large commercial place, having trade with all parts of the world.

After leaving here I went to Saigon, in Anam, Cochin China. This is a French settlement, and

lies about fifty miles inland, on the Saigon River. We then went to Singapore, in Malay, thence through the Straits of Malacca, a long strip of water extending from southeast to northwest and connecting the Bay of Bengal with the South Pacific Ocean. It is a pretty piece of water, and while passing through it we were never out of sight of land on one side or the other. It takes nearly two days for a steamer to pass through it. On the east is the peninsula of Malacca, and on the west is the island of Sumatra, which extends south nearly to Java, the two islands being separated by the Straits of Sunda. Singapore is situated on an island fifty or sixty miles in circumference, at the lower end of the straits. There are about fifteen thousand inhabitants on the island, comprising Chinese, Parsees, Hindoos, Singhalese, Arabs, Armenians, Japanese, Siamese, Jews, and negroes.

From Singapore we went to Columbo, situated on the island of Ceylon. While on the voyage crossing the Indian Ocean we had the pleasure of viewing some of the beautiful sunsets of which that locality is so famous. There is no place in the world where the sunsets form such beautiful pictures as on the Indian Ocean. This is supposed to be caused by the sun setting behind large banks of heavy fog that rise in the distance in every conceivable shape and form. And when the sun is setting behind this, it gives it the color of gold, and the appearance of rivers and lakes,

dotted here and there, containing islands of every size and form covered with vegetation of every kind; and little boats of every description laden with human freight seem to be playing on the water between the islands, while on the banks and hills, which form high above the water, can be traced magnificent castles and palaces surrounded by gardens and groves of the most beautiful foliage, and in the background rise high mountain peaks—all seeming as natural as if they actually existed. I have read many glowing descriptions of the beauties of Paradise, with its rivers of gold, etc., but I have never seen anything equal to make me feel the realization of the picture as did the sunsets on the Indian Ocean.

On reaching Columbo I took a trip by rail seventy-five miles inland to a place called Kanda. Mile after mile of trees of wonderful growth, laden with spices of every description, is seen on every side, making the island of Ceylon, as it is said to be, the garden of the world,

> "Where every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile."

Almost every nationality in the world can be found on this island, but the majority of the population is divided into three distinct races, called Singhalese, Bergers, and Tamelites. They all dress in the oriental style, and men and women dress alike. They wear their hair done up on the back part of the head, and fasten it with a tortoise

shell comb. Neither sex wears hats or headgear of any kind. It is almost impossible to tell a male from a female, the only difference being in their faces, which are more masculine looking. There is a small class of people here called Parsees. The females are very handsome, and the men are smart business people. They are somewhat like our Jews. They deal in clothing, jewelry, and precious stones, the latter, such as rubies, sapphires, the topaz, and cat's eye, being found in large quantities on the island. As gold is not a mineral product of the island, they buy gold coin, such as English sovereigns and French Napoleons, which they make into very fine jewelry. While in Columbo I saw Arabi Pasha, who was exiled to this island, but is at liberty to go and come as he pleases to any part of it. He lives in a fine house near the edge of a lovely lake, in the neighborhood of the cinnamon garden. I had a long talk with him through an interpreter. He has four wives with him, whom he brought from Egypt.

After a ten days' sojourn on this delightful island, I started for Calcutta by the way of Madras, passing through the Bay of Bengal, and up the Hoogley River. At Madras the ship anchored some distance from shore, and the Hindoo natives came out in small boats to take the passengers ashore. I made a bargain with one to land me for two rupees and eight annas, but when three or four yards from shore, the water was too shal-

low to allow the boat going any further, so the coolies took me in their arms and carried me to dry land, for which they wanted extra pay, but I refused to pay it, as the bargain was for them to land me for the sum already stated. We had quite an exciting time for a little while, fifteen or twenty of those half-naked natives having gathered around me to demand extra pay for what they deemed extra services. I knew they were not entitled to it, so did not give it to them. They take every advantage of a foreigner they can, and will beat him every time unless he is determined to fight his way through.

Calcutta is a large city, and lies one hundred miles inland on the Hoogley River, one of the mouths of the Ganges, as that river ends in several streams, each having a different name, but all emptying into the Bengal Bay. Calcutta has been the capital of the British Empire for more than a century, and it is the center of British influence for the whole East. Fort William is an extensive fortress standing on the Maidan, a vast open plain extending more than two miles up and down the Hoogley River south of the city. The portion of the Maidan bordering on the river is the most fashionable drive in the city, being similar to the Prater, in Vienna, or Rotten Row, in Hyde Park, London. Every evening just before sunset, when the heat of the day has passed, all Calcutta turns out for an hour's drive up and

down the strand. The sight is one of the gayest to be seen in the suburbs of any city, and one of the most peculiar. Nowhere in the East or West have I seen anything to equal it. Europeans in gay equipages, with their Sepoy outriders, move along in a steady line, three or four abreast, until night comes on. The scene is decidedly oriental. Coachmen and footmen, some of whom are splendid types of the various tribes of India, are all dressed in Eastern costumes, the colors and styles of which are as varied as the races of Hindostan. One who would study oriental life should not fail to be on the strand an hour before sunset.

While at Calcutta I visited the cremation ground, where the bodies of the dead are burned. On the death of a Hindoo, the body is put on a litter and carried on the shoulders of four men down to the river, where it is dipped into the water and then taken to the cremating ground and placed on a large pile of wood, prepared for that purpose, and burnt. The water in the river is considered sacred, and their belief is that if they dip the body into it, his or her sins will all be washed away. There is hardly a day passes but one or more bodies may be seen upon the burning funeral pyre, which is in a stone building on the banks of the Hoogley River, facing the stream. The building is about two hundred and twenty-five feet long by fifty broad. The front has a

stone rail about four feet high running along the edge of the bank. There is no flooring other than the solid earth. From the front a stone stairway about ten feet wide leads down to the river. The land entrance is composed of archways in the back wall, close to the sides, through which the bodies are carried for cremation. Calcutta has several fine large public gardens, where bands of music play each evening to large crowds of people, comprising nearly every nationality. I did not remain in this delightful city as long as I should have if the weather had not been so hot, the mercury usually reaching one hundred and twenty and one hundred and thirty degrees above zero in the shade all day, and not less than one hundred during the night.

Leaving there I went to Delhi, a distance of nine hundred and fifty-five miles inland, in which place I staid a week, and then went to Bombay. Delhi is, or rather was, the old imperial city of India, and during my stay there I visited all places of note. Familiar as they seemed to me from the description I read during the time of the Indian mutiny in 1857, I found I knew but little about it in reality. Modern Delhi was built by the Emperor Shah Jehan, about the middle of the seventeenth century. It is inclosed by a wall, or rampart of red granite, five and one-half miles in circuit. There are twelve gates, the principal ones being the Calcutta, Kashmir, Moori,

Lahore, and Delhi gates. The streets are full of busy people, each one talking at the top of his voice, as though the person addressed was deprived of his hearing. Venders of all kinds of produce, displaying their stock in trade on the backs of donkeys and camels, seem to be everywhere, and business looks brisk with them. Dirty, barefooted little children, clad in very short skirts, and magicians or jugglers, who perform all kinds of tricks in the open air, help to swell the throng. Beggars, as in all other parts of the East, are very plentiful, and appeal to the charity of strangers. If given a small sum, they are content to go their way, but if their prayer is unheeded, they will follow you and keep up a continual appeal, as long as you stay in the vicinity. The weather at Delhi is hot, and everyone seems to stay outdoors as much as possible.

The products of the country are brought to market on the backs of camels. They file into the city in the morning from every direction in long lines. Each beast is tied by a rope or chain to the back strap of the one that precedes it. They move along steadily, neither turning to the right nor left, their packs often extending three or four feet from their sides. One meeting them with a carriage has to be careful not to come in contact with them, otherwise he would be in danger of being carried along by them, as they will not stop or turn out for anyone. Before the present city

was built, Delhi had occupied various sites within a circuit of twenty miles to the south and west, most of which space is now covered with ruins. Their changes of locality were owing sometimes to invasions destroying the old towns and necessitating the construction of new, and sometimes to the ambition of particular emperors, who wished to found a more splendid residence than those of their predecessors. Wherever the king built his fortified palace, there the nobles clustered around him, and the inhabitants of the old city followed the court, both on account of the trade which it controlled, and because their old town, being unprotected by the king's soldiers, became exposed to the assaults of the robber tribes. The whole arena covered with ruins is not less than forty-five square miles. The principal street in Delhi is called Chandi Chawk. It is about a mile in length and one hundred and twenty feet wide, and extends from the western entrance of the palace to the Lahore gate. Another large street intersects the city from north to south. During my stay in Delhi I visited the palace and citadel, the Kotwale, in front of which many notorious rebels were executed after the capture of the city by the English in 1857. Close to it is the mosque, where Nadir Shaw sat in 1738 and ordered the massacre in which one hundred thousand of the Delhi people were killed. Just beyond this is the arsenal, a portion of which was blown up by Lieutenant

Willoughby in 1857, to prevent its falling into the hands of the rebels. Leaving the palace we proceeded to the Jami mosque, one of the most beautiful mosques in the East, situated on a small rocky eminence overlooking the city. The court, a square of 450 feet, is paved with stone, and has handsome sandstone gateways on each of the three sides, with a magnificent flight of steps leading to each. From the summit a lovely view is obtained of the city and surrounding country, widely overspread with monuments and other buildings in various stages of decay. There are a great many ancient buildings and mosques in Delhi, but to describe them all would take up too much time and space. The tomb of the Emperor Houmagoun is the most noted. It stands in the middle of an immense terrace, and is surrounded by a beautiful flower garden. It is composed of white marble and rose-colored sandstone, and the dome is the perfection of strength and grace. Around it, spreading from the Jumna River to the western hills, are a multitude of tombs of every description. He is said to be the true founder of the great Mogul dynasty, but he did not long enjoy the empire conquered by his father, for, having been deposed by a successful rebellion, he became a fugitive, and had to take refuge with the king of Persia. At length he treacherously got possession of a city belonging to his protector, and, with the money and forces obtained by this act, he suc-

ceeded in overthrowing his younger brother, Kamran. Having put out Kamran's eyes, he continued the reconquest of his empire, and at last re-established his throne at Delhi, after sixteen years of exile. Six months afterward he died from injuries received from a fall down the staircase of his library upon a marble floor. Delhi lies upon the banks of the Jumna River, three hundred and ninety-four miles north of Allahabad, at which place it unites with the Ganges. On my way to Delhi I passed through Allahabad. It is situated on the tongue of land formed by the confluence of the Jumna and Ganges, and is considered by the Hindoos as one of the most sacred localities, being a place where three rivers unite, only two of which, however, are visible. The third is supposed to flow direct from heaven, and add its celestial waters unseen by mortal eye. When a pilgrim arrives here he sits down at the bank of the river and has his head and body shaved, so that each hair may fall into the water. They claim that the sacred writings promise them one million years' residence in heaven for every hair thus deposited. After shaving he bathes in the water, and then is supposed to be prepared to take his flight to the better world.

The Hindoos are either Buddhist or Brahmin in their religion, but the former are few in comparison to the number of their inhabitants. They are all idolaters. They do not worship the im-

ages, but the holy men whom they represent. They believe in a supreme being, but do not worship, as they claim he does not want worship. They respect the memory of their dead relatives, and worship their fathers and mothers. They also worship those who have been worthy men and left records behind them, whom they claim to be God incarnate, like our Christ. They do not worship a god, but godlike men, and they say and believe that the spirits of these are in the images and animals that they worship. They do not worship the serpent, but the power it possesses. The serpent with them is the symbol of eternity, because with a single sting he can pass a man into eternity. The cow is also very divine, because it gives milk to all, but they do not worship the animals, only the power they have. The Hindoos are very devout worshipers, and I have seen them kneeling to trees in parks and gardens, making all kinds of gestures with their hands, while every few minutes they would make a quick bend forward and kiss the earth near the roots of the tree and then straighten up and go through with the same motions as before, repeating this thirty minutes at a time in many cases.

On leaving Delhi I went to Bombay, eight hundred and fifty miles by rail. The railroads in India are all owned by the English, and are all well built, and kept in good order. The bridges are all built of iron, and the depots are

the finest I have seen anywhere. The cars are the same as those used in Europe. They are divided into compartments, first, second, and third-class, and just before the train starts, the doors are all locked, and kept so until the train stops at a station, when they are unlocked, and relocked when the train is ready to start again. This is kept up until they arrive at the end of the road.

While in Bombay I was introduced to the national dish, and also the national beverage, namely: Bombay duck, curry and rice, and brandy and soda. They were not bad to take, especially the latter. One of the great sights to be seen here is the Elephant's Cave. It is a subterranean temple in a solid rock, which has been hewn and chiseled away to the very center of the mountain. The excavation consists of four chambers. The central one is majestic with gateways, abutments, porches, and columns. On either side of the principal hall or temple are lesser chambers, or chapels. The roof is supported by massive pillars, each of which represents a figure. The whole temple is filled with colossal figures, twice the size of the human figure, and representing heathen gods. This cave is supposed to have been built about twelve hundred years ago, and is one of the curiosities of the world. Unfortunately for sight-seers, the cave has been almost ruined, as most of the pillars have been broken down by the guns of the Portu-

guese fired into it, to clear it of the nest of rebels who took refuge in its vast recesses. There is a class of people in Bombay called Parsees, numbering about ten thousand, which embody a great part of the wealthy members of the city. The most intelligent and enterprising are also found among them. No small part of the business of the East is in their hands, and leading houses have branches in Paris, London, and also eastern Asia. Their dress is partly European and partly oriental. The Parsee women are very handsome; in fact, they are the most beautiful women I have ever seen during my travels. The Parsees have a peculiar way of disposing of their dead. They have a large cemetery on Malabar Hill, near Bombay. The ground is the highest in the vicinity, and selected for the reason that no one can look into it. The approaches to it are guarded, and no one is allowed to enter except the priests and those who have charge of the dead. Within this cemetery are five round stone towers, called towers of silence, each about sixty feet in diameter and forty or fifty feet in height. When a death occurs, the body is taken to the gate of the cemetery and delivered into the hands of the priests. After a ceremonial, the body is taken to one of the towers and laid on a grate on the top of the tower. A flock of vultures is always waiting to devour the flesh, and the bones fall into the body of the tower below. It

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seems a most revolting mode of disposing of one's near and dear friends. I should much prefer the Hindoo mode of cremating.

Bombay is a pretty city, full of very fine gardens, and boasts a very large common, upon which one of the military bands stationed there play every evening, and the common, in consequence, is thronged at such times with ladies and gentlemen. I was reluctant to leave Bombay, in spite of its being so hot, as it is a very pretty place. The weather in all parts of India, as well as on the Isle of Ceylon, was so hot that to be able to sleep at night I had to hire a coolie to fan me with a punka. This is a wide piece of cloth suspended by cords from the ceiling over the bed, and about six inches from it. A string is attached to this, run through a pulley, and fastened in the wall of the room, passing through it down into the hall. A coolie sits in the hall, and pulls the string all night for half a rupee, amounting to twenty cents in our money. From the sweep of the fan a fine breeze is obtained, which enables one to get a good night's rest. This, together with plenty of cold brandy and soda, enabled me to get through this hot country all right.

After leaving Bombay, I went by steamer to Suez, crossing the Arabian Sea, thence through the Gulf of Aden, and up the Red Sea, a long, narrow body of water lying between Arabia and Abyssinia, with land in sight most of the way.

When passing through the Gulf of Suez, at the upper end of the Red Sea, we were shown the place where the Israelites crossed. It is needless to say that their tracks are not visible at the present time. At this point Mt. Sinai is in plain view on the Arabia side, while the land of Egypt is on the other. At Suez I employed a guide to take me to the train, which runs to Cairo, Egypt. We had to travel about two miles on the backs of donkeys to reach the station. On going ashore at Suez we saw some thirty or forty Arabs coming on the backs of those little animals, running them at full speed until they came up to us, and then stopping short, each one wishing us to hire his donkey, and being so persistent that I was compelled to strike some of them several times to keep them away from me. Our San Francisco hotel runners and hack drivers are bad enough, but these fellows take the cake. I finally told my guide to pick out three, and make the rest stand back, or I might have to murder a few of them. After settling the donkey question—luckily, without any bloodshed—we proceeded on our way to the station, which we reached without further trouble. On our way to Cairo we passed through Fel el Kabier, where the English army surprised and captured the Egyptians, under Arabi Pasha, a short time ago. Cairo has become almost entirely a modern city. In Constantinople you can see the Turk now as he was two thousand

years ago, but Egypt has been overrun since early in the present century by Greeks, Italians, and French, who have usurped the commerce, and crowded the natives into the background. Of ancient Egypt one does not see much in the city itself, although it is close at hand. There are white colored buildings by the thousands, all in the Italian style, for the architects of modern Cairo have all been Italians. The buildings are placed on broad streets and avenues, running in such different ways that they seem to have but slight relation to one another. The foreign portion covers many miles of ground, some of the finest palaces and gardens lying on the banks of the Nile. Of course the Arabs, and their donkeys, camels, tricks of trade, etc., are scattered throughout this quarter, and their houses and streets are in the immediate vicinity. Sometimes a minute's or at most a five minutes' walk from this modern part of the city will take you into the midst of a life that has scarcely changed since the time of Ohemtop, except as modified by Mahomet and his doctrines. While here I did the Pyramids, as nearly every visitor does. I climbed the rugged side of the largest one of them, a distance of four hundred and eighty feet above the level of the plain. The Pyramid is six hundred and ninety-three feet square at the base. The stones of which it is composed are about thirty feet long, four feet high, and three

feet broad. It covers about eleven acres. The height is 480 feet, and its summit is a platform of thirteen feet square, composed of twelve massive stones. The ascent is made with the help of three Arabs, two of whom go ahead, and lend their assistance by reaching down and taking hold of your hands, while the other assists you from behind. You put one foot on the step above, and with the combined efforts of yourself and the three guides, you are raised to the next step, repeating this until the top is reached. The task is a hard one, and only a few steps can be taken without sitting down for a rest.

On descending, two of the guides jump down to the steps below, and, by placing your arms upon their shoulders, you let yourself down on a level with them. Meantime the third man has a rope tied under your arms, while he stands on the step above and holds onto the end of it to keep you from pitching forward. These men are very attentive to their trust; but as soon as they start with you, they keep continually begging for backsheesh, telling you the while how safely they will take you up and back, if you will but give them a little something and not let the old sheik know it, for he would take it away from them. The sheik is the man who has charge of all the guides here, some thirty or forty in number, and he receives all the money paid for their services. I also visited the famous Sphinx, which is situated

in the vicinity of the Pyramids. It is a colossal image made of one piece of stone. But it has been badly defaced, having parts broken from its arms, nose, and ears, which has robbed it of its beauty, if it ever had any. I remained in Cairo five days, during which time I visited the citadel and several other places of note. The citadel is built upon a high hill, and overlooks the entire country as far as the eye can see. It was very lively while I was there, for just before my arrival about fifteen thousand English soldiers had arrived from Tel el Kabier, the Egyptian war having just closed.

On my way to Cairo we took dinner at Zagazig. Here I met an American gentleman from Philadelphia, and I found him one of the most agreeable fellows I ever came across. One evening we went into the Pasha's garden, and hired a nargilla, or Turkish pipe, for two, paying one piaster (about five cents of our money) apiece for the pipes and tobacco. Then we had to hire a native to start them going for us. I wondered what the home folks would think could they have seen us.

From Cairo I went to Ismalia, half way up the Suez Canal, thence through the canal to Port Said. The canal is about one hundred miles in length. It is carried on embankments raised in four successive natural lakes. The depth of the water is twenty feet, and its width at the bottom is two

hundred and forty-six feet. Its minimum width at the top is three hundred and forty-six feet. It is without locks and nothing but steam vessels use it. They make the transit in twenty-four hours.

CHAPTER III.

CONTINUATION OF A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

ON leaving Port Said I went to Joppa, the seaport for Jerusalem. Joppa stands on a high hill formed like a sugar loaf. On the summit is a small citadel, or fort, which commands the town, while the bottom of the hill is surrounded by a wall. The place looks rather desolate at the present time. The harbor is one of the worst in the world. If a ship arrives in stormy weather, the passengers cannot be landed, and have either to be taken to Beyroot or Port Said, whichever place the ship is bound for; then, if the weather permits, they are taken to Joppa by the next steamer bound for there. When I arrived it was calm but foggy, and we were lost for some time; however, after cruising round for a while and taking soundings, we made our land-

ing in perfect safety, about four hours late. In sacred history Joppa appears as the port of Jerusalem in the time of David and Solomon. And it was the place to which the cedars of Lebanon were floated from Tyre for the building of King Solomon's temple. It was at Joppa that the Apostle Peter saw the vision which corrected his Jewish prejudices concerning the Gentiles. It was here that St. Peter brought to life a Christian woman named Dorcas, while he was here with a tanner by the name of Simon. The house of Simon is still standing, and is among the curiosities shown to visitors sojourning there.

From Joppa we went by stage to Jerusalem, forty miles distant, most of the way being over barren fields of stone, occasionally relieved by a few olive trees. Of the many places and things to be seen in and about Jerusalem, I will only give a slight description of some of the most important. The best time to visit this place is during Easter, for at that season there are pilgrims of both sexes from all nations on a pilgrimage to this Holy City, the most devout among them being poorly clad Russians and Jews. In the district where Jerusalem is situated, many of the great events recorded in the Scriptures took place. They are all shown and explained to the visitor by the well-posted dragoman, or guide, who is usually engaged for the occasion. The church of the Holy Sepulcher is the most historical and

interesting thing to be seen there. It is supposed to comprehend within its limits the scenes of the great events of the crucifixion, entombment, and resurrection of Christ. It was built by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great.

Another very interesting object is the mosque of Omar, or the dome of the rock on Mt. Moriah. It occupies the site, and is supposed to contain some of the ruins, of the temple. It was here that Abraham offered up his only son on the altar, and where David offered burnt offerings, when the destroying angel with uplifted sword stood over the doomed city. The temple has passed away now, and in its place stands the mosque of Omar. It is over five hundred feet in circumference, and is surmounted by a large dome. On the outside it is covered with tiling and colored marble. Inside the dome is covered with gold and delicate tracery. The walls are covered with beautiful mosaics and passages from the Koran. Inside the twelve marble pillars that support the dome is a space sixty feet in diameter. This is inclosed by an iron railing and lattice work, and overhung with a fine canopy of crimson silk. This is the spot where the ark of the covenant is supposed to have stood in ages gone by. The visitor is not allowed to enter this sacred inclosure, but he can put his hand through the lattice, and touch the stone. It was from this rock, the Mohammedan says, that the prophet Mohammed

took his upward flight, when one night he ascended to heaven. This is not a place where the traveler can visit as he wills, like most of the places in Palestine, for the Moslems guard the place with great jealousy, and for years would not allow a Christian to enter it on pain of death. Now, however, it can be visited with suitable permits, which can be obtained from the consul of your government, at Jerusalem. The city of Jerusalem was built on five hills, called Mt. Moriah, Zion, Equer, Ophen, and Calvary. The city is surrounded by a fine wall, some twenty feet high and from six to eight feet thick. This wall has six gates, of which Joppa and Damascus are the principal ones. The land about the city is very poor, rocky, and uneven, and but little can be raised here excepting olives, of which there are a great many old orchards. Tourists, most competent to judge, are agreed that the present olive trees on Mt. Olivet, near Jerusalem, are the same that Christ prayed under, and where his disciples fell asleep nearly nineteen hundred years ago, and these same trees are yielding their annual crop of fruit. The summit of Olivet, or what was called the Mount of Olives, is three hundred feet above the city, and commands a fine view of the city and the surrounding country. Every building and every locality can be clearly distinguished. Looking eastward, the valley of the Jordan and that of the Dead Sea, although

twenty miles distant and about four thousand feet below, are seen so distinctly that one can hardly believe they are so far off. The surface of the Dead Sea is the lowest point on the face of the globe, it being thirteen hundred and twelve feet below the Mediterranean and the ocean, and to look down upon it from the Mount of Olives is like looking down into the depths of the earth itself. The Garden of Gethsemane lies along the side of Olivet. I bought a bouquet of flowers, which were picked for me while there.

During my stay I went to Bethlehem, where I saw the Church of Nativity. It is a beautiful structure, and occupies the place where our Saviour is said to have been born. The room representing the manger is gorgeously fitted up, and is supposed to stand on the spot where the manger was at that time. I also visited Bethany, the Pool of Siloam, the fountain of the Virgin Mary, the tombs of the kings and the prophets, and every other place in and about the city known in sacred and profane history. The mode of conveyance is on the backs of donkeys, there being no carriage roads in Palestine, excepting the one from Joppa to Jerusalem, and that is a very poor one. The people count the distance here by the minutes or hours, they having no idea of miles, but reckon the time it takes the donkey to travel that distance. The population of Jerusalem at the present time is about thirty thousand, made

up of nearly every nation on the face of the globe. The largest portion, however, is Arabs, and the next Jews. I met an American crank there, and asked him what he was doing, and his reply was that he was waiting for the second coming of Christ. I told him I thought he was foolish to wait there any longer, for I thought if Christ should come a second time, he would select a better place. The crank left me in disgust, and I never saw him after. While here I formed the acquaintance of the American Consul and his wife, a Mr. and Mrs. Merrill, from Massachusetts, whom I found very pleasant people, and I enjoyed several visits with them, besides having had the pleasure of their company on the stage to Joppa, as they went on a visit to that place, also. I met them again, some two weeks later, at Beyroot, in Syria, I having gone there by steamer from Joppa. I went from Beyroot by stage to Damascus, passing over Mt. Lebanon, a distance of eighty miles. This is a mountain range extending from northeast to southwest nearly one hundred miles in length, and from ten to twenty in width. It has an elevation of about seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. To the east of this mountain is another range, called Anti Lebanon, running parallel to it. Between these two is a valley called El Bukar. The width of this valley varies from twelve to twenty miles. The ancient Orentes River runs through it. And

the River Jordan takes its rise here. The view from the mountain over this valley is very picturesque. Extensive groves of olive, mulberry, orange, lemon, citron, and fig trees are to be seen everywhere, also vineyards and grain fields. The cedars of Lebanon are mostly things of the past, there being but a few of them left. There are numerous towns and villages along these mountains, and they are inhabited by two distinct races, known as the Druses and the Maronites. There are also Turks, Greeks, and Jews, but they are few, and do not form an important part of the population. Upon making an application at the stage office for a seat on the stage, I found all the seats were engaged for the day trips three or four days ahead, so I was compelled to make the delightful trip by night, if I made it at all. So I procured a ticket for the evening stage, leaving Beyroot at five P. M., and arriving at Damascus at eight o'clock the next morning. On taking my seat in the coach I found that my traveling companions consisted of two Arabs as passengers and an Arab driver. This, I can assure you, was not a very pleasant position to be placed in, when starting out on an all-night's journey over such a rough country. However, after going a short distance, I came to the conclusion that my fellow-travelers were perfect gentlemen, and would have been splendid company could they have spoken English. As it was, they

tried to talk with me, and every now and then would smile and shake hands with me, and say, "Araba Tie," which I afterwards learned meant in English, "good-morning." About midnight we arrived at Dier el Kamar, a little less than half way to Damascus. Here I was informed that I could get something to eat, and I lost no time in taking advantage of the opportunity, and had the pleasure of enjoying as fine a supper as one could wish.

Damascus, the Mohammedan Paradise, is among the oldest cities in the world, and the only one of the ancient cities that has never been destroyed. It resisted the conquering armies of King David and Solomon, who with this exception reigned over all the land between the Jordan and Euphrates Rivers.

The city is beautifully situated on a plain east of the Anti Lebanon Range, about eighty miles from Beyroot. The principal street of the city is called Strait. It has been known by that name for upwards of two thousand years and is so recorded in the Bible. It runs through the bazaars, and extends far into the country, with houses built on both sides of it. The bazaars are very extensive, and filled with the finest of goods, such as carpets, saddlery, copperware, curios, slippers, Damascus steel, cutlery, and silver and metal works. The city is full of beggars, who follow the strangers up with their pitiful cry for

backsheesh, until their presence becomes unbearable. But, should one feel charitably disposed, and give to a few of them, the number suddenly increases to so many that it would take a small fortune to supply them. One often has to call in the assistance of an officer to disperse them, so that he may be able to walk in peace. But, even then, they are likely to meet him at the next corner with the same cry; then his only hope of getting rid of them is to go to his hotel, and remain there until they leave, to hunt up some fresh victim. I was compelled to do this several times during my stay there. Dogs are considered sacred animals in Damascus, also in Constantinople, and all the Mohammedan cities, and, in consequence, the streets of those places are overrun with them, as it is considered a sin to kill them. They seem to belong to no one in particular, and manage to live on what they pick up on the streets, until they die of old age. Sometimes at night they gather under one's window, and hold a regular concert there, which they continue for hours at a time, and, by the variety of voices, one would imagine they were trying to play the opera of Pinafore.

The plain on which Damascus stands is more than fifty miles in circuit, covered with the most beautiful gardens and orchards, forming a waving grove, rich with the most luxuriant foliage and luscious fruits. The river Abana runs

through the city. It is a rapid stream, and is inclosed by walls on both sides, forming a canal, and running through arches under the city for a long distance. The river grows smaller as it approaches the city, as the water is taken out higher up the stream for irrigation of thousands of acres of rich land, and hundreds of villages, as well as the whole city of Damascus, receive their water supply from it. The river Jordan below the Sea of Galilee waters only a strip of jungle. As a work of engineering, the system of the canals by which the Albana is used for irrigation may be considered as the most complete and extensive in the world. On my return to Beyroot I formed the acquaintance of a Mr. Dingley and wife, Americans from Maine, and had the pleasure of traveling with them for several weeks. We finally parted company in Italy, near Naples. They went to Rome, while I continued my journey to Naples. Mr. Dingley is the proprietor of the Lewiston *Journal*, published in Lewiston, Maine. I found him one of the jolliest fellows I have ever met with, and his wife was equally charming and entertaining. Leaving Beyroot we went to Larnaca, island of Cypress, and then to Smyrna. Here we chartered a train of cars to take us to Ephesus, the old historical city, now in ruins. The distance was fifty miles, and we paid £10, making it $1.00 per mile for the train.

Ephesus is situated in the province of Lydia, near

the mouth of the river Caystrus. At the time of Augustus it was the greatest place of trade of all the twelve Ionic cities of Asia Minor. It was in this condition at the time it was visited by St. Paul, who resided there three years. Near the west end of the town are found some massive structures, which, since 1868, have been carefully excavated, sometimes as much as eighteen feet below the surface. It is now certain that these stand on the site of the famous Temple of Diana, one of the seven wonders of the world. This immense building was once destroyed but was rebuilt in greater splendor than before. It was the largest Greek temple ever constructed. Its length was four hundred and twenty-five feet, and its width two hundred and twenty feet. It had one hundred and twenty-eight columns, thirty-six of which were finely carved of solid marble, and were sixty feet high. Ephesus stood on a plain broken by hills that were high, but easy of ascent. Probably all or most of the public building stood on the summits of these hills, while the lower grounds were occupied with dwellings and shops. There is no reason to doubt that this was a noble city, some two or three thousand years ago, but now there is not one single human habitation within the ancient city. Everything is in ruins, and the whole area is strewn with fragments of marble columns. We returned to Smyrna in season to take the next steamer *en route* to Constantinople.

Our trip to Constantinople was very pleasant and full of interest. After passing through the Dardanelles we landed at the historical islands of Rhodes and Patmos. The latter place is where the Apostle John was banished by the Romans, and where he saw the vision which caused him to write the "Revelations" recorded in sacred history. Constantinople is the capital of Turkey, and is a city of strange contrasts. Like the city of Canton, distance lends a charm. While approaching it, we were delighted at the sight of its marble palaces, tall towers, beautiful gardens, and magnificent mosques in every direction. But when you enter the city, these attractions seem to vanish. The streets are narrow and dirty, and alive with dogs, while the dwellings and shops are cheap, frail structures. The city stretches over plain, valley, and hill on either side of the Bosphorus, as far as the eye can see. The portion south of the Golden Horn and west of the Bosphorus is known as Stamboul, while that portion north and west of the Bosphorus is known as Pera. The portion which occupies the eastern bank is known as Scutari. Yet Stamboul, Pera, and Scutari are all included in the one great and noble city of Constantinople. The sea at this place is a highway of commerce and a pleasure lake combined. Although it divides the city, it is not forced out by wharves, docks, or piers on either side. You will find people in Constantino-

ple of every nationality from the three great continents, Europe, Asia, and Africa, and when standing on the bridge of the Sultana Valide, which connects Stamboul with Galata and Pera, you will see people of all nations and all grades, from the gorgeous pasha to the beggars in filth and rags. It is a moving panorama, such as is seen in no other city under the sun. It is composed of Turks, Greeks, Cossacks, Moors, Jews, Egyptians, Caucasians, Syrians, Tartars, Hottentots, French dandies, and half nude negroes. The various costumes are of all colors and styles, from that of Adam to the latest Parisian fashion. The principal street is the grand Rue de Pera. It is long and so narrow that two carriages can scarcely go abreast. It has no sidewalks, and men, women, horses, camels, carriages, and dogs mingle promiscuously in the middle of the street. Some of the people are very poor. Beggars infest the streets by day, and robbers infest them at night.

The Mohammedan women always conceal their faces when on the street, and the wife occupies a different part of the house from that of her husband, not even taking their meals together, and they never meet except when he chooses to pay her a visit. On our voyage to Constantinople we had among our passengers a Turkish judge and his four wives. The wives were not allowed to occupy staterooms, nor to eat at the table, but had to sleep on deck, with nothing but their

shawls for beds. Their meals were served to them on deck by the steward. Not so with their liege lord and master, however, for he had his stateroom, and took his meals at the table with the rest of the passengers. A Turk is allowed to have seven wives, if he can support them. At their homes they are mere toys of their husband, and live in constant dread of being supplanted by a younger and fairer rival. While I was in the city, I took a trip up the Bosphorus on a small steamer. Our landings were made first on the Asiatic side, and then on the European side and *vice versa*, until we were nearly up to the Black Sea. It took just five minutes to make the trip from one side to the other. At the end of the route I left the steamer, and started to climb a high hill, which would have afforded me a fine view of the Black Sea and the surrounding country, but the weather was so hot I had to give it up. I sat down to rest on a small elevation overlooking a large Turkish fort. While sitting there the commander of the fort saw me, and, thinking I was afraid to proceed farther on account of robbers who infest that region, kindly sent three armed men from the fort to escort me to the top of the hill; but, after I explained to them through my guide my reason for not proceeding, and thanked them for their kindness, they returned to the fort. The Turkish soldiers are poorly dressed and very poorly paid, receiving only ten

cents per day, and they are lucky if they get that, as the government is often in arrears in keeping them paid up. I had a great desire to see the sultan, so my guide led me to where I could see him as he passed on his way to the mosque. This was on Friday, that being their Sabbath instead of Sunday. We met with some difficulty, however, for, on arriving at the vicinity of the mosque, we found that an armed guard had taken possession of the street leading from the palace to the mosque, and no one was allowed to stand on the street. But as we had come there for the express purpose of seeing him, we found a party who was willing to let us stay in his store until the sultan had passed, for the modest sum of a mageda, a Turkish dollar. The distance from the palace to the mosque was about a half a mile. The guard was composed of several regiments of soldiers, reaching the entire distance. The sultan rode by in a carriage, and remained at the mosque an hour. After returning to the palace, the guard formed into companies and marched to their barracks. They made a fine display dressed in their gaudy uniforms. One of the great sights to be seen in Constantinople is the Turkish bazaar, which is the largest of its kind in the world. It is situated in Stamboul, and occupies several blocks, all under one roof, aud having narrow streets running through it, used by pedestrians only. In passing through, one will hear noise

and confusion in as many different languages as must have been heard at the building of the tower of Babel. Another interesting thing to be seen there is the mosque of St. Sophia. It is the only one in that city open to Christian visitors. It is supposed to contain the tombs of the Emperor Constantine and his mother, the Empress Helena. The walls are composed of rich mosaics, around which are Arabic inscriptions from the Koran written in letters of gold. The vast galleries are supported by stately columns of green granite, and the large dome, which is lighted at night by ten thousand burning candles, rises high above the city. It was erected in the fifth century, and is the only rival of St. Peter's at Rome.

From Constantinople I went to Athens, and visited both the ancient and modern cities. The seaport of Athens is Piræus. The distance to Athens is four miles, and the road leads between hills and groves of olives. The Acropolis remains constantly in sight, but the city of Athens does not come in view until one gets close to it. The ancient city is situated on a rocky hill which rises from the middle of a plain. The upper part was called the Acropolis, and the lower part the Katapolis. Nothing remains now but a part of the fortress of the once renowned Acropolis on the hill, which boasted the finest work of Athenian art. Its principal ornament was the temple

of Minerva, the Parthenon, which in its present condition is the admiration of the world. It was two hundred and fifteen feet long, ninety-seven feet broad, and seventy feet high. In it stood the gold and ivory statue of Minerva by Phidias. Fifty-five columns still remain at the entrance to the temple, and some enormous blocks of marble are resting upon them. Of the temple of Neptune some beautiful fragments are still to be seen, and it is easy to trace the circuit of the amphitheater. Outside the Acropolis lie the temples of Thesus and Olympian Jupiter, one on the north and the other on the south side. The first is of Doric structure, and surrounded by thirty-six fine pillars. The interior is full of beautiful sculpture. Outside the temple stand several marble seats brought from the neighboring Areopagus. Of this nothing more is left than a chamber hewn in the rock, to which a flight of steps, also cut in the rock, leads. Of the temple of Olympian Jupiter, enough of the formation wall is left to show its proportions, as well as its magnificent columns, fifty-eight feet in height. This temple was the most superb building in Athens. The exterior was adorned with one hundred and twenty fluted columns, fifty-nine feet in height and six feet in diameter. All three temples were built of the finest white marble. Not far from the Areopagus is the Pugx, where the free people of Athens were accustomed to debate. All that remains of it now

is the rostrum and the seats, which are cut out of the rock. Not far from this is the rocky prison where Socrates drank the poison. Mars Hill, where St. Paul stood when he spoke to the people of Athens, is also near this place. It is a small rocky mound, steep on either side. Steps are cut in the rock so that people can ascend to the top. I had the pleasure of standing on the very spot where the Apostle Paul was supposed to have stood.

After leaving this place we went to the island of Corfu, one of the many islands in the Grecian Archipelago, and thence across the Adriatic Sea to Brindisi, Italy, where we went by sail to Naples. It was near there I took my leave of Mr. and Mrs. Dingley, they going to Rome instead. I regretted very much to part with them, but I promised to pay them a visit at their home in Lewiston, Maine, on my return to America. I kept my promise a year afterwards, having a delightful visit in my two days' stay with them.

The city of Naples is beautifully situated on the Bay of Naples. Nature has done as much for this city as for any in the world. It rises as an amphitheater from the shores of the sea to the top of the surrounding hills, forming a panorama of such varying beauty that one could gaze forever, and never tire of the sight. On the east rises Vesuvius in solitary and awful grandeur, while the villages of Massa, St. Sebastian, Pollena, and

other small towns are scattered on its sides. Taking a guide, I went to the top of Mt. Vesuvius. It was belching forth smoke and lava, and my guide got me a piece of red-hot lava, from which I lighted my cigar. Pieces of lava are continually thrown from the crater high in the air, and after falling to the surface, and while yet soft, the guides frequently press pieces of coin into them. After it has cooled off the coin is found to be firmly imbedded in the lava. These they sell to tourists as souvenirs of Vesuvius. The crater is now easily reached. We took a conveyance and rode to within a short distance of the summit, where we took an elevated railway car, which runs very nearly to the top by means of an endless wire rope at an angle of about 45°. This railroad is nine hundred yards long, and is thirteen hundred feet higher at the upper end than at the lower. The cars can carry twenty persons at a trip. At the terminus of the road, a short walk brought us to the crater. It is a wild-looking place. Thick smoke keeps issuing from the deep cracks here and there, and at times it is almost stifling. Some of the openings are two and three feet wide, and by looking into them we could see twenty or thirty feet down. The air is hot enough in some places to easily roast eggs. The old crater is now almost filled up, and is forty or fifty rods distant from the present one. Beds of lava are scattered all over the sides of the mountain, hav-

ing been belched forth from time to time. The lava is piled up forty and fifty feet high in some places. The first eruption of Vesuvius, on record, took place in the year 79, which destroyed, with other villages, the cities of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabia. These were buried for seventeen hundred years, and were only discovered by chance. Until the year 1500, history records nine eruptions, and since then there have been forty-eight very severe ones. One of the most terrible was that of the 16th of December, 1631, in which three thousand persons perished, and several towns were destroyed. From that time up to 1872 there have been eleven large ones. The last one occurred on the 26th of April, 1872, and lasted several days, offering scenes of horror and devastation. About fifty visitors perished, among whom were eight medical students. More than forty thousand persons fled from Naples to escape its terrible fury. This frightful eruption has left a sad memory in the minds of all who were unfortunate enough to have witnessed it.

I also visited the ruins of Pompeii. It lies on the opposite side of the mountain from Naples. A large area of this ancient city has been dug out, and one can walk through streets and squares twenty feet below the surface. Some of the buildings are two stories high, and in a fine state of preservation. They are vacant, however, as all the contents have been

removed and distributed among the different museums of the world. On some of the walls and ceilings I saw some of the finest fresco paintings I have ever seen, and the sculpture work is also very fine. A small force of men are constantly digging out the old city, the material taken out being used to fill in the low lands. This work is done by the Station Government. All visitors are charged three francs (sixty cents) for admission, and are furnished a guide who speaks the language of the visitor. This makes it all the more interesting, as the guide points out all places of interest, and explains the rank each building held in the time of its glory. History points to this city as having been founded 600 years B. C., by a Stabian colony. The Romans made it a retreat from the noise and tumult of Rome. It was a fine city of about thirty thousand inhabitants. It was built at the southern base of Vesuvius, at the end of a promontory near the mouth of the river Sarno, and having the sea on both sides. We find in history that, in the year 59, a quarrel broke out, during the combats of gladiators in the amphitheater, between those of Pompeii and the Norcerines, in which many of the latter were killed. The people of Norcera applied to Nero, who laid the case before the senate, who suspended all public spectacles in Pompeii for ten years.

In the year 63 it was partly ruined by an earthquake. The terrified inhabitants fled from the city,

but soon returned, and Pompeii was recovering its past splendor, when, on the 23d of August, in the year 79, the dreadful eruption of Vesuvius broke out, and continued for three days, pouring out torrents of inflammable matter, pumice stone, boiling water, and ashes. The wooden roofs of the houses were burned, or sunk in, under the weight of accumulated matter. Very few skeletons have been found, which goes to show that the most of the inmates had time to escape. Some even returned, dug into their houses, and took all the things of value that they could carry. Pompeii was covered with a stratum of earth, pumice stone, and ashes to the depth of about twenty feet. The excavations were begun on the 1st of April, 1784, under Charles the Third. The first objects of art were discovered by some countrymen who were digging near the spot. The walls were discovered in 1814. The city had been surrounded by a double wall varying from twenty-five to thirty feet in height. At stated distances are to be seen the ruins of towers. All but two of the gates were entirely destroyed. The streets are straight and very narrow. The tracks of the wheel are still visible in the pavement. The streets are all paved with lava, having a raised footpath on each side. Public fountains were placed at the entrances of the principal streets. All this wealth and splendor were swept away in less time than it takes to write about it. On my return to Naples,

I visited the king's palace, the National Museum, and several other places of note, and then continued my journey to the "Eternal City," Rome.

Naples is three thousand years old, and was founded by the Greeks before Rome was ever thought of. It is the largest city in Italy, containing about five hundred thousand inhabitants. But the interior of the city is far from being beautiful, nor does it contain any great monuments of antiquity, and in many respects it is a disagreeable place to be in. The streets are dirty, narrow, crooked, and very noisy. Many of the people are poorly dressed, and beggars are numerous. Crime, vice, and debauchery have left their marks upon many of the faces. During my stay there when wishing to take a walk through the city, I was cautioned before leaving the hotel to beware of pickpockets, and, in consequence, was ever on the lookout. The situation of the city is very picturesque. It has a mild climate, and the surrounding country is very fruitful.

My journey from Naples to Rome took seven hours by rail, all of which time I spent in anticipating and realizing the beauties of the scenery. It is useless for me to try to enumerate all the places and objects of interest both ancient and modern to be seen in and around Rome. There is the Vatican, the Capitol, the ancient and modern palaces, the Colosseum, the churches, which are also repositories of art, the seven hills, the Apian

Way, the Suburbs, Albano Prascati, and a thousand ruins, all of which have their classic history. There is no other city in Europe where a traveler can tarry so long and find so much of interest. The modern city is a beautiful place, full of plazas, gardens, parks, and fine buildings. St. Peter's Church and the Vatican palace are among the most noted places in modern Rome. The Vatican is the residence of the pope. It is a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills, which covers a space twelve hundred feet in length and one hundred feet in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by the garden of Nero. The Vatican is filled with statues found beneath the ruins of ancient Rome. The walls hold paintings from the greatest masters, and curios, medals, and antiquities of every description are to be seen there. Seventy thousand statues from the ruined temples and palaces of Rome have been exhumed, which fact will give some idea of the size and richness of the Vatican.

St. Peter's Church is the largest of its kind in the world. It is six hundred and eight feet in length, the height of the nave is one hundred and fifty feet, and the length of the transept is four hundred and fifty feet. The height of the dome from the pavement to the summit inside is four hundred and five feet, and from the pavement to the top of the cross outside is four hundred and thirty-five feet. The high altar stands directly

beneath the dome, and is a most expensive structure. It is said to stand directly over the grave of St. Peter. The canopy over it is solid bronze, and is said to have cost one hundred and ten thousand dollars. The church contains many fine statues and paintings. The cost of the building was over sixty million dollars. The semicircular colonnades are composed of two hundred and eighty immense columns, inclosing an area which is beautifully ornamented. There are not many of the ancient buildings left. The colosseum, which is partly in ruins, was a massive structure in its day. It had the capacity of seating upwards of seventy thousand persons. When Rome was in its glory, this immense building was often filled to its utmost to witness the combats between gladiators and wild beasts, as well as to fence with each other with sharp swords, in which case, should one disarm the other, and have him at his mercy, the victor would look up to the audience, and, if their sympathies were with the armed one, and they wished to have his victim killed, they would signify it by pointing their thumbs upward, while, on the other hand, if they wished the life of the disarmed one to be spared, they would point their thumbs downward.

The Pantheon, the pride of Rome, and one of the wonders of the world, is the oldest, yet the best preserved building in that city. It is the only temple still standing, which Paul saw as he

entered the city of his martyrdom. It stands in Plaza Della Rotunda. Its interior consists of one immense circular room one hundred and forty-three feet in diameter and one hundred and forty-three feet in height. This measurement does not include the walls, which are twenty feet in thickness. By an inscription on the portico, we learn that the Pantheon was built by Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus Cæsar, twenty-seven years before the birth of Christ, which makes it a century older than the Colosseum. From the time of Augustus to that of Constantine it was a celebrated heathen temple. It was afterwards changed from paganism to popery, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary and the martyrs. It is now, like Westminster Abbey, in London, used for the tombs of the noted dead. It is here that Victor Emanuel lies in his last resting place. His son, the present king of Italy, visited the tomb while I was there.

From Rome I went to Florence, noted for its famous art gallery, containing the choicest specimens of painting and sculpture known; it is also the birthplace of Americus Vespucius. I had the pleasure of seeing some of the most magnificent works of art the world has ever produced. I saw tables the tops of which were made entirely of precious stones in mosaic work, and valued at millions of dollars. I visited the tombs of the Medici family, the walls of which are studded with costly jewels and precious stones.

I next visited Venice, the city of canals. I cannot imagine a more beautiful scene than Venice by moonlight. The canals are then swarming with gondolas, in the cool of the evening, and music, both vocal and instrumental, is heard everywhere. All through my travels I never met with a more contented or happy people than those of Venice. The city is considered one of the most beautiful in the world. It was built on marshy islands, seventy-two in number, and these islands are subdivided by one hundred and forty-nine canals, over which are about three hundred and sixty bridges. The houses are mostly built of brick and covered with plaster, ornamented in front by a covering of white marble. They are generally so situated as to have a communication with a canal by means of a landing stair in the water, of which almost every family plies a gondola. The gondolas are used to carry passengers from one part of the city to another, answering the purpose of our street cars here. They are propelled by two oarsmen, called gondoliers. Before Venice was built, the people on the mainland were considerably troubled by bandits, who came down from the Alps and stole the crops which had been stored away for the winter's support. So, in order to protect themselves from these lawless fellows, the people built their houses on these little islands, and as they grew to be stronger they united into one city for their mutual defense and benefit.

When looking at the city from a distance, it seems to be floating on the water. It is divided into two unequal parts by the Grand Canal, which runs through it, varying in breadth from one hundred to one hundred and eighty feet. This canal has several small steamers plying up and down it for the accommodation of the people. One of the principal sights to be seen is the historic bell of St. Marco. This is a wonderful church, but it is beyond my ability to give a description of it. It must be seen to be appreciated. Venice is in a fair way of becoming one of the most important manufacturing cities in Italy. One of the great industries is glass making. They employ fifteen thousand people for bead making alone. They also do a large business in glass blowing, mosaic, and colored enamels. Some of the almost lost arts have been revived, among them artistic castings in metal, and lace making. The former now has thirteen factories busily engaged, and the latter gives employment to some three thousand women. They also make imitations of antique furniture in ebony and ivory, but instead of using these costly materials they use pear wood and bone with very satisfactory results.

Leaving Venice I went to Milan, and thence to Basle, in Switzerland. In Milan I visited the cathedral, one of the finest churches in Europe, noted for its ornamental architecture. The city is built after the modern style, and resembles some

of our best-built American cities. It is also noted for its musical conservatories. I next went by the way of the St. Gothard Railway to the Italian lakes, where I had a chance to see the beautiful historical Lake Como, which Claude Melnotte pictured so vividly to his prospective bride.

The St. Gothard Railway, passing over the Alps, is the most remarkable piece of railroad engineering in the world. It was finished in 1882, having taken ten years for its completion. It was built by the governments of Germany, Italy, and Switzerland, each furnishing a stipulated sum of money towards it. The total cost was nearly fifty millions of dollars. To enable the men to build the road, four cross lines had to be built right in the heart of the mountain, in order to approach the main tunnel, which is nine and a quarter miles in length. As the grades were so steep, tunnels had to be cut in the sides of the mountains, and the road forms a complete circle in the rock, something like an immense corkscrew. After coming out of the tunnel, one can look down a hundred feet below, and see the part of the track we were on just before we entered the tunnel. There are four places, each having two such tunnels, on this road, and when the train curved the last time, you can see from the car window two other tracks, one below the other, which the train had just a short time before passed over.

There are on this line fifty-four tunnels in

all, but the St. Gothard is the largest in the world. It is nine and a quarter miles long, eight feet broad, and twenty-one feet high. It contains a double track, and is lined with masonry throughout. It took eight years to bore it, and cost about thirteen million dollars. The boring machines were worked by compressed air. The Castlehorn rises six thousand and seventy-six feet above the center of it, and Salla Lake rises three thousand three hundred and fifty feet above. The mountain scenery to be seen while riding over that road is grand. I have been up in the Green Mountains of Vermont, the White Mountains of New Hampshire, the Alleghany, Rocky, and the Sierra Nevada, but this rivals them all in wildness and grandeur. After reaching the top, we descended in the same manner.

The road winds along the shore of Lake Lucerne for quite a distance, affording a fine view of either side, and one can see peak rising above peak of the neighboring mountains, in countless numbers. Lake Lucerne is a beautiful body of water, noted for its magnificent scenery. Its greatest length is twenty-three miles, lying somewhat in the form of a cross. Mt. Rigi is in this neighborhood, and an elevated railroad has been constructed to the top. The cars are propelled by cog wheels, running in cogs in the center of the track. This road is built similar to the one running to the top of Mt. Washington, in New Hampshire.

After leaving the lake, we stopped within a short distance of the town of Altorf. This is the place of the traditional scene of William Tell, the liberator of Switzerland from the Austrian yoke. A colossal statue of Tell, erected in 1861, is said to occupy the spot where the intrepid archer aimed at the apple placed on the head of his son by the tyrant, Gesler. It is said that the lime tree where his son stood, lived till 1567. The ride from Lucerne to Basle is very pleasant. Here and there a castle, or the ruins of one, comes to view from the highest points, as we rapidly pass along.

We saw many women working out in the fields, taking the place of the men, while here in America a woman is seldom seen doing a man's labor. The women of Europe who work in the fields handle the hoe, fork, and spade as well as any man, and they are stout and coarse featured, compared with our delicate American women.

Basle is a beautiful city, and one of the oldest and largest in Switzerland. It dates from the old Roman times. It is situated on the Rhine, above navigation.

From Basle I went to Zurich. The National Exhibition was being held there at that time, and they had the finest display of mechanical and agricultural implements I ever saw.

CHAPTER IV.

CONCLUSION OF A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

FROM Zurich I went to Munich, in Germany, crossing the beautiful Lake Constance to Lindon. I journeyed the rest of the way by rail. While at Munich, they were holding their International Art Exhibition. It was the grandest collection of paintings and sculpture I ever saw. Munich is one of the art centers of the world, and has numerous art galleries.

I next went to Linz, in Austria, and from there by steamer down the Danube to Vienna. I think this city ranks next to Paris in beauty. It is very artistically laid out, and is kept in exquisite order. It abounds in magnificent buildings, and more are being built. In the old portion of the city the streets are narrow, but the new part has broad avenues, which stretch for

miles, and the fine buildings give it the appearance of a city of palaces. It also boasts of beautiful parks and public gardens. The Prater is a natural park, comprising several low islands, formed by arms of the Danube River. It is divided into two parts, called the Upper and Lower Prater, by the Prater Avenue. This park is open on Sundays and week days. It contains coffee houses, panorama, circus, swings, jugglers, rustic kitchens, long rows of tables and benches, an amphitheater, and trains of carriages; and, with the multitude of people all dressed in their various costumes and engaged in the various sports and exercises, forms one of the most beautiful sights to be seen anywhere.

From Vienna I went to Dresden, passing through Bohemia. Dresden is noted for its famous Chinaware, and it has some very fine art galleries, after visiting which I went to Berlin. I read so much about this place during the Franco-Prussian War that it held particular interest for me. I visited the famous "Unter den Linden," where the French proposed to sing the Marseilles hymn, but a more important engagement in Paris prevented them from doing so. "Unter den Linden" is to Berlin what "Rotten Row" is to London, or the Boulevard is to Paris. It is the gathering place of all the wealth and nobility of London or Berlin. Under the Linden is one of the finest streets to be found. It is about a mile

in length and one hundred and ninety-six feet in width. It takes its name from its avenues of linden trees. Chestnut trees are mingled here and there. In the center of this avenue is a wide walk, or foot promenade, with a row of trees on each side, and on both sides of this walk are unpaved drives for horsemen, and on either side of these are still two other wide ones, paved, for carriage drives, while beyond these are wide sidewalks belonging to the fine buildings built upon each side of the street. All the nobility of Berlin have their palaces on this street. It extends from Brandenburg Gate to the statue of Frederick the Great, the finest equestrian statue in the world. This statue was begun in 1840, and completed in 1851. It is forty-four feet in height, surmounted by a statue of the great king, on horseback, in his coronation robes. The principal buildings in the city are the emperor's palaces, the university buildings, and the royal library. Among other objects of interest is a very remarkable monument, erected to commemorate the great victories of the German nation in the late European wars. It appeared to be about two hundred feet in height, and was surmounted by an elegant statue of Victory. It is made of the finest polished stone, and contains a record of all the famous battles of the late wars. It also has several battle scenes engraved on it.

Berlin has some very fine parks and flower gardens. Just before entering the city, we came to a magnificent forest of hundreds of acres of the finest trees. This has been laid out in parks, with beautiful drives.

About twenty miles from Berlin is Potsdam, the summer residence of the imperial family. Near the station is the old palace, but little used now. It contains the celebrated dining room used by Frederick the Great when he wished to dine with his ministers, unattended by his servants. The table was so arranged that the center o it could be let down into the kitchen, through a trap door, by means of a secret spring, and loaded with the choicest viands, then, by the same process, returned to the dining room. This could be repeated as often as desired. The old church where he is buried is in sight of this place. The house in which he lived and died, the chair in which he sat, and the book he was reading when he died, are all shown to the visitor. Here also are the graves of his favorite dogs, eight in number, and his pet horse. Each has a separate gravestone.

Potsdam has some beautiful parks also. They were laid out and planted with trees under Frederick the Great's immediate supervision. The trees are so large now that the branches form an arch over the walks and drives, and, looking up or down, it seems like looking through a tunnel.

While in Berlin I met Minister Sargent, and had a very pleasant chat with him.

From Berlin I went to Frankfort-on-the-Main. This is one of the oldest and richest cities in Germany, situated on both sides of the river Main. It has a very fine public garden, called Palmigarten. The grounds are very tastefully laid out, and have a large conservatory filled with tropical plants and ferns. This garden is a great Sunday resort for the people of Frankfort, crowds going there to listen to the music, which is considered the finest in Germany. The hall is provided with seats and promenades, half hidden by the growing plants, which gives it the appearance of a tropical scene.

While there I visited the panorama of the Battle of Sedan. It was very good. One could hardly tell where nature left off and art began. The battle was fought on September 1, 1870, between the French and Prussians.

From Frankfort I took the cars for Mayence the head of navigation on the Rhine, and thence to Cologne, by steamer. It was a six hours' ride, full of interest. The scenery was grand, and the steamers were like floating palaces. The river Rhine is not very wide, but in some places the current is so rapid that it goes with the velocity of a mill stream. All along the river the steep hillsides are terraced off in a wonderful way, and vineyards greet the eye everywhere. On the tops

of some of the highest hills are old castles, some well preserved, others in ruins. All unite to form a panorama of an ever-changing scene, and I enjoyed the trip hugely.

Cologne is a fine city of about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. The city dates from the time of the Christian era. A Roman colony was planted there by the mother of Nero, although there was already a small city there at the time. In the year 308 Constantine the Great built a stone bridge across the Rhine at this place. That bridge has entirely disappeared, and in its place is a fine iron bridge, where cars, teams, and foot passengers pass to and fro.

The cathedral at Cologne is one of the finest buildings in Europe. It was begun in 1248, but was not completed till 1880. Four and one-half million dollars were spent on it during that time. It is built in the form of a cross. The nave is planked with double and the transit with single aisles. The total length is four hundred and forty-four feet and its breadth is two hundred and seven feet. The walls are one hundred and fifty feet high, and the height of the roof is two hundred and one feet. The height of the larger towers is five hundred and twelve feet. These towers, two in number, are the highest in the world except the Washington monument. This massive stone cathedral is covered with turrets, statuary, and all sorts of figures, presenting in all a most im-

posing appearance. Its largest bell was cast from the metal of a cannon, captured from the French during the last war, and weighs twenty-five tons. It stands on a high eminence and can be seen a long distance off. St. Peter's Church at Rome is larger and more adorned with works of art, and the cathedral at Milan is more beautiful in some respects, but, take it all in all, that at Cologne has no rival among the structures erected for Christian worship.

The next place I visited was Brussels, the capital of Belgium. There I visited the Parliamentary buildings and also the famous battle field of Waterloo. In appearance it is no different from any other field, and had it not been for the guide, who pointed it out to me, I might have walked all over the historic ground without knowing it. I was shown the spot where Wellington and Blücher met after the defeat of Napoleon and his army. That was a cold day for Napoleon, as cold as it was for his namesake relative when he undertook to whip Kaiser William. The battle of Waterloo was fought on June 18, 1815.

The battle was between the allied English, Netherland, and German troops under Wellington, and the French under Napoleon, and it resulted in the complete overthrow of the French emperor. On June 14 the forces of Wellington, comprising about ninety-two thousand British, Hanoverian, Brunswick, Nassau, and Netherland

troops, were stationed between the rivers Scheldt and Nivelles, the duke having his headquarters at Brussels, while Blücher, with three corps of Prussians, about ninety thousand men, occupied Namur, Charleroi, and the adjacent country on both sides of the Sambre.

Wellington resisted the various attacks of the enemy from ten o'clock in the morning till about five in the afternoon. By this time sixteen thousand Prussians reached the field of battle, and by 7 P. M. the forces under Blücher amounted to above fifty thousand men, with one hundred and four guns. Wellington then advanced his whole line of infantry, and, the Prussians advancing simultaneously, the rout of the French became complete. The total loss of the allies, including the Prussians, was about twenty-three thousand and that of the French thirty thousand, besides two hundred and twelve pieces of cannon.

Napoleon quitted the wreck of his army, returned to Paris, and, finding it impossible to raise another army, abdicated. He afterwards surrendered to the English, and was banished to St. Helena, where he died during exile, May 5, 1821. Several survivors of the engagement who served in that war have died during the past year. A few were still living while I was there, in 1883, and residing with their friends or relatives in various parts of the country.

Brussels is one of the most beautiful cities in

Europe, and, like Paris, is celebrated for its magnificent squares, public buildings, fountains, walks, and drives, as well as for its manufactures of lace, carpets, and other articles. It is also noted for its beautiful women, which fact alone would prove an attraction for most American travelers. I found it particularly so in my case.

I next went to Paris, a day's ride by rail. There was not much to be seen along the road, but the sight of Paris made up for it. The city is pleasantly situated on both sides of the river Seine. Its streets are not spacious, like those of London, but its public buildings are far more splendid. It abounds in public walks, gardens, and other places of amusement, as well as in extensive and valuable libraries, and literary and charitable institutions. It is considered the gayest, and by many the most fashionable city in the world. One of the great features of Paris is the Triumphal Arch, built by Napoleon. It is the grandest structure of its kind in the world. It is one hundred and forty-seven by seventy-three feet at the base, and one hundred and sixty-two feet high. The central archway is forty-five feet broad and ninety feet high. Its inner walls are inscribed with the names of three hundred and eighty-four generals and ninety-six victories. The finest sculptured ornaments are four groups of colossal figures, one of which represents the departure of the army in 1792. There are ten

streets and broad avenues radiating from the arch. One is the Avenue de Imperatrice, which consists of a carriage way, foot walks, and a bridle road. It is nearly a mile long and three hundred feet wide, bordered by continuous gardens, outside of which on either side is still another carriage road, and beyond this are gardens and villas. This avenue leads to the much-read-of Bois de Boulogne, an extensive park laid out in the modern style of landscape gardening. It has the appearance of a large forest, and is on the outskirts of the city. It has beautiful drives and bridle paths in every direction, and is visited mostly by the upper classes of society. On pleasant afternoons you can see lines of carriages containing the wealth and beauty of Paris. The lines of carriages often are five and six miles long, extending clear around its beautiful lake and far up the Champs Elysees.

The Jardin de Acclimation is a park which attracts all classes of people. The zoölogical garden is in this park, and is well stocked with animals and birds. A band discourses fine music every afternoon, attracting crowds of people. One of the most attractive promenades of Paris is the Boulevard Interior. It follows for three miles what were once the fortifications on the northern side of the ancient city. It is one continuous avenue, but certain parts go by different names. One part of it is called des Italiens. It is an old

saying that France is the center of civilized nations; Paris is the center of France, and the Boulevard des Italiens is the center of Paris.

While there I took a trip on the circular railroad, which afforded a splendid view of that lovely city. I also visited St. Cloud and Versailles to see the imperial palaces. The one at St. Cloud was burned during the siege of Paris, at the time of the Franco-Prussian War, and has never been rebuilt. That at Versailles is still standing, and is furnished in luxuriant style, although it is not occupied, for, since France has become a republic, they have made but little use of those old-time palaces. They are kept in good condition for the purpose of showing them to visitors. The palace with its surrounding garden and fountains at Versailles is something grand.

After doing Paris and its suburbs, I started for London, taking the Dieppe and New Haven route. We had a rough passage crossing the English Channel, and most of the passengers got seasick, but, fortunately, I escaped, not being in the least affected—something to be truly thankful for, I am sure.

London, the metropolis of the British Empire, is one of the largest and most wonderful cities in the world. So much of interest is to be seen there that it would require months to see it all, and volumes to describe it. London, comparatively speaking, has not so great a proportion of

magnificent buildings as some cities, still, it contains a great number of splendid edifices. Among them may be mentioned St. Paul's Church, which, if we except St. Peter's in Rome, is the finest in the world. In commerce and manufactures it excels every other city, and it abounds in literary and humane institutions. Almost everything that the ingenuity of man has invented is made here in a high state of perfection, and many articles are unrivaled in their excellence.

The population of London is about four million five hundred thousand. It is estimated that a birth takes place every four minutes, and in every six minutes a death occurs. It contains many thousand miles of streets, and an average of twenty-eight miles of new streets are opened, and about nine thousand new houses built in a year. There are about one hundred thousand foreigners in the city, from every quarter of the globe.

It contains many beautiful parks and gardens. Hyde Park is the most popular, and may be called the people's park. Rotten Row and the Ladies' Mile are in this park, and are known the world over. The beauty and wealth of the city can be seen at this park any afternoon during the summer months. Princes, dukes, lords, members of Parliament—all mix in with the crowd, driving in their elegant turnouts, or riding fine horses, and all vie in showing off to the best advantage.

There are several fine old oak trees, the oldest of which is said to be not less than four hundred and fifty years of age. All kinds of games are indulged in, but football and cricket are the favorites. Kensingston Garden is near by, separated from it by the Serpentine, which is crossed by a handsome stone bridge. This place is more like a private garden than a park, the public not being allowed to drive in it. However, it is a favorite promenade. Its principal attraction is the celebrated Albert Memorial, erected by Queen Victoria in memory of her late husband, the Prince Consort. It is the finest and most costly private monument in the world. It is said to have cost $1,200,000. It rests on a polished granite base one hundred and thirty feet square. The four corners supporting it are of white marble, representing groups of figures—inhabitants of the four quarters of the globe. Above these groups are four more representing manufacture,commerce, agriculture, and engineering, while at the base there are life-size figures of some of the most noted men. The statue of the Prince Consort is in the center, and represents him in a sitting posture. It is of gilt bronze, as is also the whole canopy.

Regent Park is another favorite resort. It is very beautiful, with its grand old trees and lovely drives, which extend around its outer edge for two and a half miles. A part of this park contains the zoölogical garden, which has the largest

exhibition of birds, beasts, and reptiles to be seen anywhere in the world. I visited several other parks in London but of less interest.

I also visited the Tower of London. It was built eight hundred years ago, and was used as a fortress and palace in olden times; now it is used as a depository of the national arms and accouterments. The ancient records of the kingdom contain many documents relative to the warlike stores preserved in and issued from the tower. Additions were made from various sources until the collection contained the most interesting specimens of armor and weapons of almost every age of English history.

In the banqueting room the devices are fine. The north windows contain passion and sunflowers made of sword blades, ramrods, bayonets, and pistols. In the west window the rising sun is well imitated in the arrangement of bayonets and springs of ramrods. The device in the center of the avenue represents a water spout at sea; another represents a pineapple, and so on.

The numerous halls, galleries, and gardens of the palace in the tower were the scenes of magnificent wedding festivities on the occasion of the marriage of Henry the Third. To this monarch the whole fortress was indebted for much of the splendor and importance it possessed in the early ages. Edward the Third often held his court in this tower. We have ancient records of the mag-

nificent scenes that were at times enacted within these gloomy walls. But there is also a sadness about this place, for the annals of the tower as a prison tell of its fearful and gloomy events. It is said to contain secret passages to rooms of torture, and that dungeons abound within and beneath the fortress. Everything is in keeping with the dark ages in which it was built, and the dreadful scenes it has witnessed.

If those walls could speak, what tales of horror they might recount! Many persons of rank have been imprisoned and executed here. Among those who lost their lives in this place are Anne Boleyn, executed May 19, 1536, and Lady Jane Gray. The ax and block used on those occasions are still kept in the tower as relics of curiosity to be shown to visitors. It was in this same tower that the youthful sons of Edward the Fourth were smothered by pillows by order of their uncle, Richard the Third.

After sojourning my allotted time in London, I went to Scotland *via* the Midland Railroad, and visited Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the famous Scottish Lakes. On my return I stopped at Sterling Castle, and had the opportunity to inspect one of the oldest and strongest castles of the early days. The trip on the lakes is very interesting, and is taken by all tourists who come in this vicinity. The trip can be made in one day.

We left Glasgow in the morning by rail, and on

our arrival at Loch Lomond we were transferred to a pretty little steamer, on which we crossed the lake. Then we went by stage through the Trossacks, where the scenery is very grand, Ben Lomond, a lofty mountain plain, being in view during the whole ride. After arriving at Loch Katrine, another beautiful lake hemmed in on all sides by high mountains, we took passage on another little steamer, crossed the lake, and again took the stage to the railway station, and returned by rail to Glasgow, reaching there the same evening. While on the trip I formed the acquaintance of a party of American ladies from Chicago and California, which, of course, made the trip doubly pleasant to me.

Glasgow on the Clyde is, in regard to commerce, manufactures, and population the first city in Scotland. George's Square is a fine place, situated in the heart of the city. It contains a large number of monuments erected to the memory of some of Scotland's most noted men; among them are those of Sir John Moore, Robert Burns, James Watt, David Livingstone, Robert Peel, and Sir Walter Scott.

From Glasgow I went by steamer down the Clyde River and crossed the Irish Channel to Belfast, and thence by rail to Dublin. While there I visited Phœnix Park and saw the spot where Lord Cavendish and Secretary Burk were murdered. I also saw the prison in which the sup-

posed murderers were confined until they were executed.

One of the great features of this place is Dublin Castle. It is supposed to have been begun in the year 120, by Myles Fitzhenry, a son of Henry the Second, and was finished in 1220. It is situated on Cork Hill, the highest and most central part of the city. It was a place of great strength, and was divided into two courts, which are called the upper and lower castle yards. The upper yard, or court, contains the official residence of the viceroy, and the buildings are all uniform—red brick with blue granite facings on all sides. An archway under the east section of the buildings connects it with the lower castle yard. The principal entrance to the castle opens into the upper yard. The arch over the gate is of limestone, and bears on its pediment an elegant statue of Justice.

In the castle a guardroom is fitted up, wherein a company of foot soldiers are stationed, sentries being posted at the various entrances to the castle and other prominent points. St. Patrick's Hall is in the castle, and is eighty-two feet long, forty-one broad, and thirty-eight feet high. It is handsomely decorated with fine fresco paintings on the ceilings. In one place St. Patrick is represented converting the Irish people to Christianity. Another place shows Henry the Second seated under a canopy receiving the submission of the Irish Chieftains. A mosaic representation of

George the Third, supported by figures of Liberty and Justice, is seen in the middle circle.

At either end of the hall is a large gallery for the musicians and spectators. It is here they hold their court balls, and no one is admitted unless in court dress or uniform. Cards of admission are given to spectators, but they must appear in full dress. Dublin is a pretty city.

The buildings on each street seem to have been built all after the same plan, and at the same time, and by the same party. Dublin is situated at the head of a spacious and picturesque bay at the mouth of the Liffey River, seven miles from the Irish Sea. It is noted for the beauty of its women, and the biddies can be seen there in all their glory. I have come to the conclusion that the better class of Irish in Ireland are as fine and intelligent as anyone could wish to meet. I found them as much so as in any country in Europe, or, in fact, in any country I have traveled. The class of Irish which we see in America is composed mostly of the scum of Ireland.

From Dublin I recrossed the Irish Sea to Holyhead in Wales, and from there I went to Liverpool. I spent a few days at Manchester and Warrington. At the latter place I paid a visit to some relatives of friends of mine in California. These folks accompanied me to Manchester, and escorted me over the whole city, pointing out all places of particular interest. Manchester is a

large inland city and in population ranks next to Liverpool and next to London in manufactures. Its cotton fabrics are much celebrated for their variety and beauty. It has ninety-one cotton mills, thirteen silk mills, thirty small ware mills, forty-eight iron foundries, forty-eight dye-works, and about one hundred machine shops. The cotton mills employ about sixty thousand people.

The City Hall is one of the finest buildings in Europe. The floors are tiled in mosaic work of colored stones set in shapes of butterflies, spiders, serpents, etc., and edged with borders of China work. The work, which is very beautiful, was done by men who came from Italy for that express purpose. The cost of the building was enormous, but I am not able to give the figures.

Liverpool is a large seaport on the Mersey. It is the largest shipping port in the world, and is the second city in England in respect to wealth and commerce. It has splendid docks, and while strolling along them one can see thousands of masts rising from the many vessels and ocean steamers, a large number of which are dispatched daily from its harbor to all parts of the world, while others are constantly arriving laden with treasures from all quarters of the globe. There is no other place in the world where there is such a continuous line of docks. They present a quayage to wet docks and tidal basins, alone, of twenty-

two and one-half miles, and a water space of three hundred and thirty-three acres, which, together with land sheds, quays, and warehouses, cover an area of one thousand and forty acres. These figures apply only to the Lancastershire side of the Mersey dock and harbor estate.

On the Chesline shore at Birkenhead there are docks with a water area of one hundred and sixty-four acres, with nearly ten miles quayage, thus making in all a water area of nearly five hundred acres, and a total quayage of thirty-two miles. In addition are twenty-two graving docks for repairing vessels with an aggregate length of floor of fourteen thousand feet. The whole estate is studded with imposing buildings, such as dock-masters' residences, custom house, police stations, clock towers, dockyard offices, etc.

On the Lancastershire side is a double line of railway tracks five miles in length. There is no part of the habitable world that cannot be reached from Liverpool. It is connected with New York by a fleet of magnificent steamers which run with almost the same regularity as our railroad trains.

Before leaving for America I must give a short sketch of some of the hotels at which I had the pleasure or the misfortune to stop while in Europe. As a rule, they were well kept, but every means was resorted to to extract money from strangers. Their rates seemed reasonable enough, but little, unexpected items would appear on the

bill, which would run it up to an exorbitant sum. The price of the room does not include the light, such as gas, candle, or coal oil; nor does it include any service whatever; these are all charged extra in the bill. Hot water and soap are also charged as extras, and various unexpected items are added, particularly if they never expect to see you again. Their motto is to get while they have the chance.

The employes of the hotels are required to show great respect to the guests, and, when a guest passes in or out, all who happen to be near the entrance at the time, lift their caps and bow in respect. This applies to Italy in particular. All of the servants expect a little something from the guest when he is about to depart; this is called tipping. When the guest is ready to leave, the manager rings a bell, and in an instant the corridor is filled with servants from all parts of the house. One would never imagine there were so many, but among them are some who had not been seen by the guest before, and, although they have rendered you no service, they expect to share with the others in the everlasting tips. They all follow to the carriage, shower you with good wishes and a bon voyage.

The restaurants along the railways on the Continent are very good, and on some lines they seem to be all under one management. The conductor, or guard, as he is called there, takes your order

for dinner and telegraphs it ahead, and, when the train arrives at the station, dinner is brought to you on a platter. You can eat your meal at your leisure, while the train moves speedily on to the next station. Here the tray with its dishes is taken away and sent back on the returning train, or kept there in exchange for some which had been taken to the other station by passangers going in the opposite direction. The railways all through Europe are well built and kept in splendid order. The trains are run at a very high rate of speed, and the block signal system is used on most of the lines. By this system they avoid accidents, which are so frequent in this country, for no two trains can be between two stations at the same time. The forward train in passing a station sets a danger signal, which remains in that position till the train passes the next station, when it is dropped, and set at the next one, and so on along the entire length of the road. This works automatically, by means of electricity, and is a great safeguard to trains following each other on the same track. The railways in Europe have all double tracks, and no two roads are allowed to cross each other on the level; one has to go under the other; nor is a carriage road allowed to cross a railway on the level. The roads are all well fenced, and no one is permitted to walk on the track, under penalty of arrest and fine. Police are stationed all along the track. The cars are

not so comfortable and pleasant to ride in as our American cars, for they are divided into compartments, first, second, and third class often being in one car. The seats face each other, and there is a door on each side of the car. While the train is in motion these doors are locked, and opened by the conductor at every station. Each compartment is provided with a distress signal or electric bell. On some roads these electric bell buttons are covered with glass, which must be broken before an alarm can be given. The passenger is supposed to break it with his fist. No one can get on the train without a ticket, as it has to be presented at the gate before entering where the train is standing. The conductor does not take up the tickets; but, when the passenger arrives at his destination, as he passes through the gate, the ticket is taken by the station agent. Carriage fare in European cities is generally not so expensive, as the tariff is everywhere fixed by law, and the driver is obliged to show the rate sheet to all who may wish to see it.

I left Liverpool for New York September 1, 1883, on the steamship *Abyssinia*, a slow but staunch craft. Our passage across the Atlantic was a very rough one for the first four days out. For the remainder of our trip we had calm weather, with the exception of heavy fogs off the coast of New Foundland. We reached New York safely after a voyage of eleven and one-half days.

While on the voyage a death occurred among the deck hands. One of their number was sick when we left Liverpool, and died on the way. He was buried at sea. It was the first and only case of the kind that occurred during my long journey around the world. On reaching New York I stayed a few days to visit places of interest, among them Central Park, the new suspension bridge, etc.

I next went to Massachusetts, where I met a brother whom I had not seen for twenty-five years. I stayed with him a short time and then continued my journey to New Hampshire, where I found other relatives whom I had not seen for the same length of time; and, had they not known I was coming, they would never have recognized in me the person who had parted from them so long ago. I paid them a little visit, and then left for Philadelphia, where I remained a few days, and then departed for Chicago, remaining there three weeks to visit old friends, who took me in charge and pointed out all the places of note in and about that large and interesting city. The place had improved so much during my residence in California that I could see no resemblance to the Chicago I had resided in twenty-five years ago. It has become of late the largest pork, lumber, and wheat center in the world. The beauty of its parks, avenues, and buildings is not much surpassed by anything of the kind which I saw during my travels elsewhere.

From Chicago I went to New Orleans, one of the oldest cities in the United States. It was settled by the French in early times, and is laid out very much like some of the old cities in Europe. From there I took the cars *en route* to California, stopping a few days at San Antonio, Texas. This is a pretty little city, the houses being built mostly of white sandstone, which is so soft that it can be sawed in blocks, and the buildings when completed have the appearance of having been painted white. The San Antonio River is a beautiful stream flowing through the middle of the city and is spanned by several fine bridges. Another feature of the city is the old mission church. It is an ancient edifice constructed of massive stones which give it more the appearance of a castle than a temple of worship. It is built within the walls of a fortress, which was used as a defense in early times. The San Pedro Springs situated in San Pedro Park, is a pleasant place to visit. The park is situated on the outskirts of the town in a beautiful grove of trees, and contains springs of pure water, in which are turtles and several kinds of fish, which come to the surface to be fed by the visitors. Another place of interest is the Alamo plaza. It was there that David Crockett and James Bowie, the inventor of the famous knife, were buried together with those companions who fell in heroic defense of the Alamo during the Texas war of independence from Mexico in 1835.

My next stopping point was at Tucson, where I stayed a few days and then went to Yuma and visited a friend, formerly of California, who was employed by the Arizona government as superintendent of the territorial prison located there. My friend showed me all through the prison, and I saw some of the hardest-looking faces among the criminals confined within its wall that the world ever produced. I also spent a few days at Los Angeles, after which I journeyed direct to Oakland, California, arriving there on the 18th of December, 1883.

This completed my trip around the world, which was to me very interesting indeed. It took me eleven months to make the trip, during which time I traveled at least thirty thousand miles, and visited most all of the principal cities in the Old World. I am truly thankful to the kind providence which watched over me and guided me safely through all the dangers which threaten both sea and land.

And I am glad to be once more at home in my adopted State. I feel grateful that I am an American citizen and that I can call America my home. Each country I visited had its own particular attractions and peculiar features, but in not one of them did I find such a combination of all that goes towards making a country desirable for a permanent residence as in our own America. I have learned to appreciate it more

since having traveled in a foreign land; yet, at the same time, I am not of that class who cannot see anything good or beautiful outside of their own country.

The journey was taken by the writer as a mere pleasure trip, without any intention of writing an account of what is to be seen, learned, and enjoyed from such a trip. It would take volumes to record all, so I came to the conclusion that I would keep a record of the route taken, and give a slight description of some of the principal cities and things to be seen, for the mere gratification of myself and some of my most intimate friends.

Having made the tour of the world in eleven months, it may be thought by some to be too short a time in which to take such a trip; but the facilities for traveling are so great at the present day that the actual traveling time in going round the world has been reduced to two and one-half months, thus leaving me eight and one-half months for sight-seeing and other amusements. For the benefit of my friends or anyone who may wish to take a trip of this kind, I will state that the best way to carry money is by letter of credit, and only draw on it the amount you expect to use in each country you visit. It will be necessary to abstain from drinking water as much as possible, especially in the southern parts of Asia.

I was very fortunate during my trip; I met with no accident of any kind; I never had the

slightest illness; I never missed a steamer or train, nor was I detained a single day or scarcely an hour; and I never lost a piece of baggage; and I always met with the best of fellow-travelers, who showed me all the respect due to a gentleman. This trip has been accomplished with a great deal of pleasure and enjoyment, and will continue to be a source of enjoyment during the remainder of my life.

CHAPTER V.

A TRIP ACROSS THE CONTINENT FROM CALIFORNIA TO MASSACHUSETTS.

AFTER my return from the trip around the world, I spent a part of the winter in California visiting some of the places of resorts I had not seen before, namely, Santa Cruz, Monterey, and Duncan's Mills. These are all great resorts for summer tourists, and all are well patronized, the two former on account of their facilities for surf bathing, and the latter for its beautiful mountain scenery and fine climate.

Toward the last of April, 1884, I left Oakland on the overland train *via* the Central Pacific Railroad. At Port Costa the whole train with the engine was taken across the Sacramento River on the ferryboat *Solano*. On our arrival at Benicia the train was again transferred to the railroad

track, and we proceeded on our journey to Sacramento. We reached that city after recrossing the river on a magnificent bridge.

On leaving Sacramento we soon found ourselves in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, where the road leads through a continuous line of snow-sheds for about forty miles. Donner Lake, which lies several hundred feet below the track on this route, is called the gem of the Sierras, and is but two miles from Truckee. This beautiful lake was made historical by its connection with the sufferings of the Donner party in the winter of 1847. It seems strange to anyone not acquainted with the condition of the country at that time to read of the awful sufferings for want of food; but then there were no white settlers in the mountains, nor was there any habitation whatever within a long distance; there was no food to be had, and the people were too weak to make their way over the snowy mountains to the unknown country beyond.

We next came to the Truckee River, which flows through the town at a rapid rate, reminding me very much of the Abana in Damascus. It is fed from the waters of Lake Tahoe. Next we came to the Humboldt River, with its sink in the quicksand. Taking all of these with other lovely sights to be seen along the road, and the good fortune of meeting with gentlemanly conductors and porters, and having pleasant traveling companions—consisting of two ladies from Oakland, one gentleman

from Boston, one from Chicago, and an Englishman from Australia—the trip from Oakland to Ogden was made as pleasant as one could desire. At this point the party separated, some going by the Union Pacific, others by the Denver and Rio Grande, while I stopped over at Salt Lake City. This is a fine city with streets all of the same width, 130 feet, having a stream of fresh water on either side of them which act as sewers to carry off any filth that may accumulate.

During my stay I took a carriage and drove to the Mormon Tabernacle. This building is two hundred and thirty-three feet long, one hundred and eighty-three feet wide, and seventy feet high, and seats six thousand five hundred persons. The roof covers the entire building without a single support on the inside. It is the largest of its kind in America. While I was at one end of the building and the guide at the opposite end, he dropped a pin, which I distinctly heard as it struck the floor. We next went to the unfinished temple, the corner stone of which was laid in April, 1858. It has already cost $1,700,000. It is two hundred feet long by one hundred feet wide and two hundred feet high, with towers at either end each two hundred feet high. We next visited Brigham Young's grave, and then Fort Douglas, some three miles from the city. From there we could see the hill called Red Butte, where Brigham Young claimed the revelation was made to him on his ar-

rival at Salt Lake. The fort lies several hundred feet higher than the city, and from it could be seen a beautiful panorama of the city, lake, and valley, spread out before our eyes.

After leaving there I traveled *via* the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, termed the "Scenic Route of the World." This road runs through the great Salt Lake Basin, in Utah Valley, and passes through some of the most beautiful scenery I ever saw. The Castle Gate consists of two immense towers five hundred feet above the track and separated only enough to allow the trains and river to pass through. Then there are the Palisades, which appear like large cities, with their domes, spires and minarets, reminding me very much of my first sight of Constantinople from the deck of the steamer. We then ran along by the side of the Price River for quite a distance, winding around short curves, up steep grades, and down the same, over a comparatively smooth track, and, when night came on and we were obliged to retire, it was with a request to be called at five o'clock in the morning to see Black Cañon. This place is indeed a piece of nature's most wonderful work. Its rock-bound chasms are wild and picturesque in the extreme. Gunnison River rushes madly by at its base, and cataracts leap from its high cliffs down perpendicular walls thousands of feet high, into whose gloomy depths the sun never penetrates except when at its meridian. After

passing through this cañon we came to the town of Gunnison. From there the road begins its grade, winding on and up the Rocky Mountains on a grade of two hundred and seventeen feet to the mile, crossing and recrossing till the Continental Divide is reached and crossed at Marshall Pass, ten thousand seven hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. At this point the snow was quite deep and still falling. This was on the 1st of May, and I began to think my chance for gathering Mayflowers was rather slim, but on descending the mountain on the other side we soon came into a warmer climate.

Our next piece of fine scenery was what is called the Grand Cañon. It was grand indeed. I advise anyone who wishes to take a trip East, and who is a lover of fine scenery, to go *via* the Denver and Rio Grande Railway. After passing through the last-named cañon we reached Cañon City. At this place we learned that one of the railroad bridges had been burned the night before, and, in consequence, our train was detained three hours. This gave us an opportunity to visit the Colorado State Prison, located there. Our next stopping place was South Pueblo, from which place we continued our journey to the city of Denver, "the queen of the Rockies."

The time over the road is quite fast, averaging twenty-eight miles per hour, including stops. At Denver I stopped at the Windsor House. This

is a good hotel. There are several good hotels and many fine residences in the place. The Union Depot, built of native lava stone, is five hundred and three feet long, sixty-seven feet wide, and one hundred and eighty-three feet high, to the top of the dome. It is one of the best built depot buildings in the country.

On leaving Denver I took the Burlington and Missouri route, which crosses the plains for several hundred miles. The land is very poor, and is used only for grazing. I saw large herds of cattle and sheep, but they looked very poor, and a great many had died during the spring.

Our next stop was made at Kansas City, which had many points of interest, but my time was limited. The city is perched on a high bluff at the junction of the Kansas and Missouri Rivers. It is one of the most flourishing and most promising of the western cities, and has a larger population than any of its rivals. It is a large railroad center and a growing business place, and it is destined to be one of the most important points on the Atlantic slope west of St. Louis; but it can never outrival Denver in regard to beauty of scenery. Kansas City has thirteen trunk line railroads centering in it.

Our next journey was over the Missouri Pacific line to St. Louis. This road runs along the Missouri River bottoms, so that there is but little to be seen except the river and a few small towns.

At St. Louis I went across the fine bridge over the Mississippi River. It has two tracks below and a travelway above, and is (including the approaches) one and a half miles long, sixty feet wide, and one hundred feet above the water's level. It is made of steel. All trains leaving here for the East, from the Union Depot, pass through a tunnel under the city, about a mile long, and then cross the bridge. St. Louis is noted for its fine parks. While there I visited Tower Grove and Lafayette Parks and Shores Garden.

Leaving there *via* the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, I passed through the States of Illinois and Indiana to Cincinnati, in Ohio. This city is called the Queen of the West, and, by some, the Paris of America. I suppose it is on account of its fine streets, fountains, and arcades. Covington, Kentucky, is just across the Ohio River. A massive suspension bridge spans the river between the two cities. The bridge is so high that it does not in any way interfere with the navigation of the river. Over this suspended structure there is a constant stream of pedestrians and vehicles of every description passing to and fro, as a large business is carried on between the two cities. On the river bank are steamboats of every description, which ply between this place and the South.

The bridge is nearly a half a mile long and about one hundred feet high. It is suspended on a great wire cable, three feet in diameter, which

passes over stone towers two hundred feet high. The cost of the bridge was about two hundred thousand dollars. There is a fountain in this city situated on Fountain Square, which was made in Munich, and was presented to the city by Henry Probosco. It is one of the most magnificent of its kind I have ever seen, excepting those of Rome. The circular water basin in which it stands is about twenty-five feet in diameter. The base of the fountain at the water's edge has infant figures at either corner, represented as sporting in their bath; and, above these, there are on the four sides groups of statuary with basins at their feet, from whose overflowing brims the water falls in jets. The whole is mounted by a large female figure spreading out her arms as if bestowing a blessing, and from the tips of her fingers tiny threads of water fall, forming into a fine spray. There are some ten or twelve figures in and around this beautiful fountain, and the height of the crowning figure is about fifty feet above the street level. The whole is made of bronze, and cost $250,000.

Cincinnati is situated in a sort of basin, surrounded on all but the river side by hills, which rise abruptly from the city level, and whose tops are reached by an incline railway car drawn by a cable. The distance is short and at an angle of about forty-five degrees. At the top and bottom of the hills the cable cars are met by horse cars, which take the passengers any direction to their

destination. The hills are built up with fine residences, and a view from their summits on a clear day is grand. There are several fine parks up there and a large lake, which freezes over in winter, making a fine resort for skaters. During my stay at Cincinnati I saw some of the effects of the late riot. The walls of the burned courthouse were still standing, but preparations were being made to pull them down and rebuild.

From here I went *via* the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad to Parkersburg, thence *via* the Baltimore and Ohio to Washington, stopping overnight at Grafton, West Virginia, in order to cross the Alleghany Mountains by daylight. This trip was a most delightful one, with the grand scenery, composed of mountain pines and dashing streams.

After passing over the summit of the mountain, the train ran at an enormous speed, and, when it reached one of the short curves which are so numerous on that line, it seemed as if the cars had no intention of following the engine, but were about to be dashed to destruction into the depths below. At last we safely reached Harper's Ferry. This is the place where John Brown, with a few followers, undertook the task of liberating the slaves, before the war broke out, but was arrested and executed for his foolhardy act. His soul has been marching on ever since, so I think it must be far from here by this time. I saw the ruins of the old Confederate fort which was destroyed by the Union forces during the War of Rebellion.

I next crossed the Potomac River over a fine bridge, then journeyed along the valley of the Potomac to Washington, at which place I visited all the public buildings and places of interest, namely, the Capitol, the White House, Patent Office, War Museum, Smithsonian Institute, and the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, where the paper currency is made. The government employs one thousand two hundred persons at this place, consisting of eight hundred women and four hundred men. I also saw the spot in the railroad depot where Garfield was shot. It is marked by a star in the floor.

I took a trip down the Potomac to Mt. Vernon, the home and tomb of Washington. On the way I landed at Alexandria in Virginia. This place figured largely in the late war. It was in this place that the Marshall House was rebuilt on the site of the hotel in which Colonel Ellsworth was shot, in 1861, for pulling down a Confederate flag. Christ Church, of which Washington was a vestryman, is in this city. It was built in 1773, of brick brought from England.

I took a trip to the National Military Cemetery at Arlington, a vast field of the nation's dead. There, under the shade of noble oaks, are buried sixteen thousand two hundred and sixty-four soldiers of the War of the Rebellion; of these, eleven thousand nine hundred and fifteen are known, and four thousand three hundred and

forty-nine are unknown. The following are some of the inscriptions engraved on a few of the stones:

"No rumor of the foe's advance
Now sweeps upon the wind;
No troubled thoughts at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind."

"Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave."

"Your own proud land's heroic soil
Must be your fitter grave;
She claims from war his richest spoil,
The ashes of the brave."

The entire Arlington estate consists of one thousand one hundred and sixty acres, of which two hundred acres are inclosed by a fine wall for the cemetery. It was once the home of Robert E. Lee, but it now belongs to the United States Government. Fort Whipple is located on this ground, and is the headquarters for the signal service. One of the great sights to be seen at Washington is the Washington Monument. It is now four hundred and thirty feet high and fifty-five feet square at the base, but, when completed, it will be five hundred and fifty feet high and thirty feet square at the top. It will be the highest artificial structure in the world, and will rise many feet above the cathedral spires and monuments in Europe and the East. It will be fifteen feet higher than the main tower of the

new City Hall in Philadelphia, forty-four feet higher than the great cathedral at Cologne, and ninety-five feet higher than the St. Peter's at Rome. It is built of fine marble. Each State in the Union has contributed a block of marble, finely carved and engraved, to be used in its construction.

On leaving Washington I went *via* the Pennsylvania Railroad to New York, passing through Baltimore and Philadelphia. I made a short stay at New York, as I had visited that place a short time before. Leaving here I went by the New York and New Haven route to Springfield, Mass., and then *via* the Boston and Albany road to Boston. On the way we passed through Hartford, Connecticut, where the old Charter Oak once stood. On my arrival at Boston I paid a visit to some old friends, formerly of California. I then went to New Bedford, where I visited with relatives for a few weeks, and then started on a trip to Maine and New Hampshire.

CHAPTER VI.

A TRIP TO MAINE AND NEW HAMPSHIRE.

THIS trip was taken about the middle of June, 1884. I stopped over at Boston and witnessed the celebration of the one hundred and ninth anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill. The procession was fine. The line of march was around Bunker Hill, or Monument Square, in Charleston, Massachusetts. Monument Square is on the top of the hill and comprises four acres of ground, in the center of which stands the Bunker Hill Monument. It is two hundred and twenty-one feet high, thirty feet square at the base, and fifteen feet at the top, and is built of solid granite. It has a flight of winding stairs to the top, from which a fine view of the surrounding country is to be had.

During my stay in Boston I enjoyed a drive of some fifteen miles out in the country, passing through several fine New England villages. I

then left Boston *via* the Boston and Maine Railroad *en route* to Portland, passing through some large manufacturing towns, namely, Lawrence and Haverhill in Massachusetts, Exeter and Dover in New Hampshire, Biddeford and Saco in Maine. Portland is a pretty place, but business was very dull. The Maine "liquor law" was in full blast, but, as I am not in the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors to any extent, the law did not affect me much.

From Portland I took a trip to Lewiston *via* the Maine Central, where I found my old friend of the Lewiston *Journal*, who had been my traveling companion in Palestine a year before. Lewistown is the largest manufacturing town in the State. It has some ten or twelve large cotton mills and several large shoe factories. It lies on the bank of the Androscoggin River, which furnishes the city with fine water power. On the opposite bank of the river is the city of Auburn, which is to Lewiston what Oakland is to San Francisco, or Brooklyn to New York.

From Lewiston I returned to Portland and thence *via* the Portland and Ogdenburg Railroad to the Crawford House, in the White Mountains. On our way we passed by Lake Sebago, a fine body of water twelve miles long and nine miles wide. It receives the water of twenty-three ponds. This lake forms the water supply for Portland. There are two small steamers making daily trips plying between the towns.

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Our next place of note, after passing along the Saco River, with Mt. Kearsarge and the hotel on its summit, and several other high peaks in view, was the Willey House, in the Crawford Notch, New Hampshire, where, in June, 1826, two slides fell off Mt. Willey near the house, which caused the family to move farther up the mountain to what they supposed was a safer place; but, on the night of the 28th of August, a deluge of rain fell, causing another slide, which buried the whole family, —Mr. and Mrs. Willey and their five children and two hired men. The bodies of three of the children were never found, and the others were sadly mutilated.

On arriving at the Crawford House, which is located at the entrance of the Crawford Notch fronting the Saco Lake and hemmed in on all sides by high mountain peaks, I went to the top of Mt. Willey, four thousand four hundred and seventy feet above the level of the sea. The view from this point is very grand, but not so extended as that which can be obtained from Mt. Washington, which I afterwards visited. It is the highest peak east of the Rocky Mountains and north of the Carolinas, being six thousand two hundred and eighty-three feet high. On account of this elevation, it has the same climate as the middle of Greenland at seventy degrees north latitude. A fine hotel, a signal station, and a fine spring of water are on the very top of Mt. Washington. It

is estimated that about ten thousand people visit there every summer. From the summit we have a view of one thousand miles in circumference, and within this circle can be seen scores of villages and hamlets, and hundreds of mountains, with the valleys of the chief rivers of New England, also a part of five different States, and the Province of Quebec.

Before the railroad was built to the top of this mountain, there were several lives lost from exposure. In 1851 there was a young graduate of Oxford University by the name of Strickland, who went up the Crawford path and perished by falling over the cliff. In 1855 Miss Lizzie Bourne went from the Glen House on foot; when within thirty rods of the summit, which was veiled in a fog, she sat down to rest, and died there. The spot is marked by a pile of stone near the railroad. In 1856 Benjamin Chadler got lost on the Glen House path, and died from exposure. His remains were found a year later. In 1874 a young man from Pennsylvania strayed from the same path and has never been heard of since. The railway is three miles in length and is propelled by a cog wheel running in cogs in the center of the track. The average grade is one thousand three hundred feet to the mile, and the steepest is thirteen and one-half inches to the yard. There are nine curves on the road, varying from four hundred and ninety-seven to nine hundred and

forty-five feet radius. The ascent takes one and one-half hours, and the fare is $6.00 for the round trip. A similar road has since been built on Mt. Rigi, in Switzerland. There is one of the same kind on a high bluff back of Vienna, in Austria.

Among the many fine places to be seen from the Crawford House is the Idlewild, a fine forest which overlooks the Saco Lake. This glen is provided with rustic seats and tables, and from its position on a high bluff pretty views are to be enjoyed.

From the Crawford House I went to the town of Bethlehem, not the town where our Saviour was born, but a small New England village in New Hampshire. This place is devoted almost entirely to summer boarders, and is nearly deserted in winter. It has between twenty and thirty large hotels and boarding houses, which can accommodate from two to three thousand persons, and all are filled during the season. The trip to the summit of Mt. Washington and back can be made in a day.

My next stopping place was at the Profile House, at the north end of the Franconia Notch, in a narrow glen between the walls of Eagle Cliff and Mt. Canaan. The glen is one thousand nine hundred and seventy-four feet above the level of the sea. The Profile House stands on the highest point of any house in those mountains except the Summit House, and it is said to be one of the

best-kept hotels in the United States. The Profile (formerly called the old man of the mountains) is a wonderful semblance of the human face, formed by the ledges on the upper cliffs of Mt. Canaan. It is the most remarkable phenomenon of the kind in the world. It is formed of three disconnected ledges of granite in different vertical lines, their aggregate height being from thirty-six to forty feet and their height above the lake one thousand two hundred feet. One rock forms the forehead, another the nose and upper lip, and a third the massive chin. Profile Lake is a pretty sheet of water, and lies directly under the Profile. It was formerly called the Old Man's Washbowl. There is another lake north of the hotel, called Echo Lake. There is a small cannon there, which will be fired off on the payment of fifty cents, and the echoes are heard in the adjacent mountains.

From the Profile House to Woodstock, a distance of ten miles, is made by stage through the notch. About half way through is the Flume House, at which place I stopped over a short time in order to visit the flume and pool. The flume is about three-fourths of a mile from the hotel, and is reached by a good carriage road, which crosses the Pemigewasset River and stops near the flume. The flume is a fissure in Mt. Flume's side, and through this runs a rapid little brook. It is about seven hundred feet long, with walls sixty to seventy feet high, perpendicular and

parallel, and from ten to twenty feet from each other. A plank walk passes through the gorge, crossing the stream several times. The pool is a gloomy chasm in the forest where the Pemigewasset flows into a deep basin surrounded by high cliffs. It is over one hundred feet in diameter, and the water is forty feet deep.

After leaving here I went on to Woodstock and thence by rail through the beautiful Pemigewasset Valley to Plymouth. This village is one of the most beautiful in New Hampshire. It is situated at the junction of the Pemigewasset and Baker Rivers. It is the county seat of Grafton County, and is the site of the State Normal School. The old courthouse, which was taken down in 1875 and a new one erected in its stead, was the place where Daniel Webster delivered his first plea before a jury. The chief business of the place is the manufacturing of the so-called Plymouth buck gloves. Eleven firms are engaged in this industry, producing one hundred and thirty thousand pairs of gloves annually.

On leaving here I went to Weirs, on the shore of Lake Winnepesaukee, where the trains of the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad connect with the steamer *Lady of the Lake.* This lake is nineteen miles long and eight and one-fourth miles wide. Near the shore are steep hills. One of the chief elements in the scenery is the great archipelago, which rises in the lake and consists

of two hundred and thirty-seven islands, several of which are inhabited. They vary in size from five hundred acres to less than ten acres. According to my idea there is nothing in Europe of the kind that can surpass the beauty of this lake and mountain scenery as viewed from a trip across the lake. Winnepesaukee is an Indian name, and it is said there are no fish in the lake, for the reason that they all break their necks trying to pronounce the name of the lake.

My next stopping place was at Concord, the capital of New Hampshire. It is a very pretty city and quite a large railroad center. This is the place in which I spent my first five years in railroading. From here I went to Nashua and thence to New Bedford, Massachusetts, where I spent a short time and then started for another trip to New Hampshire.

CHAPTER VII.

A TRIP TO THE NORTHERN PART OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

DURING the summer of 1884, after my trip to the White Mountains, I left New Bedford for a visit to the home of my childhood, Warren, situated in the northern part of New Hampshire. This place has become quite prominent in the last few years as a summer resort, on account of its beautiful mountain scenery and trout brooks, of which there are more than one hundred. There are several very pretty cascades, the most picturesque being Hurricane Brook, which falls from the side of Mount Car, southeast of the village. Here, also, are found the Watenomee Falls and Middle Cascades, where the water descends over high, step-like ledges for two hundred feet or more. Baker's River rises north of Warren, east of Mt. Moosilauke, and flows into the Pemiquasset, near the town of Plymouth. Its

present name was given in honor of Captain Baker, a soldier of the Indian wars.

There are several high mountains in Warren and vicinity, but the only one that I climbed to the top of and intend to describe is the Moosilauke. It is the highest elevation in New Hampshire west of Lafayette, and is four thousand eight hundred and eleven feet above the level of the sea. It is one of the best sight points in the State, giving a grand view of the Franconia and White Mountains, and overlooking the rich Connecticut Valley for miles. The mountain is composed of a high and pointed south peak and a broad plateau on the north, joined by a narrow ridge and flanked by wooded foothills. The plateau is covered with loose stones and has but little slope. The Prospect House stands on the south side. The mountain is separated from the Blue Ridge by the gorge in which rises the Baker River, and from Mount Clough on the northwest by a low and traversable pass. On the east side of the mountain is a deep gorge, or ravine, in whose upper part the Seven Cascades are located. This ravine is one of the wildest places in the State, and is difficult to traverse on account of its dense forest. Besides the Prospect House there is a summer boarding house at the foot of the mountain, five or six miles from Warren. The houses are well managed, and the charges are moderate.

The distance to the top of the mountain is about

four and one-half miles, and the ascent is not difficult to make by carriage. The ridge is met a little way north of the south peak, and is followed to the north, with broad views on either side. Soon we are out on the Bald Mountain ridge, which connects the two peaks. On either hand are wild and hideous gorges, three thousand feet down into the depths below. The view from the summit of this mountain is grand in the extreme. The view extends for hundreds of miles in every direction, composed of vast fields, mountains, lakes and rivers, and dotted with hundreds of villages and hamlets. Among the noted mountains to be seen from it are the Presidential Range of White Mountains, the Franconia Range, the Green Mountains in Vermont, Saddle and Greylock Mountains in Massachusetts. Nine sharp peaks of the Adirondracks in New York State can also be plainly seen, besides innumerable summits from the table-lands of Canada. Hundreds of tourists visit this mountain every year from all parts of the Union, and, as Warren is the terminus of the railroad, the summer travel has done much towards building the place up. On leaving the mountains I returned to the old farm where I was born and lived till I was ten years old, and where my elder brother still resides, having spent nearly sixty years of his life there. After a sojourn of about three weeks, roving over hills, climbing the rocks, and viewing the same famil-

iar scenes of my happy childhood days, with a sad heart I bade a long, and, perhaps, a final adieu to my old home and relatives there. I feel truly thankful to the kind Providence who has been with and watched over me during all the long years of our separation. My best wishes will ever be with my old friends and relatives, even though I may never see them again.

From Warren I went to Nashua, New Hampshire, where I visited other relatives for a few days, and then went to New Bedford and remained a short time, after which I took a short trip to Canada.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TRIP TO CANADA AND THE LAKES.

LEAVING New Bedford, Massachusetts, about the last of August, I passed through Boston, Concord, and White River Junction to Burlington, Vermont. This is a fine city of about ten thousand inhabitants. It lies on a high bluff on the shore of Lake Champlain, and is one of the oldest towns in New England. The State University is located there.

From Burlington I went across the lake to Plattsburg, New York, and visited the noted battle field of Plattsburg. From here I went to Ogdensburg, thence down the St. Lawrence River to Montreal. On the way we passed through rapids where the water runs at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles per hour, which made it quite exciting for most everyone on board the steamer. The passage on the Long Sault rapids is thrilling. An Indian pilot came on board to pilot us through.

The rapids are nine miles long and are divided by an island in the center. We made the distance in thirty minutes without steam. As vessels cannot ascend the rapids, canals have been cut in the land and supplied with locks wherever the rapids occur. In the descent of the Lachine rapids we were wrought to a higher degree of excitement than while descending the Long Sault. It is an intense sensation. We seem to be hurrying onto a rock, and are within an ace of total destruction when the vessel yields her helm and sweeps into another channel, and then on until we reach calm water.

Montreal is a pretty place and resembles very much some of our American cities. It has fine buildings and parks. Mt. Royal Park is situated on a high hill back of the city. A winding roadway leads to the top of it, which overlooks the city and country for miles around. Among the noted sights to be seen in Montreal is the Victoria bridge. It is nearly two miles in length, and is supported by twenty-four piers and two abutments of solid masonry. The tube through which the railway track is laid is twenty-two feet high and sixteen feet wide, and cost $6,300,000.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame is a fine and massive structure, capable of holding ten thousand people. It is the finest church on the continent, and has a front on the square of one hundred and fifty feet. It comprises seven chapels and nine aisles. It has six towers, of which the two

on the main front are two hundred and thirteen feet in height. Its chief window is sixty-four feet high and thirty-six feet broad. In one of the front towers is an elevator for the accommodation of people who wish to go to the top, where a lovely view of the river, city, and surrounding country can be had. The Windsor Hotel is as fine a structure, and as well managed, as any on this continent.

On leaving here I went down the river to Quebec. This place was founded by Samuel de Champlain, July 3, 1608, and in 1620 Fort St. Louis was built. Since that time there have been several wars between the French and English, until the famous battle was fought on the Plains of Abraham, on September 13, 1759, between the English under General Wolfe and the French under General Montcalm. Both generals were killed, but the English won the day. Then in 1763 Canada was ceded to England by treaty. Quebec is the second strongest fortified city in the world, Gibraltar being the strongest. The fort, or citadel, stands on a high hill above the city and commands a very picturesque view. During the Revolutionary War this city was blockaded by Montgomery and Arnold, in the year 1775. During the same year, as Montgomery was scaling the walls on the bluff of the fort, he was discovered and shot by a sentinel. He fell to the ground, a distance of three hundred and sixty-five feet. The

house in which he was laid out still stands and is one of the objects of interest shown to visitors.

There are a great many things to be seen in Quebec and vicinity, that will interest a stranger, among which are Wolfe's monument, on the Plains of Abraham, the Governor's garden, the Citadel, the Terrace, and the Falls of Montgomery. The falls are two hundred and seventy feet high. They are deep set in a small bay, or chasm, and descend in a sheet seventy-five feet wide, broken midway by an immense rock hidden beneath the foam. They and their surroundings form a beautiful picture.

From Quebec I went to Sherbrook and then to Newport, Vermont, the famous summer resort, situated on Lake Memphremagog. This lake is from one to two miles in width and thirty miles long. About two-thirds of it is in Canada and the rest in Vermont. An excursion down the lake on one of their fine steamers, *Mountain Maid* or *Lady of the Lake,* is a most delightful experience. Memphremagog is an Indian word and signifies lake of abundance. The scenery about this lake very much resembles that of Loch Lomond, the queen of the Scottish lakes. There are upwards of twenty islands in this lake, the largest being one hundred miles in extent and known as Province Island. The Owl's Head Mt. House is a beautiful summer resort, situated at the base of Owl's Head Mountain, twelve miles from Newport

and eighteen miles from Magog, at the outlet of the lake. The summit of the mountain is three thousand feet above the level of the sea. From its rugged top a most charming panorama is spread out before the eye.

From here I went to Wells River, thence to Concord, New Hampshire, the capital of my native State. This is a beautiful city of about fourteen thousand inhabitants. It supports eleven churches, two daily papers, and seven banks. The famous Concord wagons and coaches are made there, giving employment to two hundred and fifty men. There are, also, large granite quarries, which give employment to about five hundred and ten men. They turn out nearly $800,000 worth of stone annually. The State House is a fine granite building surmounted by a dome, from which a grand view of the surrounding country can be obtained.

I next went to Nashua, in the same State. This place has about ten thousand inhabitants, and is a large manufacturing city in cotton goods, iron works, locomotives, locks, and many other articles. Its water power is derived from the Nashua River. The city was founded in 1823 on a sandy plain. A branch railroad runs to the villages of Amherst, Mt. Vernon, and Milton, those places being much frequented by summer tourists.

From Nashua I went to New Bedford, Massachusetts, thus completing this interesting trip.

After remaining there for a short time, I returned to California. New Bedford is a fine city of about forty thousand inhabitants, and is one of the oldest towns in New England. It dates back almost to the time of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock. It was at one time the largest whaling port in the world. That industry has now drifted to the Pacific Coast to a great extent. New Bedford's capital is largely invested in manufactures. During the summer I visited there I took in several of the summer resorts, such as Newport, Say Head, Martha's Vineyard, and Nonsett Bay. I also visited old Plymouth Rock, where our forefathers landed upwards of two hundred years ago.

CHAPTER IX.

A TRIP THROUGH THE SOUTHERN STATES AND MEXICO.

LEAVING New Bedford about the middle of November, 1884, I started for California, *via* the Fall River line to New York, then to Richmond, Virginia, passing through Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington on my way. Richmond, the capital of Virginia, was the Confederate capital during the Rebellion. It was within about five miles of there that General Robert E. Lee surrendered his army to General Grant, which event ended the war. While there I visited the old Libby Prison and Castle Thunder, which gained so much notoriety during the war for the ill treatment of the Union soldiers imprisoned there. Castle Thunder has been burned down since then, but the prison still stands and is used for a tobacco factory.

On leaving Richmond I went to Danville. This

is a large tobacco manufacturing place and keeps about one hundred and thirty factories busily engaged. From Danville I went to Atlanta, the capital of Georgia. This place was burned during the war by the force under General Sherman. It was the starting place for his famous march to the sea. The city has been rebuilt in a splendid style, and is the loveliest business place in the whole South. From this place I went to Montgomery, Alabama. This is the handsomest city in the South, and was the capital of the Confederate States before Richmond became the capital. After leaving there I went to Mobile. Business was at a standstill there, and the buildings were old and dingy. It was a brisk business place before the war.

I next went to New Orleans. There I visited all the places of note, including the Exposition buildings, which are the largest of the kind in the world. The main building covers thirty-three acres. From there I journeyed to Morgan City by rail, thence by steamer to Vera Cruz, Mexico. I stopped on my way three hours at Galveston, Texas. At Vera Cruz we encountered a heavy gale from the north, which came very nearly upsetting our small boat as we were being transferred from the steamer to the shore. We managed to get through all right, with the exception of getting our clothes and baggage well soaked with salt water from the spray that beat into the

boat at every splash of the waves. Vera Cruz is a very old city, and was the principal place for landing the United States troops during the war in Mexico. The city was taken by Generals Scott and Taylor, the former with a naval force in front of the city, and the latter with a force of infantry on land back of the city. Both forces kept up a continuous fire until the opposite side was compelled to surrender.

From there I went to the City of Mexico, two hundred and sixty-three miles by rail. This road passes through the finest part of the republic. The land is rich and fertile, but the people are too lazy and indolent to cultivate it properly. There are, however, some fine coffee fields, and tropical fruits grow there in abundance. As a rule, the common working class have no idea of economy or of providing for the future; the lives of most of them seem to be occupied in obtaining food or amusement for the passing hour without either hope or thought for the future. Their prevailing vices are gambling, fighting, and drunkenness.

A species of cactus, or century plant, grows there, from which the Mexicans derive food, drink, and raiment. This plant grows wild in the mountains, and springs up everywhere in patches like weeds. The fiber of the leaf beaten out and spun makes a beautiful thread called pita, which, when woven into a fabric, is like linen. The rope made

from it is called manilla hemp, and is the strongest in use. It is cut into coarse straws to make the brooms and whitewash brushes used in that country, and is also a good substitute for bristles for scrub brushes. It even supplies the place of combs among the common people. But the chief value of this plant is the intoxicating drink, pulque, which is made from it and of which the Mexicans are very fond. The effects of this beverage are felt soon after drinking, making those who drink it wild and furious. They oftentimes fight brutally while under its influence, slashing each other with their *machetes*, long knives, which they all carry. The combined taste, smell, and color of the liquid suggests spoiled buttermilk to the Americans, but, strange to say, the natives think it one of the most delicious drinks in the world. It is said to be healthful and an excellent aid to digestion.

In coming from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico I passed through Jalapa, where this plant grows to perfection. From the Plains of Apam, about sixty miles from Mexico, two special pulque trains are run into the city each day, supplying the market with the same regularity as do the milk trains which supply the Eastern cities. An old Indian tradition says, "Paradise is Mexico in general, but the Garden of Eden is Jalapa."

On our way from Vera Cruz to Mexico we passed through the city of Orizaba, and from that

point had a fine view of Mount Orizaba, the star mountain of Mexico. It is seventeen thousand one hundred and seventy-six feet above the level of the sea, and was the first land discovered by those who reached Mexico by the way of the gulf.

After leaving Orizaba, the road winds round on a heavy grade through fine mountain scenery till it reaches the great basin where the City of Mexico lies. The bottom of this great basin is seven thousand feet above the sea and is hemmed in by two hundred miles of encircling hills and mountains, many of which have been active volcanoes, but are now quiet and covered with forests.

Mount Popocatapetl is the highest of the peaks, and is seventeen thousand five hundred and forty feet above the sea level. There are five lakes in the valley. Looking west it is fifty miles to the foothills, where the sky and mountains seem to blend, forming one of the grandest panoramas of inland views I have ever seen.

The City of Mexico is supplied with water by two aqueducts, resting on strong stone arches. The water comes from a mountain stream some twelve miles distant and from a spring near Chapultepec. These aqueducts are built in the middle of a wide roadway, with drives on each side.

The castle of Chapultepec is a strong fortification on a mound in the middle of a plain some three hundred feet high and about three miles west from the heart of the city. The city has a

population of about four hundred thousand. It is built on a dead level plain, and the streets cross each other at right angles. Looking down any street in any direction you can observe its end opening into the country.

The great cathedral stands on the north side of the Plaza de Armas, where Cortez and his army once entered the city, and where General Scott massed his army after the surrender of the city in 1847. The plaza is eight hundred and ten feet long and six hundred feet wide. The cathedral occupies five hundred feet in length and four hundred and twenty feet in breadth of this plaza. The center of the plaza has been planted with trees and laid out with walks interspersed with flowers and shrubbery. In the midst of it all stands a platform surrounded by an iron railing, where military bands play at evening retreats. The cathedral is the largest in North America and is a grand building. It was begun in the year 1573, and was completed in 1667, being nearly one hundred years in process of erection.

It cost a little less than $2,000,000. It is in the form of a cross four hundred and twenty feet long, two hundred feet wide, and one hundred and seventy-three feet high at the dome, with two massive towers two hundred feet high. It is richly ornamented; the high altar is a most imposing mass of gilding. It has five naves, six

altars, and fourteen chapels. The decorations surpass any American cathedral I have ever seen. The great men of Mexico are buried there, and among them are the remains of the Emperor Iturbide. The cathedral is always open, and throngs of people are going in and out from early morn till late at night. To ascend the tower, one has to go up winding stone steps, and when at the top is rewarded with a fine view of the city and surrounding country.

Looking southward, we could see the roads, avenues, and fields over which General Scott fought his way to the capital from St. Augustine during the Mexican War. Most of the houses in Mexico seem to have been built after the same plan. Each dwelling surrounds an open court, around which are balconies and corridors, with flowers and vines trailing up and down them, forming a luxuriant network; many of the courts have fountains playing in their centers. The outside doors of the houses along the streets are all made of heavy iron, and when shut and bolted at night, the inmates are as safe from marauders as they would be if they were within the prison walls.

Mexico can boast of several beautiful drives and parks. The Alameda and the Pasca de Bucareli, two of the finest, extend to the Greta de Belen. Seeing the people of both sexes out on these promenades reminded me very much of the

Champs Elysees and Bois de Boulogne, in Paris, or Hyde Park, in London, the difference being in number, not in style, as they all seemed to be in full dress parade. The Plaza de Toras, containing the arena for fights with wild beasts and the Spanish Mutadores, was in that neighborhood, but that cruel sport is not in practice now. The old Spanish sport of bullfights, however, is still kept up, although it is not allowed inside the city limits. I had the pleasure, or, rather, the misfortune, to witness a bullfight while there, and confess it to be one of the most cruel and disgusting sights I ever witnessed.

The amphitheater is capable of holding ten thousand people, and it was filled to its utmost capacity with every class of people, from the governor of the State to the dirty and half-clad peon. Most all the natives of the male sex carry a knife or pistol in a belt which is worn for that purpose. The bullfights are carried on something like the circus in the United States. The fighters are men selected and educated for that purpose, and give performances the year round. The amphitheater is circular in form with the center open to the sky. The arena is in the center, and is about one hundred feet in diameter. It has a smooth gravel floor, and is surrounded by two strong fences about six feet apart and eight feet high. The second fence is used as a safeguard for the audience, in case the bull should jump over or break

down the first one. In four places in the arena, at equal distances from each other, are partitions, six feet wide, nearly as high as the fence, and just far enough from it for men to run behind; these are the only protections the men have when closely pursued by the bull. It sometimes seems impossible for them to escape being gored by the horns of the bull as he darts behind one of the partitions. The chief of the bullfighters, or swordsman, is the one who kills the bull, and he is called El Capitan.

The banderilla is a barbed spear with a handle about two feet long, gaudily ornamented with tinsel designs and streamers; these are stuck into the bull's hide, tormenting the poor brute until he becomes furiously savage, and dangle at his neck and side. The fighters who stick these into him are called banderillas. The capa is a bright red cap used to madden the bull and to divert and blind him when making an attack. The capadores are the fighters who use the capa. The pica is a long pole with a sharp steel goad in the end. The picadores are the horsemen armed with picas. The horses are blindfolded, and the bulls are allowed to gore them to death after the proper time has expired.

The death blow is given to the bull with a sword three feet long, having a stiff, pointed blade. The El Capitan allures him on to an attack and then plunges the sword through his heart;

if the blow is well dealt, the animal drops dead on the spot. The first thing at the commencement is the grand entering of the bullfighters, some ten or twelve in number, some on horseback and some on foot, all dressed in glaring, gaudy colors, marching to the lively air played by the brass band, reminding me much of the commencement of a circus performance. When all are ready for the fight, the Capitan throws open the door and flaunts his capa before the entrance, which causes the savage beast to rush through to avenge the insult; as he passes, a man perched at the door thrusts two banderillas into his back, thus increasing his rage and causing him to rush headlong first at one and then at another with his sharp horns. The feelings of the people are wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement as one after the other is run down. Just as the bull's head lowers for the terrible toss, the banderillas are thrust one on either side of his neck, and the man hastens to a place of safety, while the poor bull bucks and bellows furiously with rage and pain. Men are often killed during these fights and I was told that when such a thing happens the body of the victim is dragged out of the arena, and the fight is continued without further interruption.

After the fight is over, the lazadores exhibit their skill with the lasso. A lot of wild horses are driven to the arena, and while being pursued

the loop is thrown around the legs of one of them; the well-trained horse plants his feet firmly to receive the shock, as the other, jerked by the rope, loses his balance and is thrown to the ground. The performance is kept up till some ten or twelve horses are thrown and conquered. Sunday afternoons are the days for these barbarous exhibitions, that being the gala day in the City of Mexico.

During my stay I visited the famous Catholic Church at Guadaloupe. It is the most richly ornamented church in the world. The altars, railings, and fences connecting the two altars are all covered with solid silver as thick as a case knife blade, which gives them the appearance of being made of solid silver. The domes, ceilings, and ornaments are all gilded with gold leaf. It is a very ancient structure, and was built during the reign of Montezuma, before Cortez entered the City of Mexico, in 1519.

From Mexico I went to El Paso, in Texas, and then came on to Oakland, thus completing my journey after an absence of eight months, during which time I visited all the principal cities in twenty-eight States and three Territories, taking in, also, Canada and Mexico.

CHAPTER X.

SHORT TRIPS IN CALIFORNIA.

DURING the year 1885 my trips were short, extending only over a small scope of country. I visited by stage and carriage several small towns and farming districts in the valleys, where I saw some of the most beautiful fruit orchards and vineyards in the State. A part of the season I spent in San Jose. This place is called the Garden City, and well does it deserve the pleasant appellation, for it is one of the most delightful towns on the Pacific Coast. San Jose approaches nearer in appearance to some of the old shady New England towns than any other city in California. The streets stretch between long lines of beautiful shade trees, and the public parks and private gardens resemble semi-tropical groves.

During my stay in this city of gardens I took a trip to the summit of Mt. Hamilton. This is the site of the Lick Observatory, which is being built with the $700,000 donated for that purpose

by the late James Lick, who died in 1876. This gift was made to the State of California on condition that the county of Santa Clara should construct a road to the summit. This proposition was accepted, and the road was constructed and completed in 1876, costing $80,000. There is not a more magnificent mountain road existing in the United States. It rises four thousand feet in twenty-two miles. The first four miles of the twenty-six are over a level avenue. The summit is four thousand three hundred and two feet above the level of the sea. The road is very crooked and winds around immense horseshoe curves until we seem to be returning to the very point from which we started.

For seven miles we face, in our constant windings, every point of the compass. The grade in no place exceeds three hundred and forty-three feet to the mile until it reaches the summit of the main mountain, where a grand view of the surrounding country may be had.

Santa Clara Valley and the Santa Cruz Mountains are to the west; a bit of the Pacific Ocean and Monterey Bay are to the southwest; the countless ranges of the Sierra Nevada are to the southeast; to the north are the many lower ranges of hills; and against the horizon is Lassen Butte, one hundred and seventy-five miles away. The bay of San Francisco lies spread out before you, and beyond it is Mt. Tamalpais, at the entrance to the

Golden Gate, while Mt. Diablo lies to the east and north, forty miles distant. I know of no point on the Pacific Coast that affords as extensive an outlook over so strange a country. The whole suggests to the mind some vast, stormy sea, whose surface is broken into waves and billows.

The land for the site of the observatory comprises one thousand three hundred and fifty acres, and was granted by Congress in 1876. The crest of the mountain is divided into five different peaks. The one occupied by the observatory has been cut down some thirty feet to level it for the buildings, which are large, handsome, and strong. Now all is completed except the dome for the large equatorial. All of the instruments and most of the minor apparatus are suitably mounted and in place.

Leaving San Jose I went to Santa Rosa, where I spent some time visiting all the points of interest in Sonoma County. Santa Rosa is the county seat of this county. It is a beautiful city and is situated near the foothills on the east end of the Santa Rosa Valley, which is fifty-five miles long and ten miles wide at this point. It lies near a large grape and fruit district, and a rich farming country. While I was staying here, I met a man who came to California on the same steamer with me in 1858. We had never met since that time, until we met by chance in Santa Rosa. He is the owner of a large winery in that place, and makes

about three hundred thousand gallons of wine annually.

I also took a trip to the summit of Mt. Diablo. It is easily reached by a few hours' rail and carriage ride from San Francisco. From this summit can be seen views unequaled for extent of vision and beauty of scenery. Spreading out below are rivers, mountains, valleys, farms, towns, cities, railroads, plains, and forests, forming a panorama of grandeur seldom to be seen.

After spending the year 1885 in the above mentioned places, together with San Francisco, Oakland, and Sacramento, I then, in 1886, took a trip to the Yellowstone National Park.

CHAPTER XI.

A TRIP TO YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

TOWARDS the last of April, 1886, I left San Francisco for Oakland, where, at the mole, we took the cars for Port Costa, passing along the shore of our beautiful bay through Oakland, Berkeley, and San Pablo. We had a fine view of the fortifications on Alcatraz Island and Black Point, also of the hills of Saucelito and the Golden Gate.

At Port Costa the train was transferred to Benicia, on the opposite side of Carquinez Strait, by the steamer *Solano*, the largest of its kind in the world. It is four hundred and twenty-five feet long, and has four tracks running the entire length. It can accommodate a train of an engine and twenty cars at one trip.

At Benicia we were again transferred to the main track, and soon found ourselves whirling through the large and beautiful valley of the

Sacramento, which at this season of the year presents a picture of rare beauty. On either hand are broad fields extending for miles away, carpeted with myriads of wild flowers of all tints and shades, on a groundwork of green, waving grain; and, studded here and there, are fruit orchards of almost every variety. The deep green of the alfalfa fields and the light green of the wheat form a background of charming contrast. A large grove of old oaks, which had been spared by the woodman's ax, forms a border along the margin of a natural water course. These, together with beautiful little villages and the snow-capped Sierras sharply defined against a clear azure sky, complete a picture where nature has displayed the wealth of her rarest beauties, which cannot be surpassed by the artist's brush, and which requires an abler pen than mine to fully describe.

When we arrived at Tehama, I obtained my first view of the grand old Shasta Butte, which is upwards of fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. To the west of Tehama are the coast mountains, and on the east the Sierras loom up in the distance. Tehama is a small town on the west bank of the Sacramento, and is the point where the Oregon and California *via* Marysville and Sacramento crosses the river and forms a junction with the road from Davisville and San Francisco for Redding, Shasta, and all points by stage and rail in Northern California and Oregon as far as Portland.

After a ride of nearly two hundred and fifty miles through this beautiful valley, I left the cars, and, getting aboard a stagecoach, I went to Shasta, the county seat of Shasta County, where I made my first stop. This town is three miles from the railroad, and is prettily situated in the foothills of the mountains surrounding the Sacramento Valley. It is as attractive a town as can be found in any mountains, and, in a sanitary point of view, it can be excelled by none. This was a lovely place during the early mining days of California.

The placer mines around here were very rich. I heard an old miner say that he made as high as $100 per day for months at a time with a rocker. They are all worked out now, none but Chinamen being able to make a living, and a very poor one at that. In traveling through the cañons one day I came upon a gang of them who were working with a rocker. I asked them if they found it rich. They said they made only two bits a day for four men. Wherever there have been found rich placer mining and ore of great value, there is always a fountain head in the vicinity, which is prospected for quartz ledges and ore veins. Going into the hills in almost any direction one meets a prospector at nearly every turn, laden with pick, pan, and shovel. The recent discovery of rich ledges and bodies of gold and silver bearing ore has a stimulating effect on the prospector. After he finds a ledge he selects fragments from

various parts of the rock, and, after pulverizing it in a hand mortar, he washes the result in a saucer or horn; if no free gold is obtained, it is considered worthless and is abandoned, only to be taken by someone else, who will sink a little deeper, test the ore a little more thoroughly, and then in time relinquish the claim, to be followed by others indefinitely.

The life of a prospector is a hard one, and to follow it a man must have patience and perseverance and endure many hardships. A good quartz prospector should be also an assayer. He should know in what formations of earth or rock to expect ore, and then be able to test it by fire and acid assays. There are several quartz mills running in this country with very satisfactory results, and the chances are many more will be added to the number in the next five years. I paid a visit to a quartz mine located near Shasta, where a rich pocket had been struck a short time before, which paid as high as $30,000 to the ton, but that was soon worked out.

Leaving Shasta I went by rail to Slate Creek. This road is built along the side of the upper Sacramento River above high-water mark and winds around between high and steep ridges, which grow narrower until only a channel is left for the river, which has a very rapid current of deep blue water. It has worn its channel low and to a nearly uniform grade, where it foams, dances, and

sparkles over its rocky bed. The railroad follows its crooked course until we reach Slate Creek, some five miles above Delta, where we take the stage, which makes daily trips between here and Ashland, Oregon, the southern terminus of the Oregon Railroad. The stages are good, and are driven by gentlemanly drivers, but the road is rough and mountainous, and as the trip to Sissons occupies the whole night, it is very tiresome, even if made without an accident.

Arriving at Sissons I broke my journey. This place is situated in Strawberry Valley, the first opening into a series of small, elevated valleys which stretch about the base of Mt. Shasta. This valley is small and is bounded on the west by Mt. Scott, five thousand feet above the valley. At the northern limit of the valley is Black Butte, a volcanic cone in the shape of a sugar loaf, three thousand feet above the plains, or over six thousand feet above the sea. To the east rises Mt. Shasta in all its grandeur, fourteen thousand four hundred and forty-four feet above the sea level. The valley is only three thousand five hundred and sixty-seven feet, thus making Mt. Shasta ten thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven feet above the plain. It is isolated from every other mountain, which gives it the finest exposure of all the lofty peaks in California; there are few mountains in the world which stand so apart and are seen to such great advantage. It is a conspicu-

ous landmark on an area of several hundred miles in extent.

One day while stopping at Sissons, I took a trip to Castle Lake. This is a small lake lying high in the hills west of Strawberry Valley. Our party consisted of myself and a gentleman and three ladies from San Francisco. Procuring our outfit from Sissons—saddle horses, guide,and a sumptuous lunch—we started along the valley until we came to the Sacramento River, which we had to ford. From here our route was up steep mountain sides along a narrow trail through brush nearly as high as the horses' back, over rocks and logs, until we reached the top of a bald mountain, eight thousand feet above the sea, where our view extended over a scope of country for hundreds of miles in extent. Looking toward the west at our left high above us was Castle Rock, with its domes, spires, and minarets looming above the mountains on which it stands, while at the right several hundred feet below lies the beautiful little lake, surrounded on three sides by high and rugged mountains. To the north our view extends the entire length of the Shasta Valley, including the Siskiyou Range of mountains and the Cascades in Oregon, where the snow-capped Mt. McLaughlin rears its head far above all others. Near us rises the famous Mt. Scott, ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. From this mountain the Sacramento, Shasta, Scott, and Trinity Rivers take their

rise, flowing in different directions. These rivers are fed by thirty-three small lakes in these mountains.

Looking south our view extends far down the Sacramento Valley, with Lassen Butte at our left, and still farther to the left a distant view of the Sierra Nevada Range is had. To the east the beautiful valley of the McCloud River is spread out before the eye, and to the left of this Mt. Shasta appears in all its splendor. The trip was a hard one, but we felt well paid for the hardships we had to endure by the grandeur of the scenery. There are other very interesting trips which can be taken from Sissons without much hardship and with slight expense. One of these is a trip to the Sacramento Falls. The trip can be made by carriage from the hotel for about six miles; a trail is then taken for a half a mile, crossing the Sacramento River on logs which had fallen across it. The stream is followed for a short distance, when the falls appear on the opposite side of the river. The falls are composed of numerous bodies of water pouring into the river from a high bluff amid fern and moss-covered ledges of rock. The view from our position on the ledge, together with the roaring and crackling of the rushing water as it came pouring over in its onward course to the sea, was grand in the extreme.

Another trip of great interest can be made to the McCloud River, and still another to the top

of Mt. Shasta. The latter is a hard trip; some have started and failed to reach the summit, while others make it without much trouble.

I was loth to leave Sissons, but as time pressed me I could not prolong my stay. I think it is the best place in the State in which to spend the summer vacation. Parties can be furnished with experienced guides, carriages, saddle horses, camping outfits, and, in fact, everything necessary for the comfort or pleasure of the tourist by the genial host, Mr. Sisson, at very moderate charges. The mountain scenery about here is romantic; the water is pure and cold, and the climate is delightful, with cool breezes from the snow-capped peak of Mt. Shasta. Last but not least, the table is supplied with the best of everything that the season affords. It is just the place to enjoy a season and build the system anew.

Leaving here we took the stage for Yreka, passing through almost the entire length of Siskiyou County. This is the extreme northern county of California and is very mountainous. There are two grand ranges of mountains extending nearly the entire length of the State on the eastern and western borders. At the northern part of this county these two ranges are contracted, forming some of the most rugged and gigantic mountain peaks to be seen anywhere in the world, the crests of which tower as high as the lofty peaks of the Alps. Mt. Shasta, whose summit is covered

with perpetual snow, is within about ten hundred feet of the far-famed Mt. Blanc. These mountains are covered as far up as the snow line with immense forests of fir and sugar pine.

After a ride of thirty-five miles we arrived at Yreka, the county seat of Siskiyou County, situated in the western part of Shasta Valley, four hundred and thirty miles from San Francisco. The town is surrounded by high hills, from the top of which a splendid view is had of valleys, hills, and mountains. Looking towards the north the Siskiyou Range of mountains is in plain view, while far beyond rises the snow-capped peak of Mt. McLaughlin, in Oregon. To the east and south the view extends the entire length of both Little and Big Shasta Valleys, which are dotted with hundreds of volcanic mounds of various size, shapes, and forms, and in the background rise the majestic peaks of Shasta, Scott, and Black Mountains. Below lies the beautiful little town of Yreka, with its lovely gardens and shade trees making a picture the beauty of which is seldom surpassed.

From here to Ashland our route is along the Little Shasta Valley, crossing the Shasta and Klamath Rivers. Over the latter river we crossed on a ferry large enough to accommodate the stage and six horses. The motive power is the current of the river, and the boat is held against the stream by ropes running through a cable

suspended across the river; then, by shortening the forward rope and lengthening the hind one, the boat stands diagonally across the stream. The current, which is a rapid one, strikes it in such a position as to drive it across in a short time.

Along the route in this valley we were shown a high peak in the shape of a sugar loaf, which is called Mary's Peak. The name was given to it in honor of Mary Price, a young lady, the daughter of the first settler in this place. She climbed to the top of this peak and planted the American flag there in 1852. The house in which she lived with her parents is still standing. It was built of stone, with portholes for rifle shots, and was used as a kind of fort for their protection against the Indians, so numerous in this section at that time. Alas! the poor Indian is nearly extinct now, and his hunting ground is converted into beautiful gardens and fruit fields by the industrious white man.

Leaving the valley we commenced the ascent of the Siskiyou Range, winding around on a beautiful road until we reached the summit, seven hundred feet above the sea. Looking back in the direction from which we came, Mt. Shasta, which had been hidden from our view for some time, appeared again in all its grandeur, while to the right of it Mt. Scott and Black Butte, and to the left several high peaks in the Butte Creek Range, lie

in the background, forming a picture not soon forgotten. Descending on the other side, the road winds around on short curves down steep grades shaded by beautiful trees until Rogue River Valley is reached, through which we pass on our way to Ashland, Oregon. This is the southern terminus of the California and Oregon Railroad. It is a beautiful town situated at the southern end of Rogue River Valley. It more closely resembles a New England town than any other place on the Pacific Coast, on account of the rows of shade trees which line the streets and the beautiful streams of water running through from the mountains above. The residences are neat, and the yards are tastefully adorned with flowers, shrubs, and fruit trees. At this place our journey of one hundred and twenty-five miles by stage was completed, for we connected with the railroad at this point.

Ashland is quite a resort for those in search of health. The region about here is rich in soda and sulphur springs both cold and warm. The medicinal properties of the water are highly spoken of by those who have tested them. The soda-spring house is a most delightful place in a remote valley, surrounded by the Siskiyou and Cascade Mountains, ten miles from Ashland. While I was here, a party of United States engineers, under the command of Captain C. C. Dutton, started to explore and make a geological and topographical survey of the Crater Lake and Cascade

Mountains, which were set aside by the government for a national park. The lake is located in the summit of the Cascade Mountains, in Southern Oregon, about one hundred miles from Ashland. It is six by eight miles in extent, and is surrounded by cliffs from one to two thousand feet high. The scenery around it is said to be very beautiful. The party took along three boats, one large one for sounding, and two small skiffs. The large boat is very strong and is twenty-six feet long, has a five-foot eight-inch beam, and is two feet deep amidships. It is iron bound and weighs nine hundred pounds. It is a model of beauty, and has been christened the *Cleetwood*.

Leaving Ashland our route is along and through the Rogue River Valley, which is often called the Italy of Oregon, on account of its clear skies and sunny days. It is the most productive fruit region in the State; grapes, peaches, apricots, plums, pears, apples, and all kinds of northern fruits of superior flavor grow here in abundance. This valley abounds in scenery of the most romantic character. Lofty mountains, beautiful lakes, splendid waterfalls, and enormous precipices are to be seen in this lovely valley of Southern Oregon.

Leaving the valley, our route is over a spur of the Cascade Range, thence down into and through the Umpqua Valley to the Calipooia Range. This region abounds with wild and beautiful scenery. The cañons are so winding that in

order to attain twelve miles of actual distance, thirty-five miles of track had to be laid. On descending this divide, we found ourselves in the beautiful Willamette Valley, the largest in the State. It is about one hundred and fifty miles in length, and varies in width from twenty to thirty miles. It lies on both sides of the Willamette River, and is rich in soil and under good cultivation.

The farmhouses, as a rule, are good, and reaping and threshing machines were busy at work in large fields of wheat on either hand. The towns along this valley are models of beauty, with broad streets, handsomely shaded with sugar maples, neat residences, and substantial business blocks.

At Albany I again broke my journey for a few days. This is a fine city and lies on the east bank of the Willamette River, about eighty miles from Portland. It is the county seat of Linn County. There is not much to be seen here to interest a traveler, so we will pass on to Portland. On the way we had some fine views of Mt. Hood and of some of the more southern peaks in the Cascade Range.

The city of Portland lies on the west bank of the Willamette River, about twelve miles south of where that stream unites with the Columbia. The ground on which the city stands slopes upward from the water front to the base of high hills. These hills have been partly built over

with elegant residences. A macadamized road leads to the summit of Robinson's Hill, from which point a most pleasing view is had of the city and surrounding country. The winding course of the Willamette is traced for miles; in the foreground rise the wooded slopes of Mt. Taber, while in the background is the long, blue ridge of the Cascade Mountains, with Mt. Hood towering above all. To the left rise the high peaks of St. Helens, Rainier, and Adams, and to the right is the white top of Mt. Jefferson. Five snow peaks set in such beautiful surroundings is a sight to be seen from no other point in the world. Another drive leads to the city park, which is located on these hills, and still another leads to the River View Cemetery. I will not undertake a full description of Portland, for it would require too large a space. It is sufficient to say that a handsomer city of its size cannot be found in the United States.

Leaving Portland by the Northern Pacific Railroad, our journey was along the Columbia River, where the scenery is very grand. Our first sight of any note was the Pillars of Hercules, two gigantic columns of rock on each side of the track, seeming as if built for a gateway to that region. After that came the beautiful Multnomah Fall, of eight hundred and twenty feet, pouring into a basin of great depth. A rustic bridge has been built across the stream at the outlet of the basin,

and the train stops for fifteen minutes to allow passengers to ascend the bridge. There is a legend connected with this fall which runs something like this:—

Once upon a time, many years ago, there lived in a wigwam on the mountain a little Indian maiden, young, pure, and fair, whom the red men called Multnomah. She was wont to roam beside a little streamlet running near her mountain home. One morning as she was standing there, casting pebbles at her shadow, a noble youth, who was walking to and fro, suddenly appeared before her. It was a case of love at sight, but it seems love that rises accidentally is the first to fall, for all their cherished hopes turned to weel and woe in a lovers' quarrel. They parted, as many have done in later years, but, woman-like, she repented, went to her lover, pleaded forgiveness, and begged to be taken back to his affections. Her entreaties were in vain, so she sought a frightful precipice over which the water bounded, fading away far beneath in mist. She gazed for a moment, and then hurled herself headlong far into the depths below. They called the fall Multnomah in honor of this poor unfortunate maiden.

A short distance beyond the fall we came to the cascades on the Columbia River, where the water rushes down swift rapids in foaming torrents. From this place on to The Dalles the scenery is superb, in my opinion surpassing any river

scenery in the world. There was not much to be seen between The Dalles and Spokane Falls, at which place I stopped for a few days. It is a beautiful little city in the eastern part of Washington. It is built on a level plain overlooked by picturesque hills, and commands a view of the lofty mountain ranges in the distance.

The city lies near the falls of the Spokane River. The streets are broad, and the place has quite a number of substantial business blocks. The river above the falls is divided into many channels by rocky islands. Standing on a bridge which spans the stream, the view which can be seen is almost as grand as that of Niagara. Looking up the stream you can see the water rushing through the various channels, down cascades, and culminating in one great fall of sixty-five feet. From here to Helena, Montana, the route is along the shores of Lake Pend d'Oreille for fifty-five miles, and then along Clark's Fork of the Columbia for a considerable distance, where the scenery is grand, consisting of mountain peaks of the Coeur d'Alene Range, one towering above the other until they reach the height of five thousand three hundred feet above the sea. During one day's ride we breakfasted in Washington, took dinner in Idaho, and had supper in Montana. Our meals were served in Pullman Palace dining cars.

When I arrived at Helena, I again stopped over.

This is the capital of Montana, and is called the "Queen of the Mountains." It is situated in what was called the Last Chance Gulch, a name given to it by four miners, who, in 1864, weary and sick at heart at their previous non-success, pitched their tents here as a last resort. It proved to be rich in gold mines, and it is said that in two years' time each was worth $50,000. The city now has a population of twenty thousand.

After leaving Helena we followed along the Gallatin River for about fifty miles, to where it unites with the Madison and Jefferson Rivers, which empty their waters into a common channel to form the Missouri. When we reached the summit, we were five thousand five hundred and sixty-three feet above the level of the sea. From this point we began to descend again at the rate of one hundred and sixteen feet to the mile, till we arrived at Livingston, at which place we left the main line of the Northern Pacific and took the Yellowstone Park Branch to Cinnabar, a distance of fifty-one miles.

Most of the route is along the Yellowstone River and through a beautiful valley called Paradise Valley. The scenery forms a perfect panorama of grandeur, presenting ever-varying views. The Snow Mountains border the river on the south and east, their lofty pinnacles glistening with snow and presenting views and atmospheric effects which are perfectly superb. These mountains rise

from three to four thousand feet above the elevated valley.

At Cinnabar we were transferred to the stage, and after a six-mile ride along the Gardiner River Valley, we arrived at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel. This was the starting place for our trip through the park. It took us five days to view the chief attractions, which included the Norris Geyser Basin, Lower Geyser Basin, Upper Falls, and the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone River A full description of these wonders of nature would take up too much time and space, so I shall only describe some of the most important.

The Yellowstone National Park is situated in the midst of the most elevated part of the Rocky Mountains. The tract embraced within the park limits lies mainly in Northwestern Wyoming, but it includes, also, a narrow strip of Southern Montana and Eastern Idaho. It is sixty-six miles long and fifty-five miles wide. The lowest elevation of any of the narrow valleys of the park is six thousand feet above the sea, and some of the mountain ranges which hem in these valleys raise their proud peaks ten thousand to twelve thousand feet.

The park is a region of wonder, terror, and delight, where nature puts forth all her powers in her ever-changing moods. Thousands of hot springs and hundreds of geysers throwing steam and hot water from ten to two hundred feet in the air, grand cañons and falls, mighty cataracts,

verdant valleys, beautiful woods, silver streamlets, foaming cascades, and mirror-like lakes, unfold a succession of pictures which seem to try to outrival each other in beauty.

The most noted geysers in the park are the Giant and Giantess, Castle, Grotto, Beehive, the Splendid, Grand, Sawmill, and the group called the Lion, Lioness, and two Cubs, but the most interesting of all is the one called Old Faithful, because of the great regularity with which eruptions occur. And these occur every hour, beginning with several splashes or spurts, which continue for about four minutes, becoming more and more powerful, when they are followed by a rapid succession of jets, which escape with a roar and soon attain a height of one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet.

The water eruption is followed by steam, which finally dies away and leaves the crater empty. The water eruption lasts from four to five minutes. The crater is an oblong opening two by six feet on the inside. It is situated on a mound of geyserite measuring at the base one hundred and forty-five by two hundred and fifteen feet and at the top twenty by fifty-four feet, and rising eleven feet and eleven inches above the surrounding level. The mound is composed of layers of deposit in a succession of terraces which are full of shallow basins. The water in these basins is as clear as crystal, and the edges of the pools are exquisitely

beaded and fretted, showing delicate tints of rose, white, saffron, orange, brown, and gray. The north end of the crater has large globular masses of beaded, pearly deposit, and its throat is of a dark yellow or rusty color.

This description of Old Faithful gives the main points of all the other geysers I have mentioned, with the exception that some have more beautiful formations around them. Some are of a spongy formation, resembling a large piece of sponge, while others have lace-ribbed borders, having the appearance of being crusted with pearls. The hot springs all through the park are the most beautiful water pools I have ever seen. The crystal clearness of the water cannot be described, and must be seen to be appreciated.

While at the Upper Geyser Basin I was fortunate enough to see three of the most important geysers in action at the same time, and never have I seen a grander sight of nature's most wonderful powers. I cannot close without saying a few words about the Yellowstone Falls and the Grand Cañon.

The Upper Falls, of which the height is given as one hundred and sixty-two feet, and the Lower Falls said to be three hundred and fifty feet, compose this wonderful work of Nature. The river between them is two hundred feet in width, but it contracts to a distance of one hundred feet at the point where it takes its final leap into the

gorge below. Recovering from the plunge, the river finds its outlet through the cañon, appearing in the distance like a streamer of satin ribbon laid along the depths of the Grand Cañon, behind the winding walls of which it is lost to view.

The Grand Cañon is a wonderful gorge, which displays a scene of enchantment surpassing every expectation. It is from one thousand to two thousand feet in depth; but it is not the depth that impresses the beholder most, it is the brilliant coloring of the walls and towering rocks on each side, which are one mass of changing colors, dazzling in their brightness, and when the sun is shining, the whole gorge seems to be ablaze with red, yellow, white, blue, green, orange, and vermilion, lighting up the walls equal to any palace. I could compare it to nothing I had seen excepting the sunsets on the Indian Ocean, which last only while the sun is setting, and then fade away, while this is as steadfast as the rocks themselves.

At a high elevation which we reached in the park, the three Tetons were plainly visible, their pointed peaks rising thirteen thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight feet above the sea. These peaks rise out of the beautiful Teton Basin, near the boundary line which separates Idaho from Wyoming. They extend from the Grand Cañon of Snake River to the southern extremity of Yellowstone Park. The center peak is sometimes called the Shark's Tooth. The basin in which they

stand is known as the Robbers' Retreat, for it had been for a long time the den of a most daring band of horse thieves. As many as one hundred men belonged to the band, and their raids extended over a large scope of country.

The hotels, bridges, and roads are the only change from nature in the whole park, which contains nature's grandest works of art, and it is well worthy of a visit from all who have the opportunity.

From Yellowstone Park I returned to Portland, and thence to San Francisco by the way of Yaquina Bay. Yaquina is the terminus of the Oregon Pacific Railroad, where it connects with the steamer for San Francisco. It is a small place at present, but large improvements are being made. It has an excellent harbor, and bids fair to become a port of considerable importance before long.

Newport, a town situated on the bay four miles further on, though not so fashionable as the seaside watering place of the same name in Rhode Island, nor yet up to the lovely little town on the shore of Lake Memphremagog in the Green Mountain State, is so located that from almost any point of view one can never tire of the varied and beautiful scenery, consistsng of mountains, bays, rivers, and the ocean. A more beautiful spot for a town site is not easily to be found, and Oregon may well be proud of it. It has two fine drives over a hard, smooth beach. The one on the

north side extends five miles along the beach to Cape Foulweather, where the lighthouse is located. This is one of the sights of the place and is well worth seeing.

On the south side the drive is ten miles long, to a place called Seal Rock. They are both beautiful pleasure drives, with fresh scenes to greet the eye at every turn. At Seal Rock there are some tall pinnacles, from the top of which you have a magnificent view up and down the coast for twenty-five miles each way. The place also affords fine surf bathing, and is perfectly safe, as it is not in the open ocean, but three hundred yards inside the heads, and a high bluff protects the bathers from the wind. Lately this place has become more widely known, and it is destined to become a popular resort. I know of no place where a short time can be more pleasantly spent by those in need of recreation.

I left there on the steamer *Yaquina*, on the 3d of September, at two P. M. In crossing the bar we encountered a heavy sea, which lasted through the night, causing many of the passengers to consign to the deep what they had eaten during the day. Although I managed to retain what I had eaten, I had no desire for more when dinner was announced. This was the first meal I refused to partake of during my travels by water.

The next morning was beautiful, and the sea was as calm as a river, and continued so till we

reached San Francisco, on September 5, which completed my journey of nearly five months, during which time I visited all the places of note which I had not seen before in Northern California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, and a part of Wyoming; and happy am I to once more tread the soil of my adopted State, for the more I travel abroad, and the more I see of other States in our own country, the more I prize our Golden State, which I am proud to call my home. All other places I have visited have their attractions, and do for a time, but for a lifelong residence give me California. Nor do I think there is a city of its size in the United States where there is so much to interest a stranger as in San Francisco.

The Golden Gate Park is not excelled by any of the kind I have seen in older or larger cities, while a trip to the Cliff House cannot fail to excite delight and admiration, and a walk or a drive along the shore of the Pacific on the beautiful sandy beach fills one with new life and vigor. The Cliff House has several large porches which face the sea, and those who choose may pleasantly pass the time here watching the waves as they splash against the rocks, and in listening to the barking of the seals, whose roar can be heard above the music of the waves. Then a ramble through Sutro's garden, situated on the heights overlooking the Cliff House, must be appreciated by all lovers of the beautiful. This garden is

filled with beautiful flowers and shrubbery of all kinds from all parts of the world, besides groups of choice statuary so arranged as to show to the best advantage.

Among other sights of interest in San Francisco are Woodward's Gardens, the United States Mint, and the Presidio. It is a treat to ride on some of our cable cars to the tops of the high hills of the city, which are more numerous and much larger than the seven hills of Rome, or the five mounds upon which Jerusalem once stood. Our railway cable system is the best in the world, and from the tops of any of the hills a magnificent view of the city, bay, and surrounding country is obtained. All these and many other attractions of the place cannot fail to make a sojourn of several days or more very interesting to anyone visiting San Francisco.

CHAPTER XII.

A TRIP TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

THE sun shone clear and pleasant as I left San Francisco on the 27th of April, 1887, by the steamship *Queen of the Pacific.*

At the wharf there was the usual hurry and excitement, the usual crowd standing on tiptoe, or climbing upon piles to wave handkerchiefs, and catch the last words from outgoing friends. At last the captain gave the word "to cast off," when the noble ship swung back from her moorings, and pitched her way through the ships at anchor in the bay. The passengers stood on the promenade deck, watching familiar objects as they were passed, and bidding them one by one a silent adieu. These were shortly left behind, and our vessel was plowing her way through the ocean swells that rolled through the entrance to the bay. When fairly outside the Golden Gate the warm sunshine of the harbor was cooled by the bleak trade winds, which were quite piercing.

Then, too, the change from the smooth waters of the bay to the swelling waves of the ocean, gave the ship a peculiar motion that was not very pleasant to some who were not accustomed to sailing. Such very quietly retired to their rooms, presumably for a season of meditation. I was not seasick in the least, and I did not expect to be, for this was not my first experience at sea, and every voyage I make gives me more confidence in the power and capacity of a ship to triumph over the conflicting elements.

When night came, the wind went down; the evening was warm and pleasant, and the sea was as smooth as a small lake in summer, merely rippled. I staid on deck until it was quite late. The passengers were singing in the social hall as in a parlor, until ten o'clock; when, one by one, they disappeared, until I found myself the only occupant of the deck. It is then that one feels alone, for there is nothing around, beneath or above, but the silent sky and the sleeping ocean. It is then that one seems to feel that he has exchanged the security of the shore, and the society of the most genial friends, for that of strangers and the perils of the deep.

The next morning we were at Port Harford. This is the port for San Luis Obispo, situated nine miles inland, and connected with it by a railroad. Some of the passengers left the ship here, while others from the above-named town came on board,

filling the places of those who had left us. After a delay of a few hours, exchanging freight and baggage, we were again out at sea, under full headway. It was a beautiful day. The sun shone bright and warm, and the time was spent in walking about the deck, singing, reading, playing cards, etc.

During the afternoon we passed Point Conception, a long point of land reaching far out at sea, upon which is one of the finest lighthouses in the United States. It is two hundred and fifty feet above the water and has a revolving light, showing a white flash every half minute. It also has a fog whistle, which is sounded in thick weather. A fog bell, weighing three thousand one hundred and thirty-six pounds, is used, too, in bad weather.

Our next stopping place was Santa Barbara. From there we went to San Pedro, arriving early the next morning. At this place passengers for Los Angeles leave the ship and go inland by rail about twenty miles. Leaving here about noon, we went directly to San Diego, reaching there before dark. The entrance to the harbor is romantic; the channel is narrow and crooked, forming a complete letter S.

This completed my journey by water, I having reached the southern point of my trip. I returned to San Francisco overland. The passage was uneventful and unattended by the usual squalls

and gales, so frequent on an ocean voyage at this season of the year. We were never out of sight of land during the trip, and the scenery was beautiful, impressive, and sometimes grand, which added much to the interest and pleasure of the voyage.

San Diego is the county seat of San Diego County, the most southern county of California. Its southern limits border on Mexican territory. The city is beautifully situated on the bay of San Diego, a fine sheet of water twenty miles long and two miles wide, almost landlocked, making one of the most beautiful harbors in the world, and the best on the Pacific Coast, with the exception of San Francisco, from Callas, in South America, to Alaska.

About three miles inland from here is the old town of San Diego, which was settled in 1769 by the Franciscan friars, who established a mission there. This was the first one made in California, but in 1771 ten missionaries arrived here from Mexico and established missions in various places in Southern California, twenty-one in all. One of these is the famous mission San Gabriel, which is still in existence, and probably will be for years to come. The bells of this church were brought from Spain nearly a century ago. They are famous for the sweetness of their tones.

It was at San Diego that General Fremont landed in 1841, with orders to join Stockton near Los Angeles, in order to capture that place from the Spanish army under General Castro.

One of the most beautiful places about San Diego is the island known as the Coronado Beach. It lies between the city and the sea just across the bay. It is beautifully laid out, with its avenues one hundred and forty feet wide, having drives, walks, and bridle paths between rows of trees, and a boulevard around the entire island, containing parks and streets lined with trees. There is also a broad avenue running directly across the island from the bay to the ocean. It is a mile and a quarter long, and has a double row of orange trees near the center for the entire distance. Between the rows of trees is a street railroad which runs cars in connection with a steam ferry from the city. On each side of these trees there is a driveway, and outside of the driveway is also a line of shade trees.

A large hotel is being erected on the island near the beach, fronting on the sea, which will be able, when completed, to accommodate one thousand five hundred guests. It will have a theater and dance hall connected with it, all under the same roof. The foundation of this immense building is of concrete and covers three acres of ground, including the inside court. The view from here is splendid; but I will not undertake a description of it. Though I have it vividly before my eyes, I cannot describe it with words in such a manner as to give the reader a fair idea of its beauty, for I have always found even the finest

and most skillful descriptions of views and landscapes insufficient, and could never form a distinct picture from them unless I had seen them myself before.

From here I went to Riverside by rail. The country along the route is uninteresting, most of it being barren and rocky, but occasionally there is a green spot with a small stream of water, along the banks of which are clumps of the oak and willow. There are a few small towns along the route that lay claim to future greatness. Then, again, we have a little of the picturesque in passing through Temecula Cañon. This is a rocky gorge several miles in length, with hills rising hundreds of feet on either side and drawing nearer together, until there is scarcely room for the train, and little streams of pure water that ripple over the rocky bed. Farther on the hills recede and gradually lose their steepness, until they are lost to view, and we are passing through a wonderful little valley containing one hundred and eighty hot and cold mineral springs of all kinds, whose curative qualities are said to be wonderful.

Elsinore Lake is in this valley. It is a beautiful sheet of pure mountain water, seven miles in length and three miles in width, around which are large and prosperous settlements of orange, vine, and fruit growers of all kinds.

This lake is near the railroad, and is becoming

a summer as well as a winter resort. It is only a short distance from Riverside.

Riverside is a pretty little town located in the midst of orange and lemon groves and vineyards that extend ten miles in length and from three to four in width, all laid out with wide streets and avenues between rows of shade trees. The most beautiful of these is known as Magnolia Avenue. It is seven miles long and one hundred and thirty-two feet wide. On each side there is a fine wide sidewalk, shaded with a row of palm trees interspread with the Japanese willow. Next to these are two wide carriage ways, between which is a row of large pepper trees for the entire distance.

The land along this avenue is planted with vineyards, orange and lemon groves, and orchards of almost every known fruit, having the appearance of one vast orchard, dotted with many fine residences of wealthy people.

The water for irrigating this vast section is brought from the Santa Ana River, by two large ditches running the entire distance. Small ditches radiate from these in every direction, making one of the finest systems of irrigation to be found in the United States. The Riverside oranges are famous for their brightness of color and the richness of their flavor. I never have found oranges that excel them in any part of the world. There are many varieties of ornamental trees along the streets and avenues in this place, which add much

to its beauty. But, in my opinion, there is no other tree which grows that will equal the orange as an ornamental tree. No other shows such rich green foliage, varying from a pale yellowish green to a rich dark shade, with glossy leaves, and at nearly all seasons of the year it is laden with both blossoms and ripe fruit. And, certainly, no flowering or ornamental tree or shrub of any kind is so handsome as an orange tree whose branches are hanging with ripe fruit. It is far more attractive than a magnolia, pepper, or palm tree.

Last year I traveled in the North, through mountains and gorges, with massive cliffs rising thousands of feet, crowned with snow, and the dashing waters hissing among huge rocks in the depths below, and think there is nothing grander than to gaze over a rugged wilderness of rocks, and upon wastes that never have been trodden by the foot of man.

There is another kind of scenery which I enjoyed from a hill unknown to fame, and rising in perfect solitude from the plain back of the little town of Riverside. It is a softer landscape of graceful hillsides, sloping to the green meadows and woodlands, glorious with magnificent foliage of a southern clime, fertile fields, thriving orchards and vineyards meeting the glance in every direction, all charming in the bright sunlight under a brilliant sky.

After all, it is not so much the locality which

gives the pleasure to the tourist as the eye scanning it. Every lover of nature has his favorite scenery. High mountains please one, while another is content with an old pear tree in the garden, or a river bank overhung by oaks and willows. But to me there is true poetry in a great array of peaks, each carrying a name famous in the history of ascents.

Leaving Riverside I went to San Bernardino. This is the county seat of San Bernardino County. It is a beautiful little town, and one cannot fail to be charmed with its situation. It lies half hidden among the trees, with the hills sloping gradually. Fertile fields, thriving young orchards and vineyards, are to be seen on every side, while at a short distance rise the steeper mountains of the San Bernardino Range.

The little stream that flows through the town and neighboring fields is one of the numerous brooks that run down the side of Mt. San Bernardino, and unite to form the Santa Ana River. It can be traced all along its winding way by the oaks, sycamores, and willows which line its banks.

About six miles from here, in the foothills, are located what are known as the Arrowhead Hot Springs, taking their name from a profile of an arrowhead on the side of a steep mountain overlooking the springs. It was formed by a slide that occurred many years ago. It is a conspicuous landmark and can be seen from any part of

the valley. These springs have become very popular of late, and the medicinal properties of the water are said to be excellent.

The town of San Bernardino was first settled by the Mormons, in 1852. Before that time there was only a stock ranch here. There is a story told of the finding of this place by the Mormons, which will bear repeating here. It seems that an old trapper, who had been all through this valley, had visited Arrowhead Springs, and could give a full description of them, arrived at Salt Lake, where he met Brigham Young and described to him this beautiful valley and its surroundings, including the Arrowhead and Hot Springs.

Shortly after this Brigham announced to his followers that he had had a vision from heaven, showing him a beautiful country, and he repeated to them the story he had heard from the old trapper.

Soon after, a party of nearly one thousand of his followers came here and settled, finding everything the same as Brigham had declared he had seen in his vision. In 1856 most of this party returned to Salt Lake. Some remained and are still here and are in full faith with the Mormon Church,excepting that part which sanctions polygamy, it not being considered a part of the Mormon religion by those remaining here.

From here I went by rail to Los Angeles, passing through the entire length of the San Gabriel

Valley. This is a new route, and has been opened to the public only a week. The entire valley is very attractive. In every portion are countless farms, with beautiful residences. New towns are springing up along the road, and one can trace the lines of young fruit trees in the newly planted orchards and the rows of cuttings in the vineyards.

Pasadena is the pride and crown of this valley. Its broad avenues are bordered with pepper trees and with hedges of cypress and lime.

The valley about here is thickly dotted with beautiful homes of modest cottages, with lovely gardens, half hidden by orange and lemon groves and vineyards. Delightful walks with arbors and summer houses of evergreen, climbing vines and flowers of every variety, are to be seen at every turn. The scenery along this valley is grand, the Sierra Madre Mountains standing boldly up in the background, while the foothills look so tempting for a stroll like one I used to take in the Granite State in my childhood days.

On arriving at Los Angeles by rail, one sees the poorest part of the city first; for in going from the station to the business portion, he has to pass through the old Spanish settlement known as Sonora. This is a dilapidated place, with its squares of low, flat-roofed, adobe buildings, which have stood here for a long period of time, but are fast crumbling away, the inhabitants dying out or being pushed aside to give room for the more

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energetic and enterprising American people, and the neat modern streets of a rapidly growing city. (Since the above was written the station has been moved.)

The city of Los Angeles is the natural center of a large commercial, agricultural, and industrial community. There are sections of Los Angeles County under a higher state of cultivation than can be found anywhere else in the United States. These localities are settled mostly by the wealthy and well-to-do classes of people. From Third Street Hill, or any other hill that rises back of the city of Los Angeles, one looks upon a scene that is truly picturesque, consisting of vineyards, orange and lemon groves, and orchards of almost every known fruit. It is a collection of gardens six miles square, producing at all times of the year almost everything that grows under the sun.

If one drives out into the country, large fields of wheat and barley, backed by the dark green of the vine, orange, and lemon, and other shrubbery, are to be seen everywhere, rankly growing with the fruit in different stages of advancement. In riding along one may hear the song of the laborer in the field, and see madame at the kitchen door or in the garden picking weeds from among the flowers, while the house dog, too lazy to bark, lies idly sleeping in the shade.

From here I went by rail to San Buenaventura. This is a Spanish name and signifies "Saint of

Good Venture." This route is through the Santa Clara Valley of the South. The scenery here is very attractive. Mountains rise on either side from two to four thousand feet in height, presenting a bold and rugged outline against the sky. The Rio de Santa Clara runs through this valley, and at intervals the railroad crosses a small stream of water, a tributary to this river, on whose banks are clumps of shade trees. As we glide along, new beauty breaks upon the eye at every turn.

There are several varieties of sagebrush growing along the mountain sides, the blossoms of which furnish honey to thousands of swarms of bees. Almost all the farmers in the valley and all the stockmen in the mountains have from twenty to a hundred hives of bees, producing in many cases four hundred pounds of honey to the hive. The honey is taken out by the use of the honey extractors. The comb is not disturbed and is refilled.

At San Buenaventura I took the stage for Santa Barbara, thirty miles distant along the coast. To our left is the beautiful Santa Barbara Channel while far out at sea is a chain of islands rising up like sentinels to a height of about two thousand feet. The ever-changing panorama of valleys, mountains, islands, rivers, and sea, all combined to make the trip from Los Angeles to this place one of great interest, and one not soon to be forgotten.

Santa Barbara is the county seat of Santa Barbara County. It is a beautiful city of nearly five thousand inhabitants. It rises gradually from the sea, attaining an elevation of three hundred feet in a distance of one and a half miles. The mission here was founded December 4, 1786. It is the only mission in California which has been occupied constantly by the Franciscan friars, from its founding up to the present time. The old church was so badly injured by an earthquake in 1812 that it was necessary to take it down. The present structure was built in 1815. It is in a splendid state of preservation. The walls consist of large cubes of cut sandstone nearly six feet in thickness. They are strengthened by buttresses of a similar nature. It is the most substantial mission church in California, and it contains many fine pictures by Spanish painters. The church and the dwellings of the priests, which are connected with it, are all that now remain of the old mission buildings.

From here I continued my journey by stage. The route for several miles is along the Santa Barbara Valley. As the stage passed along, gay houses, surrounded by beautiful gardens, rich with flowers and trees of magnificent foliage, were to be seen on either side.

Leaving the valley we commenced the ascent of the Santa Ynez Mountains, winding around their side, making almost every point of the compass,

and steadily climbing higher and higher. Our turns were short and sometimes in ravines, at other times above the edge of a frightful precipice, whose crumbling walls threatened to give way beneath our weight. We soon commanded a view of innumerable mountain chains lying beneath us. As we reached the summit, a grand panorama was spread out before the eye. Cities, towns, valleys, mountains, islands, and sea lie sleeping far beneath us in all their loveliness, while the lower hills rise in massive waves, clothed with oaks and manzanita.

Huge granite bowlders lie as if tossed on the hillsides, or piled up over level tracts as if placed there by the hand of man. The atmosphere is pure, soothing, and exhilarating. It is a delight to breathe it and fill the lungs with it, as one would drink from a pure spring. From here the road begins its rapid descent to the valley below. Looking down from the top of the stage-coach, the descent seems impossible, but we move on in long curves around the edge of the mountain, turning, twisting, and winding under the branches of the oak and sycamore, which are draped with hanging moss and wild grapevines. Finally we are down into the Santa Ynez Valley, on which the ripened fields of wheat, barley, and clover lie spread in a light brown carpet on either side, while to the right extends the limpid blue Santa Ynez River, losing itself in graceful

curves behind the wooded hills and in the distant fields and pastures terminating the view. Towards nightfall I reached Los Alamos, after a ride of sixty miles by stage over this interesting country.

The next morning I resumed my journey by rail to San Luis Obispo. This is the county seat of San Luis Obispo County. It is an interesting and pretty little town, situated at the end of a beautiful valley surrounded by giant mountains. From here El Paso de Robles is thirty miles, which is made by stage, and completes my stage ride. I connected at this point with the Southern Pacific Railroad.

This place is famous for its hot mineral springs, delightful and picturesque surroundings. It lies in the valley of the Salinas River, on a plain gently sloping toward the foothills of the Coast Range, shaded by groves of giant oaks and cottonwood. The main spring is situated in the center. The reservoir is eight feet square. The water is hot and bubbles with gases from the bottom. It has a flow of more than four thousand gallons per hour. There are two plunge baths built of solid masonry, one for ladies and the other for gentlemen. In the rear of these are the public and private bath rooms. The hotel is first class and is surrounded on three sides by neat and comfortable cottages. The table is one of the best supplied and appointed on the Pacific Coast.

These springs were used and highly valued by the old mission priests nearly a hundred years ago, and the native Indians have the greatest confidence in their healing qualities. The rush of visitors is becoming greater every year, and it is here that one can find freedom and rest from toil, and fill the system with new blood and healthful vigor.

From here I completed my trip on my arrival at San Francisco, after a day's ride through the charming Santa Clara Valley. This is called the Garden Valley of the Pacific Coast. It is well worthy of the name. The surroundings are beautiful and picturesque. The lofty peaks of the Santa Lucia Pacheco and Los Barberos stand out harmoniously against the azure sky. They seem to be almost within hailing distance, while the rolling, billow-like hills, fringed with a purple foam of redwood, evergreen, oak, and pine, create a captivating landscape. In the foreground the valley lies sleeping in all its loveliness. As we glide along, every turn brings a new surprise and reveals a new beauty—now an avenue of stately trees, then a succession of gardens, again along the channel of a stream where tall oaks and sycamores shade the way, next for miles a succession of vineyards, orchards, and fruitful fields, while nestling among the vines and amid the roses are stately mansions and beautiful cottages, which bespeak the thrift and refinement of their occupants.

This visit to the land of the vine, the olive, the orange, and pomegranate, afforded me a great deal of pleasure and enjoyment. It will always be remembered as one of the most enjoyable experiences of my life. But whenever I visit any other part of the State, I am always glad to return to San Francisco, where the days are cool for work, and the nights are cool for sleep. Its breezes are purer, more refreshing, and more healthful than those in any other part of the State.

About two weeks before starting on my trip to Southern California, I took a ride to the summit of Mt. Tamalpais. This, although a short excursion, occupying only a day's time, was, nevertheless, a pleasant one, and well worthy of notice among other and longer journeys. Mt. Tamalpais is a high peak in the Coast Range, bordering on the Bay of San Francisco and forming the northern wall of the Golden Gate. Its summit has been selected by the United States Government as the initial point of the coast survey for establishing longitude and latitude. I left San Francisco by the ferry of the Northern Pacific Railroad on one of those matchless days which are the pride and boast of California. After a very pleasant ride of one hour, we reached San Rafael. This is the county seat of Marin County. It is a pretty place nestled in a little nook in the foothills. Its surroundings are romantic, and at this season of the year the hillsides are clothed

in verdant grass, daisies, tulips, pines, and blooming buckeyes. To the west stands Mt. Tamalpais like a sentinel, guarding the approach to the bay through the Golden Gate, and keeping an eye over San Francisco and all the little towns within its reach.

At San Rafael we procured a carriage for the ascent of the mountain. The route is through Ross Valley, which is dotted with fine residences of wealthy people. These houses would grace any city street. Leaving the valley we commenced the ascent of the mountain, on the winding road, which presents a series of pretty and by far the most picturesque views of any to be found so near San Francisco. At every turn a new scene appears, rivaling in beauty the former. As we still continued, the many changes appeared like the shiftings of a pamorama, and as we neared the summit, a more enchanting picture broke upon our vision. A beautiful little lake lay under the sunlight like a mantle of gold. All around this sparkling gem of the mountain could be seen the dark green of the oak, madrona, and manzanita bowing down their outspread boughs, as if to sip the cooling waters. Arriving at the summit, two thousand eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, the view is grand and impressive.

At our feet lay the bay of San Francisco, dotted with islands, and sails of commerce. The surrounding hills were soft undulations, between

which lie the cities of Oakland and San Francisco. Beyond lies the Alameda Valley, sleeping in all its loveliness. To the east the view extends far up the valley of the Sacramento, with Mt. Diablo standing out boldly three thousand eight hundred and ninety-six feet, while the view stretches until the distant horizon is bounded by the snow-clad peaks of the Sierras. To the north the eye roams over a series of valleys separated by ranges of mountains and hills extending over the counties of Marin, Napa, Sonoma, and Lake, with Mt. St. Helena towering four thousand three hundred and forty-three feet above the sea, and whose summit is a conspicuous landmark over a great scope of country. To the west rolls the almost boundless expanse of the Pacific Ocean.

The return down the mountain was much more agreeable than the ascent. The landscape was ever changing, as we wound around the many curves, with skirting cliffs on one side and deep ravines on the other. The scene was sublime, and the experience was one to be remembered for a lifetime.

I have visited many places that are better known and that occupied much more time, but I have seen no place where a day can be spent with more interest and pleasure than in a trip to the summit of Mt. Tamalpais.

CHAPTER XIII.

A TRIP TO SOUTH AMERICA.

ABOUT the last of January, 1888, I left San Francisco by the steamship *Colima* for Panama.

A crowd had been increasing for more than an hour before the advertised time for sailing, until it numbered hundreds who had assembled to take leave of their friends—perhaps forever; for who could say that it would not be their last time of meeting.

As the ship's bow receded from the wharf, the last grip of the hand was given, friends hurried ashore, and none remained on board but those who were to be our constant companions for weeks to come.

Looking back to the pier we had just left, I could see anxious faces watching the fast disappearing ship, as if they were looking for some loved one's form, that they might hold its mem-

ory forever. The group of passengers on deck kept their faces toward the shore, having in their minds, no doubt, pictures of friends and happy homes that hereafter would be only a memory.

Patiently we plowed our way through the stubborn waters, and, towards night, we were well out to sea. At first some of the passengers were seasick and either kept their berths or walked about the deck looking as if they would rather sit down somewhere and only think than to do anything else. Later on everybody came down into the cabin for their regular meals, and the crisis had passed.

Our course was near the shore, but occasionally we lost sight of land. The coast along Lower California is uninteresting, low, barren, and desolate; but after passing the Gulf of California, the scenery was picturesque and diversified, consisting of ranges of mountains extending into the interior. As far as the eye could reach, not a single tract of flat or table-land appeared anywhere. The entire coast of Mexico is a succession of mountains bordering on the Pacific.

Every evening, when the sun went down, it looked like a great red ball dropping into the sea; for here it appears to be divested of that excessive brightness which on land frequently dazzles and pains the eye of the beholder. The rising and setting of the sun at sea are usually fine spectacles. Those on the Pacific generally surpass those of

the Atlantic in grandeur and beauty, but the most gorgeous I have seen have been on the Indian Ocean.

Our first landing place was at Acapulco, about one thousand eight hundred miles southeast from San Francisco. It has a beautiful and safe harbor, surrounded on three sides by lofty ranges of wooded mountains, and it is nearly landlocked.

The town has a population of about three thousand, chiefly of mixed blood. Very few people show any pure Spanish descent. Some of them are quite good looking, polite, and civil.

I was here in 1858, and the little town has not changed much during the thirty years that have passed since I walked its streets. Thirty years of struggling, active life, of strenuous endeavor, crowned now with failure and again with triumph, of rough adventure, of voyaging by sea and by land! I look back and think of the crowd of faces, men and women, that I have learned to know between then and now, some of whom are dead, some of whom are estranged, while others are still near my home, wishing for my safe return. Thirty years! one-half of a human generation! We can scarcely realize its length, until once more we stand upon its half-forgotten ground.

Along the coast of Guatemala the shore appears level and covered with timber for some distance from the water, when the mountains rise abruptly, the peaks being from ten to fourteen thousand feet above the sea.

Our next stopping place was at Champerico. This is a small town on the coast of Guatemala. It is connected with the interior by a railroad twenty-seven miles in length, reaching large coffee plantations. Coffee has increased to such an extent of late as to become a large export from this country. Champerico has no harbor; ships arriving here have to anchor in the roadstead. Landings must be made in small boats, which are dangerous in rough weather.

Our ship lay at anchor here nearly twenty-four hours, and, although the surface of the water was as smooth as an inland lake, there was an under current, or land swell, causing the ship to roll as if in a storm at sea, making it very uncomfortable for those on board. When again under headway, we experienced no more of this, and our good ship plowed along as smoothly as a duck on a mill pond.

The next morning we were at anchor in the roadstead off San Jose de Guatemala. From the deck of the ship a magnificent panorama burst upon our view—a long line of black beach washed by the foam of the breaking wave, dense forests of deep green coming down to the water's edge, the unbroken inland as far as the eye could reach, with two volcanic peaks in the background. I have seen nothing on our trip down the coast half so grand and beautiful as that which lay before me at this place.

Our ship lay here two days, which afforded us an opportunity of visiting the city of Guatemala, which is seventy miles inland and is connected by rail with San Jose de Guatemala. Landing can be made only by means of small boats and lighters. When a wharf is reached, a huge basket or cage is found swinging from the end, by means of a pulley, over the water. The passengers crawl into it and are hoisted ashore by a dummy engine. The trip inland is an ever-changing panorama of beauty. On either hand are large plantations of sugar cane and coffee fields, with here and there beautiful groves, containing cocoanuts, bananas, pineapples, oranges, and all other tropical fruits, growing rankly.

When the train stops at the stations, we are met by an army of female peddlers, with all kinds of fruits, Indian wares, cigars, cigarettes, etc., which are urged upon the passengers. As we ride, we pass at the base of high mountains, crossing frightful precipices and along beautiful streams of pure mountain water, and skirting the shore of a beautiful lake for miles, all the while climbing higher and higher, until we reach the city of Guatemala, five thousand feet above the sea. This is the capital of the Guatemalian Republic. It is a handsome city of nearly seventy thousand inhabitants. It has many fine buildings, nearly all of one story, painted white, giving the city a clean appearance.

The streets cross each other at right angles, are well paved, and kept clean. They are all raised from their centers to the sidewalk, so that anything thrown into them is washed into the sewers by water that runs in the center of the street. The entire city is lighted by electricity and has a fine system of street cars and all other modern improvements. A full description of this beautiful city would occupy too much space for this writing, so I will not attempt it.

We returned to the ship at half past ten P. M., after a trip of two days full of interest. The next morning we lay at anchor near Acajutla, loading coffee and other freight. The only excitement to be had here was in watching a school of whales playing about the ship. At times they would raise themselves nearly out of the water, within a a stone's throw of the ship. It was the nearest view I had ever had of a whale at sea. From there we went to La Libertad, in Salvador, and then to Punta Arenas, in Costa Rica. This is a pretty little town. It is situated at the head of a beautiful cove, surrounded on three sides by lofty mountains, rich in gold and silver mines, which are being developed by English and American capital.

The town lies near the water, half hidden among trees of the most magnificent foliage of a tropical clime. The trees grow down to a beautiful beach of black sand, which lines the shore for

miles on either hand. The harbor here is not a good one, it being open to the sea. In fact, the Pacific Coast from Acapulco to Panama has no good harbors, and the landing of passengers from ocean steamers is very dangerous if the weather is rough. It sometimes happens that passengers for ports north of Panama cannot be landed, but are obliged to go on to Panama and try to land on the up trip.

From Punta Arenas I went to Panama, thus completing my voyage by the steamship *Colima*. The passage was not attended by any remarkable circumstance. During the entire trip we had beautiful weather, the sea being as smooth as the inland seas of Alaska. Our passenger list was not large. The time was spent in reading, writing, playing cards, telling stories, and in other amusements so common on an ocean voyage. It would be monotonous to the reader if I should describe the pleasures and discomforts of a long ocean journey which must be enjoyed or suffered by travelers. It will be sufficient to state that the voyage was accomplished without mishap, and with probably less than the usual discomforts of so long a journey.

Panama is one of the oldest towns on the American Continent. It was settled before Cortez entered Mexico and before the conquest of Peru by Pizarro. It was sacked and burned by that buccaneer, Henry Morgan, in 1670, and has suf-

fered by pestilence and fire many times since. It has a population of about twenty thousand, most of which are black. It is a poverty-stricken place. Its money has but little value, it being forty per cent below par for American gold.

There is a public plaza here—a small open space where the populace gather in the evening to listen to music by a military band, played twice a week. Otherwise there is nothing to see to interest anyone except the view from the sea wall. From here we have a fine view of the beautiful bay, with its score of islands, its many steamers and sails, a land view of the town and hills in its vicinity, and a long line of coast with range upon range of the beautiful forest region of the isthmus.

I was detained here twelve days, the steamer that should have left for the south being in quarantine at Callao. While I was here, I visited a portion of the work that is being done on the Panama Canal, which, when completed, will connect the Atlantic with the Pacific Oceans. It is a gigantic piece of work, and has already cost about two hundred millions of dollars, and is only about half done.

After my twelve days' stay here I embarked on the Pacific Navigation Company's steamer *Santa Rosa* for Callao. It was dark when the *Santa Rosa* raised anchor and started on her voyage southward. When morning came, we found ourselves clear of the Bay of Panama, on the broad Pacific, and out of sight of land.

On the morning of the third day out we crossed the equator and could see Dead Man's Island. It looked like some gigantic corpse floating on the water. This island lies off the Gulf of Guyaquil, and is a landmark for seamen.

Our course was now changed, and we steamed eastward. On our left was the Island Puna, on which Pizarro organized his forces at the time of his conquest of Peru. We soon came into the Guyaquil River, whose banks are covered with superb tropical vegetation, relieved at intervals by picturesque cane-built native huts.

The city of Guyaquil lies about seventy-five miles inland, on this river. It is the largest port in the Republic of Ecuador, there being a population of nearly fifty thousand. It is quite an imposing place, with its high towers, fine buildings, broad streets, and good system of street cars.

The pineapple of Guyaquil is famous all over South America, on account of its size and flavor. Under favorable circumstances the great volcano of Chimborazo, towering twenty-one thousand four hundred and twenty feet above the sea, can be seen from this port, but clouds rested upon the mountains and I missed the view. From here southward there is little to interest the traveler. The wooded shores of Equador soon disappear and the aspect becomes entirely changed.

The whole coast of Peru for two thousand miles is a dreary waste of sand and rock, unrelieved by

tree, shrub, or blade of grass, except at long intervals, where there are narrow valleys of green, marking the course of some small river, struggling down from the mountains to the sea.

We landed at Payta, the most northern point in Peru, and then at several other small towns which are connected by rail with larger towns back in the interior, and afterward went on to Callao.

As I have said before, the entire coast of Peru is barren and uninteresting, but, looking back for miles upon the distant ranges of mountains which rise one above the other, until they unite with the great chain of the Andes, pinnacle upon pinnacle of the purest white, tower like clouds above the dark outlines of the nearer mountains and form a picture once seen not easily forgotten.

We had crossed the line before reaching Guyaquil, and had had the sun very nearly over our heads all the way to Callao. All along, near the equator, on dark nights, the water was so full of phosphorus that the ocean seemed to be in a flame, and sparks of fire appeared to rise from the surface. A cloud of light was seen traversing the waves as far as the eye could see.

Callao is the port for Lima. It has a fine harbor, large, beautiful, and perfectly secure for shipping. The largest vessels can lie here with safety This magnificent harbor is sheltered by the long, lofty island rock of San Lorenzo, looming up about four miles across the channel.

Callao has suffered from earthquakes at various times. Those doing the greatest amount of damage occurred in 1693 and 1746. At the latter date Callao was sunk and the country around was entirely submerged by the tidal wave which followed the earthquake. There were at the time twenty-three vessels in the harbor, nineteen of which were sunk. The other four were carried some distance on shore by the force of the wave. The spot inland where these vessels were stranded, is still pointed out to the visitor. Out of a population of four thousand people only four hundred are said to have escaped.

There are two lines of railroad plying between the port and the capital. Each line runs trains every alternate hour all the day long, and by one of these I proceeded direct to Lima. This city was founded by Pizarro, the discoverer and conqueror of Peru, in 1535. He called it the City of the Kings, for the permanant seat of the government. Here he settled and resided until he fell by the hands of assassins, in 1541. The palace that he built is still standing, but has been partially destroyed by fire several times and as many times been repaired. It is now used as the official residence of the head of the government, and as quarters for a detachment of troops.

The city is located on a plain, on both sides of the river Rimac, which is spanned by a stone bridge—an ancient and massive structure of six

arches, built in 1610. It has recesses on each side, furnished with seats, which are much frequented by the lower class on pleasant evenings. The city is full of churches and convents. There are no fewer than sixty-six Catholic Churches, occupying the most valuable property in the city, and are exempt from taxation. They are all very wealthy. The celebrated cathedral is one of the wealthiest churches in the world, and equal to the famous cathedral in the City of Mexico. It fronts on the grand plaza and is a massive structure. It is three hundred and seventy-three feet long and one hundred and seventy-five feet wide. The roof and galleries are supported by Doric columns eighty-four feet high and nine feet in diameter at the base.

The grand altar is one of the most beautiful pieces of carved work in the world. It was done by artists of the sixteenth century. The entire inside is richly ornamented with gold and silver. There are no pews, but almost everyone carries a rug or mat, remaining constantly kneeling upon this during the service. It has a chime of bells, the largest of which weighs four tons. It was cast in Madrid, Spain, in 1533. The clapper alone weighs three hundred pounds. The tower where these bells hang is reached by a narrow, winding stairway. There are three organs in this church, one of which is said to be the third largest in the world.

There is a very beautiful Jesuit Church in this city, that has a bell which was cast during the early days of Spanish rule. It is said that when the metal was melting, the ladies of Lima in passing by threw in all their jewelry and ornaments of gold and silver. It has a very sweet tone. It is sounded every evening, striking the hour of nine o'clock.

The grand plaza is a gay place during the evenings. It is here that one can see all the gay and beautiful life of Lima. Two of its sides are occupied by the government house and the cathedral. The other sides are lined with portals or arcades, behind which are retail shops filled with everything that can be found in London or Paris. In the middle of this plaza, surrounded by beautiful flowers, shrubbery, and statuary, is a magnificent bronzed fountain. The shaft is forty-two feet high. It stands in the center of a reservoir or iron tank twenty feet across and four feet high, which rests upon a raised stone platform and is beautifully ornamented. Perched upon the edge of this tank are eight lions mounted upon the backs of as many griffins, each spurting a tiny stream of water from his mouth into a large basin ten feet above. Over this is another basin that receives the water which comes trickling down on an inverted basin above. From this it drops into the basin below by many streams and then into the reservoir. The whole

is surmounted by a bronze figure representing Gabriel in the act of blowing his trumpet. Besides this principal fountain, there are smaller ones at each corner of the plaza used as drinking fountains.

There is another very fine plaza, or public square, here called Independencia, which is adorned by a magnificent bronze equestrian statue of Boliver, the liberator of Peru from the Spanish yoke. It was cast in Munich and is thirteen feet nine inches high. The horse is represented as rearing, while the liberator waves his hat with his right hand, thus throwing open his cloak and displaying his uniform beneath. On the sides of the marble pedestal are bronze tablets representing the decisive battles which secured Peruvian independence. Another tablet bears the national arms. It is placed on the spot where the victims of the Inquisition were burned. The Inquisition was a tribunal of rigid despotism. Every year vast numbers of persons suspected of crimes were brought here from all parts of the country, to be tried by this Inquisition. Most of them were doomed to a dreadful punishment.

The houses are built so as to guard as much as possible against destruction of life by the frequent occurrence of earthquake. Most of them are only one story high. The walls are of matted cane, frescoed on the outside in imitation of stone. The roofs are flat, because the lack of rain renders

a pitched roof unnecessary. The houses of some of the better classes are elegantly fitted up and furnished. They all open onto a portico or inner court yard, which is often converted into a beautiful garden thus inclosed by the house.

The ladies of Lima, as a rule, are very beautiful. The people of the upper class are highly cultivated, refined, and have agreeable manners. They are, when on the street, enveloped in a manto. This is a long black shawl sometimes plain and often richly embroidered and trimmed with lace. It covers the head and is wrapped in loose folds around the person. It is held by one hand over the face, so that only the eyes can be seen. It is very attractive and interesting.

While I was here, I witnessed a bullfight, so common in Spanish countries; but, as I gave a full description of one of these brutal scenes in a previous chapter, I will only say that the same cruel scenes were enacted as before.

Lima is twelve degrees south of the equator. It never rains here, but there is a cloud of vapor that hangs over this section during the summer months, so that vegetation will grow without irrigation. The climate of Lima is delightful. The heat is not so great as at other places in the same latitude, on account of the cool breezes that blow from the Pacific and down the snowy sides of the Cordilleras. While I was here I took a trip over the Oroya Railroad. This road was built by

Harry Meggs, the great railroad contractor of South America. It is one of the most wonderful feats of engineering skill in the world. It is not completed, but when finished, it will run over a pass in the Andes fifteen thousand seven hundred and twenty-two feet above the sea, and connect the rich, fertile valley of the Amazon River with the seaboard of Peru. It will also establish by rail and boat a steam communication between the Pacific and the Atlantic Oceans.

Leaving Lima the road runs along the valley of the Rimac for nearly fifteen miles, on an almost level plain. We next enter a narrow gorge, where the stream comes down in a rushing torrent over a stony bed. As we advance, the slopes on either side become higher and steeper and nearly bare of vegetation until we reach Chosica, about twenty-six miles from Lima. Chosica has an elevation of two thousand eight hundred and thirty-one feet. Here the chief gradings and great curves of the line begin. Looking ahead, we seem to be about to dash against the side of a mountain of rocks, when the train stops, commences to back up on a higher zigzag, then it stops again and is drawn up another. This is done four times, always at a different level above the same point in the valley.

The tunnels along the line are frequent. Sometimes one is directly above the other. We rise seven thousand three hundred and seventeen feet

in the distance of only thirty-four miles. All of these turnings and windings with the mouths of the tunnels can be seen above, at a great height. Those we have just left can be seen in the deep abyss beneath. It seems as if we are climbing an immense staircase. We pass over deep, broad ravines that are spanned by huge iron bridges. We can look down directly into the chasm below.

Forty-eight miles from Lima is the most striking scene on the entire route. In front, the river rushes out of a narrow cliff, while on either hand the mountains rise to a prodigious height with a steeper declivity than I have seen anywhere else. The deep chasm, the roar of the river in the channel below, the towering masses above, leaving but a strip of sky in view, combined to form an impression of its awful grandeur not soon to be forgotten.

Through the courtesy of the engineer, I was allowed to ride on the engine through the most interesting part of this scenery. The present terminus of the road is at Chicla, about eighty miles from Lima and twelve thousand two hundred and twenty feet above the sea.

From here on, everything has to go by pack trains of mules or llamas, over fearfully rough trails. When the tunnel through Mt. Meggs will be finished, it will reach an elevation of fifteen thousand seven hundred and twenty-two feet, and will mark the greatest height to which human ingenuity has forced the locomotive.

On my return from this most interesting trip I embarked on the steamship *Ecuador*, at Callas, for Mollendo. This latter place has rather a dangerous harbor. The landing is made by means of small boats through the surf. One is lucky if he manages to get on the small wharf without a ducking.

From here to Puno, on Lake Titicaca, three hundred and twenty-five miles' distance, is a fine line of railroad. It is built on an easier and more economical plan than the Oroya line. The mountain passes are lower and other obstacles less formidable. After staying two days at Mollendo I started for Arequipa. We soon began to ascend the foothills to Tanbo, one thousand feet elevation, leaving the fine fertile valley of Tanbo to our right, down below. From here we proceeded along splendidly constructed serpentine lines of railroad gradings, without tunnels or viaducts, and with scarcely any artificial embankments, rising along the mountain slopes to Cachendo, three thousand two hundred and fifty feet above the sea. Just before reaching this station we turned a sharp curve, and the glorious sight of the great middle Cordillera burst upon my eyes, with the snow-covered peaks of Coropuna, twenty-two thousand eight hundred feet high; Charchani, nineteen thousand; Misti, eighteen thousand six hundred and fifty, and Pichupichu, seventeen thousand eight hundred feet above the

sea. The last three surround the city of Arequipa, and appear so near as to be in the immediate neighborhood.

Higher up the mountain the road is forced through barren rocks, with not a bit of vegetation. At last, at station Tiavaya, six thousand seven hundred and fifty feet high, we got the first glimpses into the green valley of the Arequipa River. Farther on, the many towers and high church buildings of the town itself come in sight, and a few minutes later the train runs into the fine station of the famous city of Arequipa, seven thousand five hundred and fifty feet above the sea. This is a very pretty city, of nearly fifty thousand inhabitants. It resembles the city of Guatemala in nearly every detail. It is situated in a beautiful valley, green with fruit and vegetables of almost every known kind, and watered by the Arequipa River, that passes through the city.

Like every other South American city I have seen, it has its grand plaza, with the cathedral forming one side, and closed in on the other sides by substantial buildings, all having portals, under which a lively retail trade is carried on. This plaza has a garden in its center, full of gay flowers and shrubs. In the middle of this garden is a magnificent bronze fountain with three basins. From the middle basin rises a pillar, surmounted by the figure of Fame spouting the water from her

trumpet. The water pours from the mouths of four lions into the other two basins. On each corner of the plaza are small drinking fountains. A band plays on the plaza every Thursday and Sunday evenings to a large concourse of people of both sexes, who promenade to the lively strains of the music.

The cathedral is considered one of the finest buildings in South America. It is built entirely of square blocks of white sandstone. The interior contains a new pulpit, beautifully carved of solid oak and executed in France in 1879. It was the gift of a rich Auquipan lady.

Nearly all the buildings are constructed with immensely thick walls, and are only one story high, on account of the earthquakes which occur so frequently here. Scarcely a week passes without some trembling of the earth, but little damage has been done since 1868. The city was almost destroyed at that time, and from five to six hundred people were lost. The consequences can still be perceived in the heaps of shapeless ruins all around the town. Nearly every church and house still bear the traces of that tremendous convulsion of the earth.

From Arequipa I went by rail to Puno. After leaving the station the train soon crosses the valley and river on a fine trestle bridge sixty feet high and one thousand feet long. Ascending in sharp curves, it winds around the base of Mt.

Charchani to Aguas Calientes, nine thousand five hundred feet above the level of the Pacific. About four miles above this station the steepest and most wonderfully constructed gradings and sharp curves begin. Five long winding turns of the track, one above the other, can be seen.

We were now right in the middle range of the Andes—no watershed—no Sierras, the land forming numerous terraced plains varying from nine thousand feet to fourteen thousand feet in height, stretching toward east and west for miles and miles. Isolated mountains, mostly extinguished volcanoes, are scattered over the plains. Higher and higher up these plateaus the train winds. The only vegetation to be seen is some specimens of the cactus family similar to those found in Mexico, Southern California, and Arizona.

We soon reached Crucero Alto, one hundred and eighteen miles from Arequipa, and fourteen thousand six hundred and sixty-six feet in elevation. This is the highest point of the road, and, up to the present time, the highest ever traversed by locomotives and trains.

Now gradually descending, we wound around the mountain lakes of Saracocha, thirteen thousand five hundred and ninety-five feet, and Cachipascana, thirteen thousand five hundred and eighty-five feet above the sea. The outlet of these lakes runs east and flows into Lake Titicaca. A long winding around the hills, run-

ning nearly on a dead level, brings us to Puno, two hundred and eighteen miles from Arequipa, and twelve thousand five hundred and forty feet above the sea. We must stay at Puno overnight and take the steamer the next morning on Lake Titicaca for Chililaya.

This lake is one hundred and twenty miles long and forty miles wide. It is the highest navigable lake in the world. It is twelve thousand five hundred and five feet above the sea. There are two small screw steamers running on this lake. These steamers have a freight-carrying capacity of about one hundred and twenty tons. They have accommodation for twenty-four first-class passengers. The oldest of these steamers was years ago brought up to Puno in pieces from Tacna, on the backs of mules and llamas, over the fearfully rough Cordillera of Tacara. The pass reaches an elevation of fifteen thousand feet. It was an achievement which at the time a great many people thought impossible, and it was ridiculed even in the European papers.

I will not undertake a description of the beauties of this lake and the road beyond, for I cannot do it justice. The mountains around the lake slope down to the water's edge in a succession of headlands, forming charming bays and narrow channels, never allowing the sight of land to be lost. The lake is full of islands, most of which are considered sacred by the descendants of the

Incas. These islands were dedicated to the sun and to the moon by their forefathers. There are many ruins of beautiful structures here, now called palaces of the Virgin, of the sun, the temple of the moon, etc. Tradition says that in the islands of this lake were developed the germs of Inca civilization, when they established the seat of government at Cuzco.

We anchored once during the trip. It was off Copocabana, a small town on the large peninsula of the same name. It belongs to Bolivia. Here is the shrine of Our Virgin of Copocabana, far famed over the Andes provinces of Peru and Bolivia. Thousands of pilgrims, not only poor Indians but also a great many of the best families, particularly from La Paz and the surrounding villages, unite here every year to pay tribute to the Virgin during the great church feasts in August.

Soon we started again, when the fine panorama of the immense snow-capped range of the Eastern Cordillera gradually began to rise on the horizon. It slowly showed more plainly, until the entire long chain of the mountain giants came into view, with their fields of perpetual snow and their large glaciers creeping down their sides, overlooked by the gigantic Illampo Sorato, twenty-one thousand two hundred feet high, the sharp pyramid of Huaina Potozi, twenty thousand two hundred feet, and the magnificent three-peaked Illimani. They were in full view all the way to La Paz.

This was the most sublime panorama of mountain scenery I had ever seen. Long chapters might be written to describe the beauties of the mountain scenery in the Andes, but space will not permit of it in this.

I have visited the mountain regions of Alaska, the Rocky Mountains, the White Mountains of New Hampshire, the Green Mountains of Vermont, the Alleghanies and the Alpine region of Switzerland, but I have seen nothing that will equal in beauty and grandeur the view that can be enjoyed from a trip over this route.

When we landed at Chililaya, we took the stage for La Paz. We traveled along the table-lands for forty-eight miles. The stage is an immense wagon drawn by eight horses and will accommodate eighteen persons. We had a ride of seven hours with three changes of horses.

Our first sight of La Paz was from a high ridge above the valley on which the city stands, and which we descend by zigzag turnings. The view from this bluff is grand indeed. Sixteen hundred feet below, and directly under us in a broad ravine, was spread the city of La Paz. Deep below were the grayish groups of houses of the town, divided by the gulch of the river and relieved here and there by green patches of fields and meadows, as well as by the trees and blooming shrubbery, having as a background the splendid white masses of the long range of the Cordilleras.

Descending an excellent serpentine road and further on through the narrow crooked outskirts and streets of the city itself, which are quite pretty, I reached my hotel.

La Paz has about eighty thousand inhabitants. It is one of the highest cities in the world, being twelve thousand one hundred and ten feet above the sea. Although the capital of Bolivia is at Sucar, all the foreign ministers reside at La Paz, and during the war with Chile the Legislature met here, in order to be nearer to the seat of hostilities.

Near here are grown all the products of the temperate zone, and not far away on the eastern slope can be seen all the luxuries of a tropical vegetation. The large market halls offer, every morning, a highly interesting picture of genuine Indian life. Members of all the different tribes are seen. They are chiefly women, and are very picturesque in their gay-ribboned headdresses and dark homespun woolen garments. Some flock in from their remote hamlets, often many miles away, and bring for sale their scanty products of barley, potatoes, hot peppers, etc., while others come from the rich Yungas Valley, about twenty-five miles away, and at least five thousand feet lower, leading their mules and llamas, heavily laden with the finest and choicest fruits of the tropical region, which they sell at astonishingly low prices.

The La Paz River is one of the head streams of

the mighty Amazon, which goes rushing through dark, deep ravines, full of cascades and roaring cataracts, down to the great Brazilian plains.

On my return voyage to Puno we got the full benefit of one of the bursters, so much dreaded here. It was indeed a rough night, and the storm handled our little steamer in a fearful manner. Some of the passengers got seasick and paid tribute to the god of Lake Titicaca as faithfully as they would have done to old Neptune himself under similar circumstances. I suffered in no way except from a sleepless night and by having my baggage well soaked with water, that came into the cabin when the sea rolled over the deck.

From Puno I returned to Arequipa, where I stayed fourteen days awaiting a steamer for Chile. At almost any point I visited in Peru I could see ruins of ancient towns and cities that were once inhabited by the Incas. In these can be traced vestiges of castles, walls for defenses, remains of palaces, dwellings, flights of stone steps, stone towers, aqueducts, reservoirs, foundries, prisons, and tombs. In excavating the last, many articles of gold and silver, with great quantities of pottery, silver coins, etc., have been taken from them.

Business in Peru is very dull at the present time. It has never recovered from the effects of the war with Chile. The government was left poor and many wealthy families were reduced to

poverty. The ruins and wrecks in Lima, Mollendo, and other places, give still a sad picture of what happened during the unfortunate war.

The Chilean army, after conquering the country, stole many articles of value, such as wild animals from the zoölogical garden in Lima, valuable libraries, statuary from public gardens, ornamental street lamps, etc., and conveyed them to Chile.

The Peruvians have a native drink called Chiche, which is made of Indian corn, and contains all the nutriment there is in the corn. It is pleasant to the taste, healthy and cheap. It is used in large quantities by the poor people, and supplies in a great measure the necessity for more solid food.

The Indians of Peru are called Cholers. They are the pure descendants of the Incas. Some of them are quite good looking. The men wear a poncho, a large shawl with a hole in the center, through which the head goes. The folds come down to the knees. They are never without this. It makes an overcoat by day and a blanket by night. The women wear short dresses reaching to the ankles, and Panama hats.

All along these high mountain passes I saw large flocks of exceedingly beautiful little animals called vicunas. They are much valued for their fine and precious wool, which is spun and woven into beautiful shawls and other fine woolen goods by the Indians.

I was told at Mollendo that while traveling in these great altitudes I would be likely to suffer from serocha, a kind of mountain sickness, the effects of which vary with different individuals, as does seasickness. I was not troubled with this in the least, but I observed it in others, and it appeared to annihilate all pleasure that they might otherwise have enjoyed.

Leaving Arequipa I went to Mollendo and took passage on the steamship *Virgila* for Chile. On the passage to Valparaiso a most unfortunate occurrence took place in the death of the steward of the ship. He died suddenly, and, there being no doctor on board, it was impossible to procure a certificate stating the cause of his death. This occasioned great uneasiness among the passengers, for fear we might be ordered into quarantine on our arrival at Valparaiso. Fortunately, this was not done, and we were allowed to go on shore.

Valparaiso, which means the Vale of Paradise, has a fine harbor. Hundreds of crafts can be seen here, bearing the flags of almost every nation in the world. The harbor is large and picturesque. An almost perpendicular ridge extends nearly around the bay. The city extends three or four miles along a narrow strip of land which lies between the sea and the cliffs. In some places there is only width enough for one street. At others, for three or four running parallel to each other, but these extend for only a few blocks.

The rocky cliffs have been terraced as the town has grown. The city now extends back upon the hills a long distance. One house is built above the other and is reached by winding roads and steam lifts, which carry passengers up inclined planes. What roads there are twist about in the most confusing and circuitous fashion. They are so steep that one has to stop and pant for breath as he climbs them.

From the top of these hills a magnificent view can be had of the city, bay, and surrounding country, with Aconcagua and other high peaks of the Andes in the background.

The business portion of the city is along the beach. It has fine shops and stores, which contain as complete an assortment of goods as can be found in any city of the world.

The parks and plazas here are adorned with beautiful fountains and statuary of bronze and marble, much of which was stolen from the public and private gardens of Peru during the late war.

The street car conductors are all females. They wear a neat uniform of blue flannel, a jaunty Panama hat, and a white pinafore with many pockets in which to carry their tickets and small change. The cars are double deckers, with seats upon the roof as well as within. The conductor occupies a perch upon the rear platform, taking the fare as the passenger enters. Street car riding is a popular amusement with the young men about town

to flirt with the conductors, who are sometimes quite handsome.

The experiment of having female conductors was first tried during the war with Peru, when the able-bodied men were sent to the army. It proved so successful that their employment has become permanent.

From Valparaiso I went to Santiago by a railroad which is run on the English plan. The cars are similar to those in use all over Europe. The scenery along the line is grand and picturesque, the snowcaps of the Andes being constantly in view.

Santiago is the capital of Chile and is a beautiful city. It was founded by Pedro Valdivia in 1541. It is situated on a plain at the foot of the Cordilleras Mountains.

The Alameda, the principal street of the city, is a beautiful place. It is three hundred feet wide and has four rows of poplar trees and two streams of pure running water over its entire distance. It stretches the full length of the city, three miles, from Santa Lucia to the Exposition Park and Horticultural Gardens. In the center is a wide promenade, while on either side is a driveway one hundred feet wide.

The promenade is dotted with a line of statues representing famous men or commemorating famous events in the history of Chile. There is an equestrian statue of O'Higgins, a celebrated leader

at the time of the war for independence. He is on horseback and is represented as having just ridden down a standard bearer, who is lying under his horse's feet, still grasping the fallen banner. The reins are on the horse's neck. He is rearing madly. O'Higgins' arms and hands are extended in the air, one flashing a sword, the other pointing before him, while with open mouth he is calling on his comrades to follow him.

The Alameda is thronged on pleasant afternoons with handsome carriages. From three to five o'clock several military bands are placed at intervals of nearly half a mile, and the music calls out large crowds of people to drive or walk. The equipages to be seen here are equal to those in Central Park and Rotten Row.

Fronting The Alameda on either side are the finest palaces and dwellings in the city, their beautiful gardens being adorned with fountains. In a walk through this street, a superb view of the Andes can be obtained. These mountains rise near the city to the most majestic height.

The Santa Lucia is one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen. It is a hill of rocks one thousand feet high, rising abruptly from the very heart of the city, and converted by art into one of the most beautiful of promenades and parks.

There is a succession of winding walks, stairways, parapets, and balconies, grottoes, flower beds, groves of trees, and vine-hanging arbors,

from the base to the summit. At the west side, near the edge of a precipice eight hundred feet in height, is a miniature castle and a lovely little chapel. Three or four hundred feet below the chapel, on the opposite side of the hill, is a level place on which a restaurant and outdoor theater have been erected.

This place is the resort of the aristocracy. They come here on summer nights to eat ices, drink beer, listen to the plays on the stage and to the bands of music. They make themselves merry, just as their age, fancy, or idleness impels them.

From the summit there is a splendid panoramic view of the city, the fertile valley studded with numerous hamlets and the great snowy range of the Andes. No other point about here gives one such a lovely view of the city and its numerous gardens.

The main plaza is a large open space adorned with trees, flower beds, and a miniature lake filled with thousands of goldfish of all sizes. In the middle of this lake is a showy fountain, spurting water from the mouths of numerous dragons. The great cathedral forms one side of this plaza, some public buildings another, while modern houses with arcades complete the square.

The botanical and zoölogical garden is a fine place, with a good collection of animals. Everything is well managed and neatly kept. The

National Museum is situated in the center of the garden. The Theater Municipal is one of the finest theaters I have ever seen. The interior is fitted up with very good taste, and all the latest improvements are everywhere applied to warrant a speedy exit in case of an accident.

It was in this city, on the 8th of December, 1868, during a great fire in a church, that more than two thousand women of the first families in Chile were burned to death. It was a day of high festival; the church was crowded to excess and lighted by innumerable coal oil lamps suspended from the ceiling. One of these broke and fell upon the light drapery of a woman's dress. The flames spread from lamp to lamp, and sheets of fire extended over the multitude, engulfing them in one burning mass. A handsome statue has been erected on the spot on which the church stood, to commemorate the catastrophe.

They have a very curious way here of supplying customers with milk. On the residence streets there are platforms erected a few blocks apart, upon which a cow is tied and milked to order by a dairymaid, whenever a customer calls. On a table near by are measure cans, glasses, and sometimes a bottle of brandy, so a man can mix a glass of punch if he wishes. In the morning these stands are surrounded by servants from the aristocratic families. Women and children stand with cups and buckets waiting their turn. As

fast as one cow is exhausted, another is driven upon the platform.

The shops and stores here are filled with the prettiest kinds of goods; expensive diamonds, jewelry, and laces, in fact, everything that can be found in Paris or in London, may be purchased here. The ladies of Santiago are famous for their beauty and fine complexion. They dress in the height of the Paris fashions.

At Santiago, Valparaiso, and other points I had grand views of the gigantic masses of Mt. Aconcagua lifting its table-like summit twenty-two thousand six hundred feet above the sea and far above all the snowy ranges of the Andes. No one has ever reached its summit; but greater altitudes have been reached in the Himalayas in India. It is a grand sight, standing as it does alone with no other high peak near it. The clearness of the atmosphere in this region gives one an opportunity to see it at a long distance. Nevertheless, it is only while sailing on the Pacific that one sees this mountain in its complete proportions, for the Andes, on which it rests, are heaved to such a vast altitude that the relative elevation of its summit becomes reduced by comparison with the surrounding mountains. The Andes constitute an uninterrupted mountain chain from the Straits of Magellan in the south to the Isthmus of Panama, in the north. This chain is close to the Pacific shore and is four thousand five hundred miles in length.

Along this mountain chain are broad, frigid deserts swept by fiercely cold winds and deep valleys, gorges and ravines in which flow swelling rivers or rapid torrents fed by the melting snow in the dry season and swollen by the rain during the wet season.

A railroad is being constructed across these mountains, which, when completed, will connect Chile with Argentine Republic. One can then make the trip from Valparaiso to Buenos Ayres in a Pullman car amid some of the grandest scenery in the world.

The hotels in South America as a rule are good. Some are as handsomely furnished and as well kept as any in San Francisco or New York. They are kept generally by women whose husbands are engaged in other occupations, but the servants, including cooks and bed makers, are men. Wherever I went in Chile I could see some of the ornaments which had been stolen from Peru during the war—ornamental street lamps, benches of carved stone in parks, pretty iron fences, images from the cemeteries, altar equipments, etc. Among other things are two marble statues, one of George Washington, the other of Abraham Lincoln. They stand in the courtyard of the post office in Santiago. They were also brought from Peru.

Everywhere I went in Central and South America, I noticed large numbers of churches and

monasteries, with a great number of priests and devotees, the latter mostly of the fair sex.

Leaving Santiago I returned to Valparaiso and embarked on the fine Pacific Steam Navigation Co.'s steamer *Pizarro* for Callao. For the last six months the ports north of Chile had been closed to all vessels from any Chilean port, but they were now open to vessels which would undergo a quarantine in the first port at which they would call. So when we reached Mollende, our ship was condemned to pass the five days in quarantine at this port. We were made very comfortable on board during the time, thanks to the officers of the ship.

In the passage from Chile I had an opportunity to pay short visits to Iquique, Pasaqua, and Arica. A large business is conducted at every one of these places, in the manufacture of salt petre from the nitrate of soda that is found in great quantities in the interior.

The ports belonged to Peru before the war with Chile, at which time they were taken and still remain the property of the Chilean Government. It was at Arica, in 1868, that the steamship *Wateree* was carried about a mile inland by a tidal wave that followed the earthquake which was so disastrous to life and property at Araquipa and other places in the vicinity. Nothing remains now of the noble ship but the boilers, which still mark the spot where she was stranded. The *Wateree* belonged to the United States Navy.

When relieved from quarantine, we proceeded on our way to Callao. After waiting ten days I took passage on the stamship *Puno* for Panama. As I came on board, I noticed a young man whom I took to be an American. I could plainly see, by his pale face, sunken eyes, and emaciated form, that his life was fast drawing to a close. I learned very little of his previous history, but he said he had left a happy home three years before, in good health and with prospects for the future. He had contracted in Peru that dread disease, consumption. The only hope left him was that he might be spared long enough to reach his native land, where he might die peacefully, surrounded by friends and relatives. He had a mother and two sisters anxiously awaiting him. But, alas, that foul destroyer had taken too strong a hold on him, and he died before reaching Panama! He was consigned to the deep, there to remain until the sea shall give up its dead. A death and burial on land is sad, but it is more affecting at sea, for it is usually among strangers, with no friends or relatives to soothe and comfort one in the last hour, or to shed a tear at the grave.

From Panama I traveled on the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer *Acapulco* for San Francisco, where I arrived after an absence of nearly six months. During that time I had traversed twelve thousand miles by water. The weather was delightful during the entire journey.

We had no storms at sea, and the various ships were as steady as anything on the water can be. Even the most forlorn of the passengers had little excuse for seasickness.

The trip, on the whole, was an enjoyable one. There were some few detentions that could not be avoided. They were annoying, but there is always some bitter to be tasted with every sweet. The bee, which finds a thorn on every rose, comes home laden with honey.

My arrival home has been welcomed by many a friend, for there are few who have not a friend to take an interest in their return. The whole trip was accomplished without an accident and devoid of the slightest illness. Once more I thank kind Providence, who watched over me and guided me through all the dangers of so long a journey.

And now the excursion is finished. I warmly thank those whom I chanced to meet as I journeyed from place to place, for they showed me every kindness and attended to all my wants. I now bid them all adieu.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SECOND TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

AFTER my return from South America I determined that at some future time I would take another trip around the world, over a different route from the one I had traveled before, and visit some parts of the world that I had not yet seen. So, after making all necessary arrangements for the voyage, I started on this most interesting trip, and I will endeavor to give a feeble description of the route and some of the sights on the way.

I left San Francisco in the latter part of January, 1890, on the steamship *Australia*, for Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. The scenes and incidents connected with the departure of all ocean steamers are substantially the same, and, having described them in previous chapters, I will spare the reader, and say only that a large crowd had collected at the wharf to bid their friends good-bye and Godspeed on their journey. Amid

kisses, hand shaking, regrets, tears, and waving of handkerchiefs, the bell rang, the gates were closed, and the great ship started on her long journey.

We soon passed Fort Alcatraz, and glided out through the Golden Gate into the broad Pacific. I stood on the deck watching the hills along the coast, and saw them change from green to blue and from blue to purple, behind us, until at length they sank in the distance.

I then turned my attention to my fellow-passengers, to see whom fate had thrown together, for it is often the case that a journey which would otherwise be long and tedious is rendered delightful by good company. We soon became acquainted with one another, even formed friendships, made a little society of our own, and parted reluctantly at the end of the voyage.

I have always found persons on an ocean voyage who like to have someone to talk with and to communicate their adventures or prospects. One often meets with queer characters on such voyages, but it is an easy matter to reject such as do not harmonize with us as soon as that fact is fairly ascertained.

The passage to Honolulu was uneventful. We had fine weather, and the time was spent in the amusements that are usually indulged in on such voyages. It was rendered particularly interesting by two natives of the islands, who entertained the passengers each evening in the social hall with

native songs, rendered by a beautiful male and female voice, to the accompaniment of a guitar.

Early on the morning of the seventh day out we saw land. It was the island of Maui, fifty miles south of us. Soon after we saw the island of Molekai, then the island of Oahu, on which the city of Honolulu is situated. As we approached this island, we found the coast to be wild and rugged, with coral and volcanic hills. Between these hills green valleys covered with groves of cocoanut palms came down to the ocean. As we drew nearer to the harbor, we could see a broad plain backed by mountains and covered with trees, above whose green foliage arose the spires of the city of Honolulu.

These islands were discovered by Captain Cook in 1778. He was murdered by the natives in the same year. There are eleven islands in all, eight of which are inhabited. The population of the group at the present time is about eighty thousand, one-half of whom are natives. The remainder are foreigners. At the time of their discovery the population was about three hundred thousand. The natives were formerly barbarians, but missionaries reached there from Boston in 1820, and since then civilization has spread gradually all over the group.

The government is a limited monarchy. There is a king, a house of lords, and a house of representatives. The members of both houses are elected by the people.

Honolulu is the capital of the kingdom. It is situated on the island of Oahu, and has a population of about twenty-five thousand, including whites, natives, and Chinese. The city is very pretty. It has many fine business blocks, several beautiful public parks, and along most of the streets are low-built cottages standing well back, with broad, inviting verandas, nearly hidden by tropical and semi-tropical plants, trees, and flowers. This city is full of choice ornamental shade trees, among which are the cocoanut palm, bread-fruit, and candle nut. The Royal Band gives concerts at the Hawaiian Hotel two or three evenings of the week, and discourses excellent music. The drives about the city are beautiful and well kept. There are many things to be seen in and about the city that are interesting and amusing. Weeks could be spent here and every day one would be able to see something new and strange.

From here I took a trip to the volcano of Kilauea, the largest active volcano in the world. It is situated on the island of Hawaii, the largest of the group. This island is ninety miles long and seventy-four miles wide. It contains four thousand two hundred and ten square miles. The volcano has a crater on the eastern side of Mauna Loa, four thousand and forty feet above the level of the sea.

I left Honolulu by the steamship *Kinau* for Hilo, a distance of nearly two hundred and fifty

miles. The greater portion of this trip is occupied in crossing the channels between the different islands. These channels are remarkable for their roughness and heavy ocean swells. The roughness of the English Channel, or Lake Titicaca, is nothing when compared with these channels. They are a dread to even old seafaring voyagers.

The scenery of Hawaii is grand and picturesque. Numberless waterfalls pour over the high bluffs, and on the uplands are great fields of sugar cane. Beyond these can be seen the three great peaks of the island. Mauna Kea is on the left. It rises thirteen thousand eight hundred and five feet above the sea and is capped with snow. On the right is the lesser mountain, called Haulalai, eight thousand two hundred and seventy-five feet in height, while in the middle the superb rounded dome of Mauna Loa rises thirteen thousand six hundred and seventy-five feet above the sea level.

On the morning of the second day out we arrived at Hilo. This is a small, quiet town and conveys a perfect idea of tropical life. The town has a great variety of fruit-bearing trees, among which the alligator pear is prominent.

It rains almost every day in Hilo, and I was told that one hundred and thirty inches have fallen during a single year. This accounts for the many brooks and rivulets that pervade the gardens and course along the roadsides. The distance is thirty miles from Hilo to the volcano,

twelve of which are made by carriage and the remainder on horseback over a rough trail.

The whole route is full of the evidences of fierce volcanic action. Soon after leaving the town we entered the Hilo woods. For several miles the scenery is unsurpassed by any tropical woodland view I have ever seen. The road is a good one, and the forest includes an infinite variety of trees, shrubs, vines, and ferns. The ferns especially grow in the greatest profusion. Beyond the forest land are groves of cocoanut palms, which will flourish where no other tree will grow.

About seven miles from the Volcano House we entered a second strip of woods, and when we emerged from this we were close to the hotel on the edge of the crater. This will be a very easy and interesting trip after the completion of the carriage road which is being built by the government. It will run through the most beautiful woodland views imaginable, where at every turn in ascending or descending there is something new and beautiful to be seen. It would be almost a hopeless task to try to describe the richness and variety of plant life along the route.

Standing on the bank of the crater of Kilauea, a few rods from the Volcano House, we looked down five or six hundred feet upon the floor of the pit. It looks smooth from this height, but when the descent to it is made, it is found to be tossed and torn into massive mounds and waves

of all shapes and sizes, resembling the waves of a stormy sea. This pit or caldron is nine miles in circumference and three miles long by two miles wide. The entire length of this must be traversed on foot in order to reach the lake of fire.

I started from the hotel under the care of a guide at three P. M. and reached the lake of fire just at dusk. This is without doubt the most wonderful and the most beautiful exhibition of its kind in the world, and must be seen to be fully appreciated. The lake of melted lava varies in size at different times and is continually changing. At the time of my visit it was about four hundred feet long by two hundred feet wide. It was coated with a black crust, excepting the five active fountains in different parts of the lake. They were tossing lava twenty-five or thirty feet into the air. The lava twisted into serpent-like shapes, brilliantly illuminating the thick vapors that form in the sulphur pits and the clouds above.

This is a magnificent spectacle at night, and one would never tire of watching it. Soon the black crust began to crack, forming a glowing network upon it. These seams rapidly widened, great cakes of lava broke off, turned up their edges, shot out in all directions, and dived into the fiery gulf below. Fountains of fire would shoot everywhere, then with a sharp spitting sound the entire crust went down, and the lake became in an instant one vast expanse of boiling,

spouting billows of flame. A few minutes more and the lake had cooled; a hard crust had formed over it; the spirting fountains had changed their position. In a short time the movement began again. The lake burst open as before, and the mass that had been black but a few minutes previous became a second time a seething red sheet of fire. This volcano is constantly changing. It increases and diminishes, but in only a few instances has it been known to wholly die out, and then only for a few weeks at a time.

This is only a feeble description of what is to be seen at Kilauea. I have tried to give only some of its most important features, the memory of which will linger with me as long as I live. I sat there and watched it until I was satisfied. I then returned to the Volcano House under the care of my guide, stumbling over blocks of lava and through vast fields of sulphur holes, from which poured jets of hot, blinding steam so heavily laden with sulphur as to make it difficult to breathe. We reached our hotel in safety at ten o'clock in the evening. We found a nice warm supper awaiting us, which we enjoyed. After a cozy chat by a cheerful log fire, I had a few hours of deep, sweet sleep.

This trip from Honolulu was the roughest by sea and the hardest by land that I have ever made, but the scene I witnessed more than repaid me for the hardship I had to endure, and I would not have missed it for the world.

Along the edge of the volcano are numerous large tree ferns, often reaching to the height of twenty feet, with leaves eight or ten inches long and stems three or four inches in diameter. They are very beautifully colored, revealing all the shades of green. They are the marvel and delight of every lover of nature. There are also red berries here, called by the natives ohelo. They resemble large red currants, and are somewhat agreeable to the taste. These berries were considered sacred to the fire goddess Pele by the natives until the beginning of the present century. No one dared to eat of them before he had thrown some into the fiery pit of the volcano.

In the year 1825 a famous chiefess who had been converted from paganism to the Christian religion by the missionaries, is said to have defied the power of the fire goddess Pele. She visited the volcano, reproved the idolatrous worshipers, and neglected every rite which they had been taught to consider necessary for their welfare. In vain the priests threatened her with the vengeance of the offended deity. She replied that she feared them not; that the fire of the volcano was the work of the God she worshiped, and that she would abide the consequences of daring Pele in the recesses of her domain. After eating several of the berries, she went to the brink of the abyss, descended several hundred feet towards the liquid lava, and cast some of the berries into the flames—an act most

sacrilegious, according to their ideas. Then she praised God amidst one of the most sublime of his works.

From there I returned to Honolulu by the same route and embarked on the steamship *Mariposa* for Auckland, New Zealand. On the way we stayed a short time at the island of Tutuila, one of the Samoan group. Here we were met by a small boat. Mail for the other islands was taken on board and landed. Any letters that were written on our ship were taken ashore and mailed for their destination in any part of the world. These are the islands that suffered such destruction of life and property by the great hurricane about a year ago, when several ships of the German and American navy were wrecked.

On Wednesday, February 26, within two days' sail from Auckland, we crossed the one hundred and eightieth meridian of longitude from Greenwich. The next morning we awoke to find it Friday, the 28th. The explanation of this is simple. Traveling toward the west we were going with the sun and constantly gaining upon it. If we should go completely around the world, we would gain an entire day on the circuit. Going eastward, it is reversed and we lose time. Therefore, it is necessary, in order to rectify this loss or gain of time, to strike a day out of the week when going westward and to add one when going eastward.

The point selected for this is just half way around the world from the observatory at Greenwich. The difference in time between this parallel and Greenwich being twelve hours, a vessel sailing westward is twelve hours earlier than the time at Greenwich, and one sailing eastward is twelve hours later.

Should these vessels continue on to Greenwich, they would, of course, be twenty-four hours behind and twenty-four hours ahead respectively. To rectify this the West-bound ship drops a day out of its reckoning, and the other ship adds one. At Greenwich they both show the same time. As we were going westward, we had no Thursday in our week, but had we been sailing eastward, we would have had two.

Auckland is approached by a long, winding, beautiful harbor, protected on all sides by high bluffs. The city is rather pretty, and has a population of fifty thousand. It lies on the slopes of two hills, one being on each side of Queen Street. It is a sleepy place and purely English.

We arrived here at six o'clock in the morning. On reaching the shore I tried to find a cab or a carriage to take me to the places I wished to visit. I was told that no carriages would be on the street until nine o'clock. I then went to a livery stable, engaged a horse and buggy, and rode all over the place, including the summit of Mt. Eden.

This is a beautiful round mound in the form of

a sugar loaf, about one thousand feet high, lying near the city, from whose summit superb views are obtained of the sea, city, and surrounding country. Looking southward, the view extends over a large extent of country, rising from which are numerous volcanic peaks, whose fires have long since died out, but the evidences of their mighty works are strewn all over the country.

Turning to the north, the city lies spread out at our feet, with its parks and gardens, which are very fine and extensive. Farther on is the beautiful bay, with its many outlying islands, crowned with mountains, whose summits rise high. Beyond these, extending as far as the eye can reach, is the great Pacific.

About noon I returned to the vessel, and we started for Sydney. It is a distance of twelve hundred miles, which is four days' travel The first twelve hours we ran near the land, along the coast of Northern New Zealand, which is high and picturesque. We then rounded North Cape, and left far behind the Three Kings, a group of islands a few miles north of the cape, and the last land we were destined to see until the shores of Australia should greet our sight. This route is said to be the roughest part of the Pacific Ocean. Our trip, however, seemed to have been an exception, for the ocean was as calm and peaceful as one could wish, and well deserved the name Pacific.

In fact, the entire trip from San Francisco to Sydney was made during beautiful weather. Most of the way the sea was as smooth as the Bay of San Francisco on a calm day. As a rule, the Pacific is not so rough as the Atlantic, nor is the weather as hot here as in the same latitude of the eastern hemisphere. There was no day during the voyage that we did not have a cool breeze, which made it delightful to lie back in a steamer chair, and gaze at the almost boundless ocean, while the ship plowed along.

On coming to Sydney we passed through at the Heads, a small opening in a long line of almost unbroken red cliffs, into a landlocked harbor called Port Jackson. From that point can be seen the Queen City of the southern hemisphere, Sydney, with its great buildings, towers, domes, spires, monuments, lofty chimneys, and forest of ships.

It was at these Heads in 1856 that the captain of a British ship returning from England with a large load of passengers, undertook to make the harbor without the aid of a pilot. It being a very dark night and the wind blowing a gale, he mistook the entrance, and in a few minutes all were lost excepting one man. He was found the next day clinging to some rocks under the cliffs, was rescued, and told the fate of the ship.

The harbor of Sydney is one of the finest in the world. It is sheltered by bold and lofty bluffs.

The city was founded in 1788. Its natural situation is very beautiful. It stands on a ridge of sandstone rock which runs down to the bay in numerous ridges, between which lie the natural harbors of the place. It is a pretty city, and is the capital of New South Wales, one of the five colonies of which Australia is composed.

Each colony has its own governor, parliament, postal and railway system. New South Wales is a free-trade colony. So one arriving at Sydney suffers no examination of baggage, but if he takes the train for Melbourne, his luggage must be examined at the frontier of the next colony.

Many of the buildings in Sydney are made of freestone, which looks light and cheerful, but the streets are narrow and crooked. The city has many fine statues, prominent among which are those of the queen of England, the prince consort, and Captain Cook.

The National Art Gallery, which stands in the midst of a great park, called the Domain, has a large collection of paintings. It is always open to the public. There are pretty parks and public gardens, including the Zoölogical and Botanical Gardens, each with a good collection, making delightful resorts. All these parks and gardens, together with the National Museum, are open to the public at all times free of charge.

While I was in Australia, I took a trip to Botany Bay. This place was discovered by Captain

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Cook, and was the first place on which white men landed in Australia. It is only a few miles from Sydney, and forms a pleasure resort for the people of that city. It is reached by rail. The cars are double deckers. I sat on the roof, with many others, and had a splendid chance to see the country.

During my stay in Sydney I took a trip to the celebrated Jenolan Caves, formerly called the Fish River Caves. They are situated in the range of the Blue Mountains. The route is by rail to Mt. Victoria Station, seventy-five miles, thence by stage thirty-six miles. Starting from Sydney we passed through the richest farming country in New South Wales, called the Emu Plains. We then came to the foot of the Blue Mountains, which rise abruptly from the plain. Here we encountered the "Zigzag," which is one of the greatest feats of railroad engineering in Australia.

The view, looking back over the vast extent of settled country, as one climbs the ascent, is grand. On the summit the country seems to be a level pleateau, well wooded, with pleasant streams here and there. Suddenly one comes upon the edge of an abyss, a deep, narrow gorge, fifteen hundred feet in depth, with a stream of water at the bottom, while from and near its side rise huge pillars of rock from six hundred to three thousand feet in height.

I visited three of these narrow cañons with huge waterfalls, called Wentworth Falls, Katoomba Falls, and Gobett's Leap.

Wentworth Valley, below the falls, is a narrow gorge, into whose gloomy depths a beautiful stream vanishes in a series of magnificently graceful cataracts. At the head of this valley is a rocky, perpendicular wall of about one thousand feet in height. From the base of this wall the lower cliffs fall away in terraces, until the sides nearly meet.

These valleys, gullies, and waterfalls reminded me very much of the Grand Cañon in the Yellowstone National Park. All along the sides of these mountains, at the altitude of between three and four thousand feet, are some of the favorite summer resorts of the Sydney people.

Leaving Mt. Victoria Station by stage, we climbed higher and higher amid beautiful scenery, until we reached the height of four thousand three hundred and sixty-five feet. Then we descended the mountain side by sharp zigzags for some two thousand feet, until the mouth of the caves was reached. Here we were conducted to the Cave House, a rough but very comfortable building. It is located in a ravine, with steep hills rising on both sides. Facing the house is a grand arch, five hundred feet long, sixty feet high, and fifty feet wide, through which a lovely stream courses its way at a rapid rate.

These caves were discovered in 1841 by a band of mounted police who traced a number of fleeing convicts to their shelter. The extent of the caves was not known until 1856. Mr. Willson, the present proprietor of the Cave House, while hunting wild cattle, came across them, and commenced their exploration. The government then took possession of them and reserved them as public property, paying Mr. Willson one hundred and fifty pounds per year during his life. The area thus set apart is about six square miles.

The caves are of enormous extent. The entire region is a mass of limestone and shells, which shows an upheaval from the sea. Deep gorges and valleys have been carved out of this by rain and running water, which have worn away the rock and hollowed out the caves. The mountain for an unknown distance is honeycombed with these in series at different levels. Some of them are hundreds of feet above the others. These caves form the most beautiful spectacle I have ever seen. Their beauty and grandeur surpass all description.

Passages open above or below into great halls, or abysses, hundreds of feet in height. There is great wealth of beauty and variety of form and color of the alabaster-like material. Brilliant crystals hanging from the roof and encrusting the walls vary in size from gigantic columns to the most delicate fretwork. All of these places

have been given names, such as Bridal Veil, Grecian Bend, Confectionery Shop, Lot's Wife, etc. One is very appropriately called Crystal City, for the crystallizations have arranged themselves over a level floor in miniature likeness to a collection of buildings, streets, towers, and ramparts. Another well-named spot, and the most striking of all, is the battle field. It is really a crystallized vision of a battle. I could see the confused mass of men at arms, horses and banners struggling slowly down over the edge. There they stand as if afraid to proceed.

Still another of exquisite beauty has been properly called The Mystery. It is a great mass of crystallization, several feet in extent—a tangled maze of branches and lace-like filaments, sparkling in every direction with gems, not only beautiful in form but of the loveliest colors mingled with the purest white.

The variety of coloring is remarkable. Sometimes you will see a single brown or red pillar among a forest of white ones. There are so many of these beautiful objects that I will not attempt to describe them all, so will speak of only two more.

In one of these chambers a number of stalactites give out beautiful soft tones when struck. A tune can be played upon them. This place is called Music Hall. In the lower caves are streams whose sources are still unknown, and pools of clear

water whose depths are very deceptive. The reflection of the stalactites in this pool is charming. The most attractive caves are the two Imperials and the Lucus. The former two are lit by means of electricity.

Before leaving the hotel each visitor is provided with candles. The guide carries a magnesium lamp of two hundred and fifty candle power, which throws its light all over each hall and chamber, showing the stalactites splendidly. Three hours are spent in every one of the three above-named caves. A great deal has been done by the authorities to make these wonders accessible to the public. They have cut staircases, railed off the most dangerous places, erected long wire ladders, and have fenced in many of the more delicate objects. No one is allowed to enter a cave without a guide who is provided by the government. There is no charge for services or for admission, but a small fee is collected from every visitor to pay for the candles and for the magnesium lights. This trip was made under some difficulty on account of the heavy rains, which swelled the streams and rendered the roads impassable. For this reason I was detained three days and was compelled to walk three miles to reach the caves. In good weather this would be a delightful trip. The roads would be in fine condition and the scenery grand in the extreme. But the trip is worth taking under the most trying conditions.

On my return to Sydney I stayed a few days and then went to Melbourne, a distance of five hundred and seventy miles by rail. Sleeping cars are run on the night trains, but they are not so fine nor are the accommodations as good as on roads of the same length in America. At Albury, a station on the dividing line between the Colonies of New South Wales and Victoria, a change of cars is made, because the colonies insist on maintaining different gauges for their railways. The country along the route is generally uninteresting. The landscape is everywhere lacking in the picturesque, by reason of the monotony of its foliage. The eucalyptus is almost the only species to be seen, which at its best is not a very beautiful tree. The soil is rich and produces everything that can be raised in California, besides many kinds of fruit which are unknown in California. Fruit is sold for about one-half the California price.

Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, is situated on the banks of the Yarra. It has a population of nearly four hundred thousand, and differs much from Sydney. The latter, with its beautiful bay and surroundings, is much more picturesque, but the streets of Melbourne are wider and better laid out. Melbourne has several fine parks and public gardens, beautified with trees, miniature lakes, fountains, rocky basins, and artificial waterfalls. The Botanical and Zoölogical Gardens are particularly interesting, the latter because it contains

a number of birds and animals that are natives of the country. The kangaroo and wombat are, I believe, to be found in no other in the world. There are also animals of different lands, as are to be seen in our traveling menageries. There is a fine collection of the feathered races, those of Australia being noted for the gorgeousness of their plumage.

Melbourne has a fine system of cable railways. The cars are of the same pattern as those in use on the Market Street system in San Francisco. They are well patronized. The streets are so wide that the cars are not a hindrance to other traffic.

While in Australia I visited Van Dieman's Land, now called Tasmania. The trip occupies twenty hours, three of which are spent on the Yarra River and Hobson Bay. We then passed out through the heads into the open sea just at nightfall. This is generally a rough trip and there was no exception to the rule in our case. Our little craft was tossed about like an eggshell, but she was a good sea boat and rode the waves splendidly. When I awoke next morning, land was in sight. On approaching it we entered the broad river Tamar, whose banks are lined with rushes and gum trees. As we proceeded, we passed in rapid succession lovely islands, rounded slopes, fertile flats with verdant foliage, and here and there isolated houses. After three hours' ride

up this river between narrowing banks that disclosed some fresh beauty at every turn, we approached the city of Launceston.

It is the second city in size on the island, Hobart being the largest It is situated at the junction of the North and South Esk Rivers, where they merge into the wider waters of the Tamar. There is not much to be seen except the gorge through which the North Esk tumbles down to the Tamar in a series of cascades, gliding between huge rocks several hundreds of feet in height, forming a living picture of great beauty.

From there I went by a narrow-gauge railway to Hobart, the capital of the island. The route is over steep grades, around sharp curves, and through picturesque scenery. About twenty miles from Hobart we came in sight of the River Derwent, which we followed to the city. The shores of this river are bold and picturesque. The hills rise beyond them in flowing lines until they melt into distant mountains. These, with capes, trees, and dwellings, form a picture the beauty of which is rarely surpassed.

Hobart is a pretty city charmingly situated. It is surrounded by hills and mountains, except where the Derwent opens into lake-like form, making a deep and well-sheltered harbor, whence it leads its way into the Southern Ocean. There are many delightful drives about Hobart, and excursion steamers make daily trips to places of interest in the vicinity.

I took a fifteen-mile drive into the country over the Huon Road. As soon as we left the streets of the city, we commenced to ascend an easy grade and a good road along the base of Mt. Wellington, until we reached an elevation of one thousand two hundred feet. Along this road are grand primeval forests. The huge stumps of the gum trees alternate with vegetation of a lesser growth. The underwood is starred everywhere with bush flowers and ferns. The wattle tree, with a pretty yellow flower, the lily of the valley, and the honeysuckle, besides a score of other varieties, are to be seen everywhere.

On the western side of the island are vast forests, and mountains rise from five thousand feet to the dome of Ben Lomond, fifteen thousand and ten feet above the sea. The island is very productive. The apples, pears, and peaches are noted for their size and flavor. In fact, all the fruits of the northern countries are produced here in great abundance and perfection. The island is renowned for its beautiful women. The ones born there are very good looking, as a rule. The native Indians are quite extinct. The last one, a woman, died in 1876.

Tasmania, or, as it was then known, Van Dieman's Land, was for many years a penal colony, and ships arriving here from England with convicts landed at Hobart. But that kind of immigration was stopped many years ago. Tasmania

is now one of the Australian colonies, with a governor, House of Parliament, and House of Representatives, but, like the other colonies, it is under the protection of Great Britain.

Returning to Melbourne, I embarked on the steamship *Yarra*, of the French mail, for Marseilles, France. Our first stopping place was Port Adelaide, where we took the train for the city of Adelaide, nine miles inland. It is an attractive city, of nearly thirty thousand inhabitants. It is the capital of South Australia. Its streets are wide. Most of the houses are built of white sandstone. The trim gardens, well-kept lawns, and luxuriant hawthorne hedges give the city a light and cheerful appearance. While I was here, I took a carriage ride over the town and visited the Botanical Gardens. They are quite extensive and very handsome. They are adorned with statuary, artificial lakes, trees, ferns, and flowers, making a most delightful resort. People gather there by the thousands to promenade to the lively strains of music rendered by a military band.

Our next stopping place was at Albany, a small town on the shore of King George's Sound, in Western Australia. The coast line along this sound is broken but picturesque. Some of the capes rise perpendicularly from the sea. As we approached the entrance to the harbor, great basaltic columns were to be seen at the right and left, resembling castles and towers, rising in many

places more than a thousand feet above the sea. There is not much to be seen in Albany—a few streets and some fine residences surrounded by flower gardens. The town lies in a nice little cove on the sound, a beautiful sheet of water studded with rocky islands. Beyond this is Cape Lunen, the last land we were destined to see for twelve days. Leaving here, we rounded this cape and commenced our journey of three thousand nine hundred and twenty-six miles, to make one of the islands in the Sechelles group. We were now fairly out of the South Pacific and in the Indian Ocean.

On the third day out we encountered a gale from the southwest, which lasted all day. The sea presented a sublime spectacle. It was lashed by the wind into huge, mountain-like waves, which came rolling over and over from as far as the eye could reach. It was a grand sight to me, for I am not timid or affected by the motion of the ship. I sat on deck for hours watching the foaming heaps of water as they came rolling directly towards us. Our ship met them nobly and rode triumphantly over their heads.

Towards night the wind went down, and the next morning we had a bright sky, a pleasant wind, and a smooth sea. When I woke on the morning of the twelfth day from Albany, land was in sight. It was hailed with delight by all on board. I know of nothing that affords one so

much pleasure as a stroll on shore after being confined for weeks to the narrow limits of a steamship, with nothing to see but the sky and the ocean. We had reached the island of Mahe, one of the Sechelles group. It is situated in the Indian Ocean off the coast of Madagascar, four degrees south of the equator.

These islands, together with the Mauritius group lying near, belong to England. They form a colony, have a governor and House of Parliament.

The island presents an attractive picture as one approaches it from the sea. It appears to be one vast mountain of rock, with little or no vegetation, but on entering the beautiful bay on which the town is located, an enchanting landscape is spread out to view. The immediate vicinity is rich with all kinds of tropical vegetation, running far back into the foothills. Further on, overlooking this, is a perpendicular ledge of rock almost a thousand feet in height. It extends the entire length of the island, with pinnacle after pinnacle rising in the air. They resemble the spires and minarets of a large city.

The population is fifteen thousand. Nearly all are black. About three thousand of these are residents of the picturesque little town of the port. This island was not inhabited by any native race when England took possession of it. Afterwards people were brought from Africa by vessels of the

British Navy. The town has a few business streets, that are very narrow and are without sidewalks. Back of these, in the residence portion, are strewn thousands of immense bowlders and rocks that have broken from the ledge above and have come tumbling down to where they now lie.

All over this portion of the town are small, primitive dwellings, built, not upon streets but upon bridle paths that wind among the rocks and bowlders. These are shaded by delightful groves of lemon, banana, cocoanut, and breadfruit, so dense that the sun can scarcely penetrate them. The climate is extremely warm. While walking along these paths, one sees the entire population sitting in groups upon rocks under these shades, gossiping and idling away their time as best suits their fancy. The industry of this island is the cultivation of vanilla, cloves, nutmegs, cinnamon, black pepper, cocoa, and coffee.

The next day after leaving here we crossed the equator, and it was pleasant to see rising higher and higher in the evening skies the familiar constellations. The northern heavens are much more brilliant than the southern. We were glad to bid farewell to the Southern Cross and see again the Great Bear and the Polar Star. It seemed like meeting old friends.

Our next landing place was Aden, in Arabia. This is a small town, located on the Gulf of Aden, near the entrance to the Red Sea. Surrounding

the town are vast mountains of rock, destitute of vegetation. The city is located about five miles inland. It is situated on a dry plain at the foot of almost perpendicular bluffs of volcanic rocks. It is a fine drive from the port to the city. The road is good and is lined with half-naked Arabs on foot, and camels and donkeys heavily laden with all kinds of merchandise. Looking back from the highest point on the road, which is reached by zigzags, the sight is a grand one. It is a moving panorama of life. The city has a population of nearly thirty thousand, mostly black. It is supplied with water from some ancient tanks that were built about the year 600.

Aden is supposed to be a large crater formed of lofty, precipitous hills, of which the highest peak is one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five feet in height. These slope toward the sea, with numerous spires, which form a series of valleys radiating from a common center. The descent of the rain water from these hills through numerous ravines converges into one valley above the town, where tanks are located for the collection and storage of water. There are thirteen now in use. Some are formed by a dyke, which is built across the valley, others, by being cut out of the rock. In fact, every feature of the rock has been taken advantage of and connected by small aqueducts, so that no water is lost. The overflow of one tank has been conducted into the succeeding

one; thus a complete chain has been formed, reaching to the town.

From there I went to Suez, passed through the Red Sea and the Gulf of Suez, where to our right could be seen the historic Mt. Sinai. This is the mountain on which Moses is believed to have received the commandments. At Suez we commenced our journey through the canal. We were piloted on the block system, except in the great lakes, where ships pass each other freely and steam at full speed.

At every station there are signal posts, from which steamships are directed to go into the siding or into the canal as may be required. All vessels running at night have an electric projector, that throws light from twelve to fifteen hundred yards. It was a grand sight to see six or eight great ships go on while we waited at a siding.

Arriving at Port Said, at the northern end of the canal, I spent a few hours on shore. I had been here in 1883. It was the first place I visited on this trip that I had seen before. It had not changed. We were beset, as formerly, by a herd of beggars of all nations. Groups of idle Arabs in their native dress lounging about the streets, a few women in their dark blue gowns and veils, some camels and donkeys, are all that are to be remembered of Port Said.

It was our last landing place until we reached Marseilles. On this voyage we passed many of the

beautiful islands of the Mediterranean, which broke the monotony of the journey. On the day after leaving Port Said, we ran along the coast of Crete or Candia for some distance. On the morning of the third day we passed through the Straits of Messina, which separate Italy from the island of Sicily. The scenery is grand. The run through the straits takes about three hours. At our left, on the island of Sicily, there is a succession of ridges terminating near the water's edge in bluffs. Between these ridges are delightful little valleys gradually sloping down to the water, with numerous towns and hamlets nestling among luxuriant groves of oranges, lemons, and olives. Back of these rise the black, volcanic dome of Mt. Etna, ten thousand eight hundred and eighty feet high. The whole forms a picture not soon to be forgotten.

The city of Messina lies along these straits in full view. It was founded by the Greeks as a colony nearly three thousand years ago, and is still a flourishing port. It seems to spread itself along the shore for miles. Old castles and towers top every eminence. They are flanked by strong modern forts and handsome buildings that rise one above another. The whole being backed by a dark forest, gives the town a fine appearance from the sea. After emerging from the straits, we passed the Lipari Group of volcanic islands. From the domes of some I could see smoke rising, especially Stromboli. This is a round dome rising from the sea in the shape of a sugar loaf.

The next morning we passed through the Straits of Bonifacio, between Corsica and Sardinia. These islands are barren and mountainous. There is not much to be seen on them from the ship except the sight of land, which is always interesting to one on an ocean voyage. The following morning we were at Marseilles, thus completing our journey of nearly ten thousand miles and occupying thirty-three days. The trip was uneventful. There was a large number of passengers of different nationalities. The ship was well appointed, and all minor details, such as board, cabin, etc., were all that could be desired. The weather was brilliantly fine for the most part. Dances, games, theatricals, etc., marked at intervals the progress of the voyage. General comfort and good will existed on board.

CHAPTER XV.

CONTINUATION OF SECOND TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

MARSEILLES is the oldest city in Western Europe. It was founded by the Phoenicians six hundred years before Christ. The city was a republic, electing a council of six hundred members, who chose from among themselves fifteen rulers. They formed several colonies, and the city prospered. She was in the height of her glory at the time of Cæsar. But having taken sides against him, he destroyed the fortifications, robbed her of all her treasures and of all her colonies excepting Nice, leaving her so weak that she fell an easy prey to the Goths and other barbarians. She did not recover her greatness for centuries. At the time of the Crusades, the city was as rich and important as in its early days. In 1660 Louis XIV. succeeded in conquering it and in depriving it of its ancient rights. He united it to France, so its independence was at an end.

The city is situated in the midst of a semicircle of mountains of whitish rock. It has a beautiful harbor, in front of which are several rocky islands. The surrounding country is a dusty valley, which is carefully cultivated, being planted with vineyards and orchards of olive, fig, and pomegranate trees. The old town is ugly but the new part is built of light-colored stone. It has broad streets and fine sidewalks. Its population is nearly six hundred thousand. The city slopes gradually upward from the harbor on two hills almost four hundred feet above the sea. On the top of one of these stands the church of Notre Dame. There is a high terrace in front of this church. It is ascended by several paths and many steps, from which an extensive view of the city and country can be obtained.

One can see the entire width of the valley and innumerable white villas on the surrounding hills. In the opposite direction the view extends over the harbor and the barren group of islands at its entrance, with the Mediterranean in the distance. The city contains fine museums, parks, and zoölogical gardens.

From Marseilles I went to Nice by rail. The route is along the coast near the water. It is dotted with villages and summer residences and lined with cactus hedges. One sees on the way numerous olive orchards, also gardens of violets, cassia flowers, roses, and other fragrant blos-

soms, which are manufactured into perfumery. Nice is a charming place. It is situated on the shores of the Mediterranean, and is celebrated for its pure air and mild temperature. Fogs being unknown, thousands of people from the north of Europe gather here during the winter months. There are many hotels for their accommodation.

From Nice I went to Monaco and Monte Carlo. This is a delightful jaunt, through gardens and orange groves, past fields of almond trees in full bloom and hillsides covered with olives. To our right, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the blue Mediterranean, dotted with sails. Ahead of us the majestic masses of the Maritime Alps, with their snow-capped summits, could be seen. As we approached Monte Carlo, our surroundings became more and more beautiful. The city lies on the side of a steep hill, with terrace after terrace, fringed with majestic palms and gardens glowing with flowers of every color.

This is an independent principality comprising six square miles. It includes Monaco and Monte Carlo. It is governed by Prince Charles, who has an elegant palace at Monaco. He has his own postal system and a standing army of about one hundred men. He receives a large revenue from the gambling casinoes at Monte Carlo. Monte Carlo is one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen. It is full of hotels, casinoes, gardens, theaters, delightful walks and

drives. It is the great gambling headquarters of the world, where fortunes are daily lost and won on the turn of a single card. The managers of the casinoes are very careful as to what visitors they admit. No minor or citizen of Monaco is allowed entrance. If a man is left penniless, the company advances him sufficient money for his fare home, wherever that may be, which serves the purpose of removing inconvenient people and of keeping things pleasant. But occasionally a poor fellow will blow out his brains when fortune has forsaken him.

From Monaco I returned to Marseilles, where I took the steamer for Algiers, in North Africa. This excursion occupied twenty-eight hours. On entering the harbor the view from the ship is very picturesque. The city rises abruptly from the bay, reaching high upon the mountains. There is a stone viaduct two hundred feet back from the bay. It is one hundred feet high and a mile long. It follows the contour of the bay. It is built upon a series of archways, the lower tiers being used for stores and market places, and the top as a wide street or boulevard.

All the houses in the city are whitened inside and out. They rise abruptly one above another, and form an immense amphitheater, all of which can be plainly seen from the sea. The city is divided into two parts, the lower, or European, and the upper, or Arabian. The European part was

built by the French. The buildings are mostly of hewn stone, four and five stories high, with small iron balconies at each floor.

This division has some fine parks, and a public square called La Place du Gouvernement. This is large, and is fringed with maple trees. There is a life-sized statue of the Duke of Orleans in the center. A military band plays to a great concourse of people of nearly every nation under the sun: Arabs, Moors, Turks, Israelites in Moorish dress, Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Moorish women with their faces covered to their eyes, and a multitude of strangers from all parts of the world, each speaking his own language and dressing according to his habit or the custom of the country.

The upper or Arabian part is inhabited chiefly by Arabs and Jews. It lies on the side of a steep hill rising behind the French town. The streets are very narrow and so steep that carriages cannot be used on them. These streets are joined by many alleys just wide enough to pass through. They are very confusing to the stranger, but a walk through this quarter was more interesting to me than any of the sights of modern Algiers. Three Sundays are celebrated there in each week: the Arabs keep Friday, the Jews Saturday, and the French Sunday.

The city was founded in the tenth century, and until 1816 it was a formidable stronghold of pi-

rates. Up to that time the Algerines were the terror of the seas. They were especially dreaded on account of their habit of retaining in slavery all whom they captured in war. Since then a great change has come over the place. The French seized the district in 1830, and now the town and its neighborhood has become a sanatorium for modern Europe. It is a gay place. Its cafés swarm with gaily uniformed officers. In front of these cafés are singing girls dressed in white, wearing full trousers gathered around the ankle and slippers without stockings. Its streets teem with the peasantry in their picturesque costumes. Donkeys laden with market produce pass and repass, followed by men in red caps and blue blouses, or maidens in their short skirts and sabots.

From Algiers I went to Oran by rail. This was a thirteen hours' ride and full of interest. The road winds through one of the richest and most beautiful countries I have ever seen. It being in the month of May, the ground was carpeted with grass and wild flowers everywhere, and with the blossoming fruit trees formed a charming picture.

Oran has a population of about one hundred and fifty thousand. It is a dull place, with not much to see that will interest anyone, so I took passage on the steamer for Malaga, in Spain. This city has about the same population as Oran, and is very much like it as far as sight-seeing is concerned. They are both very old cities.

Malaga is situated on a delightful plain surrounded by hills, which produce raisins, figs almonds, oranges, lemons, and limes, all introduced into Spain by the enterprising Moors before 1492. They occupied this place for about eight hundred years.

From Malaga I went to Gibraltar, the most strongly fortified place in the world. The city lies within the fortress, and when a stranger arrives he must get a permit from the proper authorities. The permit allows him to stay only until the first gun is fired, at eight P. M., after which time, if he wishes to prolong his stay, his hotel manager gets his leave extended.

When I was in Gibraltar, I visited its galleries. These are tunnels and massive arches in the solid rock. They are supported by columns and extend around the whole face of it in two ranges. From these, at intervals, openings have been blasted, through which peer the muzzles of guns. The galleries are fully armed, and have large magazines attached to them.

After obtaining permission from the authorities, I proceeded to the old Moorish castle yard and was conducted through the galleries by one of the gunners, who explained everything to me. The rock is one thousand four hundred feet high, and the view from it is very extensive. Two seas and the famous Straits of Gibraltar, bordered by two continents, are spread out to the view. Below us

could be seen the whole of the town of Gibraltar as on a map, the sandy isthmus with the waves breaking in white crests on its shore, and the village of Catlin nestling at the foot of the tremendous precipice which almost overhangs it. Along the shore one sees numerous fishing villages backed by green fields and orange groves, while far beyond rise in majestic grandeur the Serrania de Ronda and the Sierra Nevada, covered with perpetual snow. The Moors held Gibraltar for seven hundred and fifty-one years. It was their first landing place and their last point of departure from Europe.

Leaving that city I went to Langier, in Morocco, a distance of about forty miles, and occupying nearly four hours' time by steamer. The sudden change from the manners and customs of the West to those of the oriental nations, which are to be seen here in perfection, is curious and interesting. The streets are steep and narrow. They are crowded with Moors in their picturesque costumes, Jews, easily recognizable by their peculiar dress, slaves of every tinge, and wild-looking men from the Riff Coast, with uncovered heads, shaven all but one long lock, by which they expect to be pulled up into heaven. These men are the veritable descendants of the old Riff pirates. The Mediterranean was a wide field for their operations.

The oddest and most engaging sights in the city are to be seen at the market place. There are

caravans of weary animals which have arrived with enormous loads from the interior, strings of little Barbary donkeys that have also brought up heavy burdens, the Arab musician, with his pipe and tom-tom, the snake charmer, the story-teller, with a circle of attentive listeners, women closely veiled sitting in groups in the shade. Moorish soldiers with their blue cloaks and red caps form a rare picture. One finds it difficult to wend his way through the crowd.

Tangier is a very old town. It was a city of importance before the time of the Romans. It is now the residence of the foreign representatives to the emperor. They are not permitted to enter the capital. The city is built on two hills, near the western side of a fine bay surrounded by magnificent mountains. There are some picturesque ruins of the Roman period near the town, but the people of the place constitute its chief attraction. All the houses are white and generally of only one story, with no windows opening on the street. They are lighted by an open court on the inside. Some of those of the better classes are gorgeously fitted up, the furnishing being of the very best. Here and there rise the tall minarets of a mosque, brilliant with its many colored mosaics. From these mosques, when all else is calm and still, rises the cry calling the faithful to prayer.

Fez, the capital of Morocco, is situated in the northern part of the empire. The government is

an absolute monarchy, the emperor holding the destinies of life and property in his own hands. Nearly all of the Moors belong to the Mohammedan faith. They date from the time they claim Mohammed took his flight to heaven. By this reckoning, when I was there, in 1890, it was 1307.

Leaving Tangier we sailed out through the Straits of Gibraltar into the broad Atlantic, and, after a few hours, cast anchor at the harbor of Cadiz, an attractive city delightfully situated. It is at the extreme end of a long peninsula which is joined to the continent on the south by a very narrow strip of land. Though the streets are not wide, they are long and very clean. The houses, which are high and bright colored, are crowned with terraces having glass and gilt balconies.

The city has a population of sixty-five thousand. It contains several public squares and fine promenades. The Alameda is a delightful one. It is along the ramparts, which are built of granite with a series of spacious terraces. A military band plays there every night during the summer, and all the beauty of the city go out to walk along this promenade. Cadez is very old. It was captured by the Romans two hundred and six years before the Christian era. At one time it was the most important city in the world. It has few objects of interest except the ladies.

I went next to the beautiful city of Seville, located on the Guadalquivir. This too is a very

old place. It was taken by Julius Cæsar forty-five years before Christ and was afterwards a favorite post of the Romans. There are still many vestiges of its magnificence and prosperity during the Roman rule, viz., a portion of the walls and towers and the aqueduct. It is one of the most pleasant and interesting cities in Spain. It has narrow, shady streets lined with high houses, having courts in the center, which contain fountains, orange trees, and flowering plants. There are also plants on the house tops. The sight-seer is detained by the beautiful cathedral, the picture galleries, the museums, the Alcazar, and the tobacco factory.

The Alcazar is a portion of the former Moorish palace, erected when Seville was an independent kingdom. It is very beautiful and has since been occupied by Peter the Cruel, Ferdinand, Charles V., and other Catholic kings. It covers a large area and is flanked by great square towers, built of stone brought from the ancient temple of Hercules. The grand court is ninety feet long and seventy feet wide. There are twenty-four arches opening into it. The floor is paved with beautiful marble. On one side is the recess where once stood the Moorish throne. In one of the wings was the private chapel of Ferdinand and Isabella. It was in the Alcazar that Isabella gave audience to Columbus. The walls and altar of this chapel are considered the finest in Europe. It would be

useless for me to attempt a full description of this building, so I will pass on to the tobacco factory.

The factory is in a building six hundred and sixty feet long and five hundred and twenty-five feet wide. It has twenty-eight interior rooms without partitions, separated only by arches which support the roof. The factory is carried on by the government and employs five thousand women and girls in preparing tobacco and making it into cigars and cigarettes. Their fingers move with amazing rapidity. Nearly ten thousand pounds of tobacco are used in a single day. Some of these women bring their infants and keep them in baskets by their sides while they perform their task. The best workers among the women make forty cents a day, while the poorest make about half that amount. They must all be examined at night before leaving the factory, for it is said they will steal. The process is tedious and amusing but necessary.

The Cathedral of Seville is one of the largest and most magnificent in Spain and perhaps in the world. It is five hundred and eighty-two feet long by four hundred and twenty feet wide. It has nine entrances. The interior is divided into five naves, supported by immense pillars. Its painted windows, ninety-three in number, are the finest in Spain. The floor is paved with large blocks of black and white marble. There are thirty-seven chapels in the cathedral, each of

which contains a world of wealth. It contains many beautiful paintings and statues executed by the old masters. The grandeur of this church when the shades of evening are falling is very impressive.

The favorite promenade of the Sevilians is the Delicias de Cristina, situated along the banks of the Guadalquivir. It is divided by charming walks and drives and contains horticultural and botanical gardens. The walks are planted with acacia, cypress, and other trees, under whose shade the beauty and fashion of Seville do their flirting and star gazing, while the air is fragrant with roses and orange flowers.

When I left Seville, I went to Granada, the Moors' Andalusia. The route for the most part is through a wild and picturesque country. The city is attractively located. It is built upon four hills, which rise to the height of two thousand two hundred and forty-five feet. These hills are at the extremity of an extensive and beautiful plain, green with all kinds of fruit and vegetation. It is dotted with sparkling, whitewashed villas, that resemble so many sails. There is much in Granada to interest a traveler, the palace of Charles X., with its wonderful gardens, the cathedral, with its royal tombs, the old city streets, full of Moorish antiquity, and the Alhambra, or Moorish palace. The last is the most important and most interesting. It towers above the town on a broad plateau

upon the highest of the four hills. It is surrounded by beautiful gardens, which are woody. In spring they are full of sweet-scented wild flowers, which numberless streams of snow water from the Sierra Nevada Mountains keep green and blooming. The woods of these gardens are of a heavy growth; the deep ravines, well-built roads, and bridal paths twisting in all directions, make a most charming resort in the sultry hours of summer.

I will speak of only some of the Alhambra's most important features. It was built by the Moors during their reign of nearly eight hundred years in Spain. It was used by them as a palace and mosque until they were driven from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492. After that it was occupied by the Catholic kings. It is beautifully ornamented with sculpture and carvings. It is divided into halls, courts, recesses, balconies, and a throne room. These are ornamented with inlaid work of blue and gold, made in circles, crowns, and stars, interwoven with flowers and leaves. The court of lions is the most celebrated portion of the palace. It is an oblong of one hundred and twenty-six feet in length, seventy-three in width, and twenty-two feet in height. It is surrounded by a low gallery, which is supported on one hundred and twenty-eight white marble columns. A pavilion projects into the court at each extremity, elaborately ornamented, having

walls of filigree work. In the center of this court is the famous fountain of lions. This is a magnificent alabaster basin resting on the backs of twelve lions of white marble. Their manes are cut like the scales of a fish.

All through the East the lion is an emblem of strength and courage. It was in the hall of the ambassadors here that Columbus made his arrangements with the court of Spain to start on his voyage of the discovery of America.

I went to the top of the watch tower in the Alhambra grounds, where an extensive view can be obtained of the city and surrounding country. At my feet was the city, while beyond it the plain stretches for thirty miles to the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. This plain is full of points of historical interest, which are pointed out by the guide.

I was shown the place where Ferdinand and Isabella pitched their camp during the conquest of Granada. It was across this plain that the Moors took their melancholy way, and from the summit of a distant hill turned to gaze for the last time at the scene of so much grandeur and glory. This hill still bears the name of the Last Sigh of the Moor.

From Granada I went to Cordova, another city on the Guadalquivir. It was held by the Moors from 756 to 1236. It has a population of nearly fifty thousand. It is dull now, but it is said that

during its occupation by the Moors its commerce extended to all parts of the civilized world, and its inhabitants numbered a million. Of its ancient greatness the city retains but one monument, the Moorish mosque, which is now used as a Catholic cathedral. It is five hundred and fifty feet in length and three hundred and ninety in width, and is profusely ornamented with colored marble. It is divided into seventeen naves by twenty-seven aisles, and is covered with an immense roof, supported by eight hundred short columns of marble, porphyry, jasper, and other richly-colored stones. The floor is in mosaic, and the ceiling is richly paneled and gilded.

There is little else to detain a traveler. The town is dark and gloomy, the streets narrow and by no means clean. There are no squares or public buildings of any importance, so I journeyed on to Madrid, a lively place of wide streets and beautiful buildings. The parks, drives, and plazas are not much surpassed by those in Paris or London. The Park of the Retiro is a fashionable drive thronged at all reasonable hours of the day with equipages that would do no discredit to any park in the world. In the evening everybody is out—entire families, officers from the various barracks, nursemaids with daintily-attired children, flashily-dressed girls attended by their admirers—all promenade to the strains of music rendered by military bands that play every evening in sum-

mer. The varieties of uniforms glowing in parts of the park among the glittering multitude render the scene exceptionally gorgeous.

The Prado is another fine drive two and a half miles in length, with profuse foliage, fountains, flowers, and fine statuary. It has monuments of Columbus and Isabella. It is also a promenade, and the best place in Madrid to see the beauty of the city. The women of Spain are noted for their beauty and grace. One who visits this spot will see all classes, from the aristocrat to the peasant, who have come for a short time to the capital. They saunter out in swarms and form a procession. Many of the women use mantillas as headdresses for street wear, but the custom among fashionable ladies is fast changing in favor of the Parisian hat.

The stranger may join the strollers, or for a penny is allowed to occupy one of the thousand seats that are placed along the edge of the promenade, and observe the crowd at his ease.

The Plaza Mayor is lovely. It is where the tribunal of the Inquisition was held in olden times. When the victims had been condemned, they were led out of the city to the fateful place of execution and burned at the stake. It is believed that not fewer than half a million of the best people of Spain met their death in this manner during the Inquisition.

The Puerta del Sol (the Path of the Sun) is the

chief square in Madrid. It is in the heart of the city, and is the central point, whence all the principal streets and tramways diverge. Here one sees outdoor life in all its glory. The royal palace is an immense pile of buildings, which, including its garden, occupies nearly eight acres.

From Madrid I went to Bordeaux, in France, and thence to Paris. In crossing the frontier of every country of Europe the train is delayed nearly an hour; our baggage is taken into the station and laid on a long counter to be opened for inspection, after which it is replaced on the train, and we are allowed to proceed.

Spain is out of the tourists' beaten track, and is not visited by many; but, according to my idea, there is more fascination in a trip to Spain than to any other European country. The land is beautiful; the habits of its people are strange. There is not much to see along this route that an artist would be likely to sketch or a traveler to remember.

In leaving Spain we crossed the Pyrenees Mountains, from whose summit we could look down upon both countries. In the descent the country is undulating, with peaceful villages here and there. Next, long stretches of unbroken plain covered with pine trees are met, then in a few hours Bordeaux is reached.

This is a large city, charmingly situated on the banks of the Garonne, seventy miles inland. It

is a large shipping port crowded with vessels from every part of the world. It has also a large wine industry. There is not much to detain a stranger, so I left for Paris.

I had been in Paris seven years before. Almost the only thing I could discover that I had not seen before was the Eiffel Tower, which had been built in the meantime. It stands on the bank of the Seine one thousand feet high and three hundred feet square at the base. At each corner there are pillars fifty feet square of iron lattice work supported by open curved arches slanting inward as they rise to a distance of six hundred feet from the ground. From this point four similar pillars continue to the top. There are several large assembly rooms at different heights. The first of these is an immense hall two hundred and thirty feet from the base. It is used as a promenade and restaurant. Still further up is a second gallery nearly one hundred feet square. This was the highest point I reached, and from it an extensive panorama is spread out before the eye. Just below lies the great city, with its innumerable monuments, its avenues, towers, and domes, with the Seine winding through it like a long ribbon of steel. Farther on the green circle of hills which surround the city is in plain view. The whole forms a picture of incomparable loveliness.

Later I went to Antwerp, in Belgium, and re-

mained a few days. During that time I took a trip of one day to Brussels. I had spent several days in that city on my other visit. Antwerp is delightful and abounds in richly-stocked museums, art galleries, fine churches, parks, gardens, wide streets, and beautiful promenades. I will omit a description of these, and pass on to Holland, a queer old country of canals, dikes, and windmills.

All the land of Holland is very low; in some places it is below the sea level at high tide. In order to keep these waters within bounds, immense dikes have been constructed, which are composed of earth and sand. They are wide and dotted with houses and windmills, and have good roads along the top, which are ornamented with avenues of trees. There is no natural flow towards the sea, so unless the rainfall is removed by artificial means, it would soon cover the entire country. By the use of pumps and other hydraulic apparatus, the water is emptied into canals, from which it runs toward the sea. Hence the multitude of windmills and canals which characterize every Dutch landscape.

The only city I visited in Holland was Amsterdam, on the Amstel. It is built upon ninety-five islands, which are connected by more than three hundred bridges. The buildings all rest on foundations of piles. From almost any point in the city one can see innumerable windmills, a

network of canals and bridges, also houses, ships, and people. The canals are all bordered with elm trees, which give them a refreshing appearance. The bridge across the Amstel is a fine structure, with thirty-five stone arches. The city has famous botanical and zoölogical gardens. Its museums and art galleries are excellent. The royal palace is the finest building. It is situated on the Dam, one of the largest squares in that place. The interior is elegant; its banquet room is one of the largest in Europe. It is one hundred and twenty feet long, sixty feet broad, and one hundred feet high.

The industry of diamond cutting is carried on quite extensively and supplies work to ten thousand artisans. There are many short excursions of interest that can be made from Amsterdam. Some of these places are off the ordinary line of travel, and changes have not come, so the genuine old-fashioned style of living is still to be seen in them. I made one of these to the island of Marken, in the Zuyder Zee, thirty miles from Amsterdam. It is inhabited by fishermen. They use implements and wear costumes which have retained the same styles for ages. On account of the picturesqueness of their dress, Marken has become a sort of show-place.

My next stopping place was Hamburg, situated on the lower Elbe, and having a population of four hundred thousand. It has a commodious

harbor, where numerous ships from all quarters of the globe lie. The quays stretch along the Elbe for a distance of five miles. Hamburg is comparatively a modern city, on account of the fire in 1842, which destroyed a quarter of the buildings. Since then very extensive additions and alterations in some of the quaintest streets of the city have been carried out. This accounts for its thoroughly new aspect and for the almost entire disappearance of all relics of the past. There are, however, still many handsome residences of merchants of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The city has many pleasant promenades, gardens, and much fine statuary. The environs of Hamburg are delightful, being sprinkled with country houses, gardens, and parks in every direction.

When I had completed my visit at Hamburg, I went to Copenhagen. The route is by rail to Keil, thence by steamer to Korsor, Zealand, where a connection is made with the direct train to Copenhagen. It is a lovely ride. The country is perfectly level. Highly cultivated wheat fields and immense dairies abound. At intervals quaint cottages with their small patches of well-kept gardens are to be seen.

Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, is situated on the island of Zealand. It has a population of three hundred and fifty thousand. It is one of the cleanest and prettiest cities in Europe. It is

called the Athens of the North, on account of its advanced state of art and literature. Its parks and gardens are not excelled anywhere in Europe. It abounds in museums, theaters, and art galleries. The Tivoli Garden is its most charming place of resort; it is very large, and contains a lake, upon whose waters are several small boats used by pleasure seekers, and moored to its shore is a large ship used as a café. This ship is tastefully decorated and is usually filled with a gay throng. There are also within the gardens five or six concert pavilions. Besides other attractions, there is a structure made of wood in the form of a beer bottle. It is one hundred feet high and people go to the top of it in an elevator. The cage holds eight persons; when it reaches the top of the bottle's neck, it forms the cork.

Within the city are several canals, four large lakes, and many small ones. There are also springs which continually give forth most excellent water. The city is laid out on a grand scale. The wide, winding avenues are bordered with beech trees. Some of these avenues have a promenade in the center wide enough for eight persons to walk abreast. On either side is a space eight feet wide for equestrians, and there is still room for four car tracks on both sides. Then comes the sidewalk. Near the middle of the city is a large irregular space called King's New Market, from which thirteen of the business streets radiate

In the center rises an equestrian statue of Christian V. It is cast in lead and is called Hesten, meaning The Horse.

Severable enjoyable excursions can be made in the neighborhood. I made one to Dyrehave, or Deer Park, a grand old forest of oaks and beeches. It is the largest park in the world; the inclosure contains four thousand two hundred acres, divided by a small river. Rich corn fields, green pastures, country houses, and villages surround the park. It is a favorite retreat for all classes in summer. The dress of the peasant women is very becoming. Large groups of deer are frequently seen in these woods.

From Copenhagen I went to Christiania, in Norway. The steamer carries the mail and stops at most of the villages along the coast. Sometimes the open sea is encountered, but the route is generally between the islands. The water varies from deep, narrow channels, one hundred feet wide, running among ugly-looking, almost perpendicular rocks, to wide, expansive stretches of water, miles across. In going up the Christiania Fiord the scenery varies suddenly from that of the rugged, barren coast. Here it is charming in the highest degree. Gradually sloping hills, which now and then swell into mountains of moderate height, meet the view on either side. These undulations are generally covered with pine or birch, and, as the day advances, they as-

sume the deepest purple, by which the pastures form a striking contrast with their soft green. All along the fiord are numerous villas, whither at this season of the year the inhabitants of Christiania take their families. Christiania is pretty, and is pleasantly situated at the north end of the Christiania Fiord. It is the capital of Norway, and has about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. It is noted for the grandeur and beauty of its surroundings, as well as for the size and elegance of its streets and public buildings. The most noteworthy of its edifices are the Royal Palace, the University, and the House of Parliament.

The Royal Palace is situated on an eminence in the western part of the city. The grounds are nicely laid out and command an excellent view of the town, the fiord, and its numerous islands. These grounds are very extensive, with shady walks and seats open to the public. Many pleasurable excursions can be made in the suburbs. One is to St. John's Hill, an attractively laid-out eminence two hundred and eighty feet high. There is a reservoir on its summit belonging to the city water works. An ornamental structure, with a lofty tower which is visible for miles, is built upon it. From the top of this is a most enchanting panorama of mountains, trees, water, and buildings, which unite in making a grand masterpiece of art and nature that would be difficult to describe adequately.

Another pleasant ramble which I made was to Oscar's Hall, a chateau which was erected for Oscar I. as a holiday residence about forty years ago. The mansion, being painted white and being situated on an eminence of eighty feet in height, may be seen for miles. It is surrounded by a pleasant park. The interior of the castle is noted for choice paintings, the works of celebrated Norwegian artists. There is a series of paintings in the dining room, ten in number, representing the stages in life from childhood to old age. There are also some fine old carvings. One large cabinet made in 1637 must be of immense value. There are quantities of curiosities, but space forbids a detailed description.

Near this palace is an ancient church with high wooden columns stenciled in a peculiar manner. It has carved trusses supporting the roof. About the church are a number of low-built houses. Inside of these can be seen the furniture and articles for domestic purposes that were used two or three hundred years ago—wooden jugs, punch bowls, bedsteads, and a variety of skin clothing.

While I was in Christiania, Emperor William, of Germany, arrived with a fleet of ten line of battle ships and two steam yachts. A grand display was made when they sailed into the harbor. First came four Norwegian torpedo boats, as if to clear the way. Following these were two lines of battle ships a few hundred yards apart. Around

these were more than sixty steamboats, all gaily decorated with evergreens and bunting, laden with passengers who had gone out to meet the Kaiser. The entire length of the quays was lined with a most ordinary assemblage of people dressed in their best.

A tasteful pavilion had been erected near the landing place. It was adorned with gigantic German eagles in gold and beautified with flowers and greens. The streets along the route to the royal palace were likewise decorated and crowded with people.

Soon King Oscar, of Norway and Sweden, accompanied by the emperor, rode past in the court carriage, drawn by six beautiful black horses. There were other carriages, drawn by splendid teams of four, filled with court officials and other officers in brilliant uniforms. They passed amidst the thundering of cannon and the cheers of the multitude. It seemed difficult to think of anything equaling the enthusiasm of the people and the entire success of the day's pageant. It was a general holiday, the shops and other houses of business being closed. The city was crowded with visitors from the country. The gay dresses of the peasants are very striking. The headdress is usually black with red binding and two bright-colored ribbons behind. The jackets are of the Garibaldi style, with what I think the ladies call bishop sleeves. A handkerchief is worn around the neck.

It is brilliant in color, and the two ends that cross on the breast are pinned with a kind of brooch which looks like silver. Over this a small bow of green ribbon with flowers is worn.

The most attractive part of the costume is the skirt. It is of navy blue with a scarlet band around the top and bottom. The front width is one mass of strips of scarlet, white, orange, black, and green. Low shoes and scarlet stockings are worn with this.

The next place of interest that I visited was Stockholm. From the train numerous small lakes, swift running streams, large forests of beech and maple, green valleys, where at intervals are nestled hamlets or solitary farmhouses, and sometimes a small town with a church and a hotel, can be seen.

Stockholm, surnamed the Venice of the North, is the capital of Sweden. It is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. It is situated at the influx of Lake Malaren into an arm of the Baltic Sea. It is built upon nine islands. Being surrounded by islands and water in almost every direction, and having plains and rocky hills, it is exceedingly picturesque. All of these islands are connected by bridges. Communication between different parts of the city and the suburbs is maintained by means of numerous small steam ferryboats, which run in all directions at intervals of nearly three minutes.

The city has many historical monuments and museums, as well as very extensive collections of art works. The parks are noteworthy on account of their monuments, fountains, choice trees, shrubs, and flowers. Bands play in many of them during the summer months. Under the shade of the trees are seats and tables for the hundreds who take refreshments there.

One of the great sights is a church, which is the royal mausoleum. It has not been used for divine service since 1807. The floor is literally paved with memorials of the illustrious heroes and statesmen of the past. Here repose the mortal remains of the much-honored Gustavus Adolphus, the champion of the Lutheran Protestant Church. The following is the inscription on the slab: "He braved dangers, loved piety, overcame his enemies, enlarged his dominion, exalted his nation, and triumphed in death."

The country in the vicinity is very picturesque. Surrounding the city is an immense fertile plain, diversified by dark forests, which contrast with the bright green meadows and the yellow stubble of the fields. The forests in the distance form a majestic setting to this gay living picture. In whichever direction the eye turns, no matter what the elevation may be, the horizon is mysterious with the ocean or the woods. One can leave the quays in any of the countless little steamboats, and in ten minutes be able to stand where he can

scarcely find a trace of cultivation, but probably some old tower in the woods will testify to the presence of an ancient royal hunting lodge.

On leaving Stockholm I went to St. Petersburg by steamer. It is an interesting journey and takes three days. From the time we left Stockholm until Helsingfors was reached, we were among a multitude of islands; first, those that are near the coast of Sweden, then the Alends. After leaving these we were soon among those that line the coast of Finland. The Alend Islands number about three hundred. Some of them are inhabited. The others are desolate and rocky, upon which are a few pine trees.

Our first landing place was at Abo, in Finland. This is a town of considerable importance and was the ancient capital of Finland. The Russian Government has now moved the capital to Helsingfors. From Abo the steamer runs for miles along a rocky shore. A few hours before arriving at Helsingfors we passed through a strait seven miles long. In most places it is no wider than a canal, and its shores are edged with fir, birch, and alder. Between these trees we catch glimpses of fertile fields and pretty farmhouses painted red or yellow.

After leaving this strait we came into a broad bay, at the extremity of which lies the city of Helsingsfors. The view on nearing this city is lovely. To the left there is a suburb of pictur-

esque villas grouped on a rocky height, while at the right a neck of land juts into the sea, on which are some handsome buildings. Farther on is the Greek Church, which is very imposing. It stands on a hill and is built of brick in the usual style of Greek Churches. It has a large gilt dome, surmounted by a Greek cross, and surrounded by thirteen smaller domes, which are also of gilt. The roof is painted white, which gives the building the appearance of having been visited by a snowstorm.

Still farther on is the tower, with its row of white and yellow buildings, bright and clean, running along the quays. These quays command the admiration of all who see them.

There is a great variety of races and languages amongst the inhabitants of this city. It is most striking at the market place, where business brings them together. There are Swedish fishermen in their sailor clothes, Finns with their short cloaks, Russian soldiers wearing long gray overcoats, and many are in the peasant style of dress of the last century.

The next place we visited was Wiborg, one of the chief towns of Finland. It was taken from the Swedes by Peter the Great in 1710, since which time it has belonged to Russia. The town contains twenty thousand inhabitants besides five thousand soldiers. It is spread over a wide plain and surrounded by rivers and canals.

As we steamed along the Gulf of Finland, the dome of St. Isaac's Church was visible long before we reached St. Petersburg. After a sail of nearly eight hours from Wiborg, the steamer comes to Cronstadt, and, passing its docks, filled with shipping, arrives in another hour at the city of St. Petersburg.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION OF SECOND TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

THE Government of Russia being an absolute monarchy, all power emanates from the czar. He has no advisers and exercises complete control over the lives and property of his subjects. Of course the visitor sees but little of the yoke that the country is under. Passports are a matter of first importance to the traveler in Russia, not because people are halted on the street to show their passports, nor because the police line the streets and are waiting for strangers at every corner, as is currently supposed, but it is impossible to get in or out of Russia, or to obtain food or lodging when one is there, without them. The police know very well that strangers have their passports or they would not be in Russia. I procured mine at Washington, and before leaving Stockholm had it viséd by the Russian Consul. Long before reaching St. Petersburg the captain takes the passport and holds it

until the Russian officers come on board. It is taken by them and turned over to the police bureau at the pier in St. Petersburg, where the baggage is examined. The traveler passes through the bureau and receives the pass again.

It is given to the hotel proprietor, who seems to be in some measure responsible for his guests. The visitor is then permitted to register, and the number of his room is written on his passport. It is next sent to the police headquarters and returned in a day or two. One is obliged to pay a small fee when he receives it again. If the police are not satisfied with the passport, they will send for the visitor, question him closely, and permit him to stay or not as they are impressed with his story and appearance. If one wishes to change his room or hotel, he must notify the police and state what change has been made. It will thus be seen that the police know where every stranger in Russia can be found at any time. The same formalities must be observed with regard to the hotels in every town of Russia. When one wishes to leave the country, permission must be obtained from the police at the town where the passports were last handed in. Even the inhabitants are not allowed to go more than fifteen miles from home without a permit from the police.

St. Petersburg, the modern capital of Russia, has a population of about a million. It was founded by Peter the Great in 1703, amid the

marshes though which the Neva River discharges its waters into the sea. It is the strangest place ever chosen for a city. The obstinate will of this man sought to dispense with all natural advantages. It is said he selected it as being a window looking out upon Europe. But surely a site might have been found with as good an outlook which would be a less desolate and fatal position.

Between forty and fifty thousand peasants were forced to work for many years before a firm foundation for the city could be completed. During this time every conveyance approaching the city, whether by sea or land, was required to bring a certain number of stone to be used in filling up the holes and paving the streets.

There are several beautiful palaces in St. Petersburg, belonging to the royal families. The most important is the Winter palace, a vast pile of imposing buildings situated on the banks of the Neva. The interior is divided into suites of splendid halls, audience chambers, drawing rooms, etc. The walls and ceilings are brilliantly ornamented with gold and silver, and are in some instances set with precious stones. The walls are also hung with beautiful oil paintings, representing battle scenes, executed by the best artists, including some of the old masters. All this, with the plate of beaten gold, which has belonged to the emperors from Peter the Great to the one of the present, the marbles, malachites, vases, and gilt

furniture, produces an enchanting effect. The crown jewels, some of the finest gems in Europe, are here. One of them, the famous Orloff diamond, is the largest crown diamond in Europe. It weighs one hundred and ninety-four and three-fourths carats, and has a history. It now surmounts Russia's imperial scepter.

The imperial crown is set with more than forty diamonds, of immense size and great purity, an exquisite ruby, and a very large sapphire. The coronet of the empress is perhaps the finest European collection of diamonds set in a single ornament. There is also a handsome necklace containing thirty-seven brilliants of the first water. It was presented to the Russian emperor by the son of the shah of Persia when he visited the Russian court. There are also other ornaments and gems here which in point of beauty and size are worthy to keep them company.

In this building is the death chamber of Emperor Nicholas I., who died March 2, 1855. The room is void of the luxury or even ease that usually attends the earthly career of crowned heads. His sword, helmet, and military cloak lie where he left them.

The Hermitage is connected with the Winter Palace by several galleries. It was built by Catherine II., but is now used as a museum and picture gallery. Many consider that this edifice stands alone in Europe for the elegant solidity of

its form and the costliness of its material. Its dimensions are vast. The vestibule, hall, and marble staircase are grand. Every pillar and monolith are of Finland granite. The picture gallery equals in extent the largest in Europe, and contains pictures by Rubens, Van Dyck, Murillo, Raphael, Titian, and other of the old masters.

There are numerous pieces of beautiful statuary by Michael Angelo and others. My limited space will not allow me to speak of the thousands of interesting objects which help to form the collection at the Hermitage. This accumulation can compare in variety, size, and value with any other in the world.

In Russia religion governs the whole life as well as the heart of the popular classes, and holds sway at least over the exterior habits of the upper classes. They all bow, cross their breasts, sometimes kneel and kiss the pavement when they pass any of the many chapels that are to be found along the public thoroughfares. In many cases religion appears to be only a uniform, but all wear it, for etiquette requires it.

One of St. Petersburg's most beautiful churches is St. Isaac's Cathedral. An idea of its proportions and cost may be formed when it is known that the foundation, partly because of the marshy nature of the soil on which it is built, cost more than a million dollars. Its form is that of a Greek cross with four principal entrances. It is a colos-

sal building, of granite, marble, and gold. It has an immense cupola of copper overlaid with gold, which is supported by thirty very large pillars of polished granite. From the summit of this rises a smaller cupola of the same design surmounted by a large cross. The larger cupola is surrounded by four similar smaller ones.

The steps are of porphyry, the walls of lapis lazuli; the floor is variegated marble, and the dome is made of malachite. All this is magnificently gilded. Everything in this elegant structure is made of the most costly material. Distributed through the church are images of the Virgin and of many saints. There are also many small shrines, before which are silver stands covered with tapers that are constantly burning. Streams of worshipers cross themselves over the breast with the thumb and two fingers of the right hand, bow the knee, touch the floor with their foreheads, and then pass on to make room for others. At the back of the church is a very tall window. On it is painted Christ enthroned in gold and purple, his right hand raised as if in benediction. There are numerous huge garlands of gilded angels, and a wealth of all kinds of ornaments, that glitter magnificently in the dim light of the interior.

Another of these fine churches is the Cathedral of St. Petersburg, dedictated to Our Lady of Kazan. This is also built in the form of a cross.

This building cost $3,000,000. Inside is a colonnade of fifty-six columns, which support a cupola of Finland granite. The image of Our Lady of Kazan was placed in this church in 1821. It had been brought from Kazan. It is covered with jewels. One of the diamonds in her crown is of fabulous value. It has also an immense sapphire. As the Greek religion does not permit idols in its places of worship, the votaries adorn their Madonnas and other holy pictures with jewelry and finery.

The cathedral resembles an arsenal more than a place of worship. Military trophies taken from various nations in Europe are hung on every side. One sees Turkish standards, French colors, and the keys of surrendered cities.

Space permits me to speak of only one more of these churches. The Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul was founded by Peter the Great in 1703. It contains the mortal remains of all the emperors and empresses of Russia from Peter the Great to the late emperor, with the exception of Peter the Second, who died in Moscow and was buried there.

The side aisles are taken up with white marble tombs that mark the sites of the graves. All are adorned with gold crosses, gold corners, and splendid funeral accessories, and surrounded by palm trees and other growing plants and flowers that bloom in the faint light of innumerable

burning tapers and lamps. This church is also somewhat of an arsenal, its walls being decked with flags, standards, and other trophies of war taken from the French, Poles, Turks, Swedes, and Persians. Among the many keys of captured cities are those of Paris.

The most beautiful street in the city is the Nevskoi Prospekt. It is three miles long and more than one hundred feet wide. At one end stand the admiralty buildings, which are surrounded by gardens full of trees and bright flowers. By crossing the garden one reaches the pontoon bridge which spans the Neva. From this bridge the panorama of St. Petersburg lay before my eyes in all its splendor and greatness.

In every direction one sees churches, palaces, huge architectural masses, long lines of massive granite quays, bridges, canals laden with barges, steamers, islands, rivers, small lakes, and parks having little groves, grassy lawns, statuary, and flowers. This affords a fine example of what may be done with a marsh.

On the bank of the river stands a hut of wood now encased in a stone house. It was the first habitation built by Peter the Great, in 1703. He occupied it while overseeing the construction of his new city. It is a poor, one-story house, having but two rooms and a kitchen. One of these is fitted up as a chapel. People congregate there for prayer.

Peter is regarded as a saint by the populace; indeed, all the Russian emperors are looked upon by the peasantry as more than human, but Peter is the most revered of all. Everything which has belonged to him is kept with superstitious veneration. The furniture in this building is of his own making. The tools with which he worked, a boat that he made, and some books are shown to the visitor. But the chief collection of his memorials is in a gallery of the Hermitage called Peter the Great's Gallery. It is of great interest.

The Nevskoi Prospekt is the principal street in the city and is the pride of every patriotic Russian. The entire characteristic movement of St. Petersburg may be seen on this highway—the tramways, strings of carts laden with goods, multitudinous common droskies, which look like toy carriages, the finer private droskies, drawn by splendid trotters, the throngs of silent foot passengers, civil servants, officers in long gray overcoats, women of the lower classes wearing short dresses of pale green and gaily embroidered handkerchiefs on their heads, ladies in Parisian toilets, here and there queer old women who seem to have seen better days and who now console themselves by smoking cigarettes, as they lounge in the sun, street hawkers, who sell kvas and other drinks, fruit, and flowers, nursemaids wearing the national costume and coiffiere, a sort of tiara of blue or red velvet embroidered with large pearl

beads, priests in long flowing black gowns and tall brimless hats, sometimes covered with a veil, Circassians with their long coats, the breasts of which are stiff with cartridges, and a patrol of Cossacks ambling along on their little horses, with their hay nets slung from their saddles.

There is no other place in the city where such a variety of people and costumes may be seen as on this street, but the most noticeable feature of a Russian street is a vehicle called drosky, a little carriage that flies about in every direction. The fare is cheap and every lady rides. The minute you issue from your hotel or stop for a second on the sidewalk, a dozen droskies will dash up, the drivers will offer their services and gesticulate with their right hand.

There is nothing like it in any other country. It is a very low, small open carriage, having four wheels. The hind ones are not more than two and a half feet in diameter and the forward ones about eighteen inches. There is a raised seat for the driver and another that will hold two passengers. It has no support for the back and generally has nothing to protect one from the weather, though at Moscow covered droskies are not uncommon. Over the wheels are splashboards, which curve down and form a step only a few inches from the ground.

The carriage is always of a dark color and the seat is covered with dark cloth. The shafts are

attached directly to the front axle and fastened to the collar by means of straps wound around and around, without rings or buckles. There are no traces. The harness is as light as possible and is adorned with fine chains and other ornaments that glitter in the sun like gold or silver spangles.

The coachman is as peculiar as the vehicle he drives. He wears a low-crowned felt hat, that narrows down toward the brim, is curled on the sides, and is curved back and front, and a dark blue or green caftan, with long plaited skirts reaching to the ground. This caftan is wrapped around the body and fastened under the left arm by hooks and eyes or buttons.

While I was in St. Petersburg I made a tour of the islands, a great place of resort. There are four or five close to one another in the mouth of the Neva. They are intersected by canals and small lakes and connected by bridges. They are all perfectly flat and are laid out in parks and villas. The constant interchange of land and water is rather bewildering. One does not know when an island is passed and another is reached. They are the pride and delight of the city.

Several nice excursions may be made from St. Petersburg. The most interesting one that I made was to Peterhoff. A palace is there built by Peter the Great. It is situated on an eminence overlooking a green plain of tree tops. Beyond are the waters of the Gulf of Finland, the port and fortification of Cronstadt.

In the interior are innumerable articles of vertu, gorgeous tapestries, marble, porcelain, and malachite, as well as a great many pictures, which represent chiefly the naval victories of Russian commanders. A fountain called Samson throws a jet eighty feet high in front of the palace. A gigantic bronze figure forces open the jaws of a lion, from which the water rushes. On each side are jets which throw the water vertically and horizontally. The principal basins are at the foot of the elevation on which the palace stands. A flight of broad steps leads from them to the palace. Ranges of marble slabs, over which the water pours, are on both sides. These slabs are arranged so as to allow lamps to be placed behind the water. I counted three hundred jets of water flowing at one time. The splendor of these water works is not equaled anywhere except at Versailles, near Paris.

I have not told of all the magnificence which is to be seen in St. Petersburg. It will compare with any other city in Europe and surpass most of them. The northern twilight in summer lasts until nearly midnight. The sun disappears, the red sunset glow fades, yet does not quite vanish.

The Greek calendar is in use all over Russia, which is twelve days behind the Latin, that is used in all other parts of Europe and America.

The next place of interest that I visited was Moscow. I traveled by rail and found the coun-

try along the route very monotonous. Hour after hour one sees broad plains, which extend far into the distance, with occasionally a forest of pine and silver birch, and at very rare intervals a village composed of a score of cottages built of logs and surrounded by poorly tilled fields. The fields are cultivated by swarms of peasant women, dressed in red shirts and wearing bright handkerchiefs on their heads. It is said that there is not a mountain in this part of Russia. The highest land between the Baltic and the Black Seas is only one thousand three hundred and twenty-eight feet above the sea.

The first view as one approaches Moscow produces an impression never to be forgotten. The numberless steeple points, star-spangled belfries, airy turrets, strangely shaped towers of palaces and of old convents, attract the eye, while the edifices themselves remain concealed. The city, formerly the capital of the Russian Empire, has a population of about eight hundred thousand. It is situated on the banks of the Moskva River, which contributes its water, by the Channel of Oka, to the great Volga.

It was founded in 1147 and was one of the most irregular cities in the world, but it was all destroyed except the Kremlin by the conflagration of 1812. The Kremlin suffered severely afterwards from the mines that were sprung under its walls by order of Napoleon, on its evacuation by

the French. But it has been completely restored, and Moscow has risen from her ashes larger and more beautiful than before.

The Kremlin stands in the heart of the city. Its inclosure is two miles in circuit. Most of the interesting as well as the historical spectacles of Moscow are to be seen within its walls. It is the treasury of nearly all that is dear to the Russian heart. It is crowded with palaces, churches, monasteries, arsenals, museums, and other buildings of almost every imaginable kind. The Tartar style of architecture, with gilded domes and cupolas, generally predominates. There are round, square, and pointed roofed towers, belfries, turrets, spires, sentry boxes, fixed upon minarets, domes, walls pierced with loopholes, ramparts, fortifications of every species, and steeples of every height, style, and color. The aggregate forms a most agreeable picture when seen from the distance.

The Kremlin is entered by five gates. The most important two are the Redeemer's and the St. Nicholas'. Each of these has a tradition. A picture of the Saviour has been hung over the first since the foundation of the city. It is an object of the greatest reverence to every Russian, and neither the emperor nor the humblest peasant would dare to pass under it without removing his hat. The outriders of splendid equipages, the bearers of dispatches who rush through on matters of life or death, all remove their hats and

hold them until they pass through to the other side, and visitors must do the same else they will be speedily reminded of their mistake.

Tradition says that when the French army was there in 1812, they tried to remove the picture, thinking the frame was of solid gold; but every ladder they placed against the wall fell broken in two. Next an attempt was made to batter the wall and picture with cannon, but the powder would not ignite. After that fires were built under the gun, which caused it to burst backward into a thousand pieces and to wound the artillery men; still the picture was unharmed.

Near the St. Nicholas, Napoleon's powder train exploded too; although many of the surrounding buildings were completely destroyed and the tower was split up to the picture of the saint, neither the glass that covered it nor the lamp that hung before it was injured in the least.

The palace within the Kremlin is built on the site of the old Tartar palace, and presents an odd mixture of the styles of architecture of the different periods. The interior, however, is magnificent. It is as sumptuous as Russian architects, decorators, and upholsterers could make it.

The treasury is one of the most wonderful museums in the world. It is the depository of the venerated historical objects which are hereditary in the imperial families. The collection consists of regalia, arms, armor, carriages, costumes,

thrones, crowns, enamels, scepters, gold and silverware, precious stones, jewelry, and other objects of art, the value of which would be difficult to estimate.

Near this palace stands the tower of Ivan Veliki, three hundred and twenty feet in height. It is divided into five stories and has thirty-four bells of various sizes, the largest weighing sixty-four tons.

Close to the base of the tower, on a pedestal of granite, stands the monarch of all bells. It was cast in 1730, during the reign of Empress Anne. The tower in which it hung was burned seven years later. When it fell a piece was broken from its side. The bell remained buried until 1836, when it was placed in its present position with the fragment beside it. This bell is twenty-six feet high, sixty-eight feet in circumference, two feet thick, and weighs two hundred tons.

The arsenal is very extensive and always has weapons sufficient to arm one hundred and fifty thousand men. The cannon taken from the different European powers are arranged in rows along the walls outside of this building. They amount to eight hundred and seventy-five pieces. One cannon in a corner of the arsenal has never been fired. It is called the King of Guns and weighs forty tons.

Moscow is said to contain one thousand six hundred churches, including shrines and chapels.

The churches are all very grand, being beautifully decorated inside and out, but I will attempt to describe only a few of them.

Outside of the Kremlin walls stands the Cathedral of St. Basil, the Beautiful. Russian churches are much alike, but this differs from all the others that I have seen. It has at least twenty domes and towers, which are not only of different shapes and sizes, but they are gilded and painted in all possible varieties of color. There is no main chapel. Each dome has a separate place of worship, where services may be carried on without disturbing the worshiper in any other. It was erected by John the Terrible. It is said that he was well pleased with the skill of the Italian architect, and, after eulogizing his work, ordered that his eyes be put out, to prevent him from planning another.

Within the Kremlin is the Cathedral of the Assumption, one of the most interesting of Russia's Christian monuments. All the emperors have been crowned in this church. The coronation is said to be a grand sight. Among the numerous relics and objects of interest behind the altar screen is a model in gold of Mt. Sinai. A golden coffin containing the host is within, and on the lid is an engraving of Moses standing on the top of the mountain, bearing in his hands the tablets of the law. There is an immense Bible which was presented to the cathedral by the

mother of Peter the Great. The binding is covered with emeralds and other precious stones, which cost more than a million of dollars. There are five rows of pictures on the walls, representing saints and the Virgin. They are bedecked with breastplates, necklaces, and bracelets, literally ablaze with diamonds, emeralds, amethysts, pearls, sapphires, turquoise, and rubies. Add to this the magnificence of the silver and vermilion lusters hanging from the ceiling, the profusion of burning tapers and lamps, suspended from gilt brackets glimmering before every holy image, and casting reflections over the multitude of militant archangels, and the brilliancy of the interior of this cathedral passes all conception.

The cathedral of the Archangel Michael is another grand church. It is noted for being the last resting place of all the czars, to the time of Peter the Great. The interior is adorned with gold and precious stones. The vestments are gorgeous and costly. The gospels are finely illuminated, and have an enameled gold cover studded with precious stones. There is a cross here having remarkably large-sized pearls, which belonged to John the Terrible. Many of the treasures in these churches are exhibited only to male visitors.

The Cathedral of the Annunciation is beautifully decorated. The floor is paved with agate, jasper, and carnelian. The frescoes are most curi-

ous; they represent Greek philosophers, as heralds of Christ's coming. The former czars were baptized and married in this church. It is rich in saintly relics, and has among its objects of interest a painting of the meeting of the blessed and condemned spirits. It was used by the French as a stable for their horses in 1812.

The great riding school of Moscow is celebrated as being the largest room in the world, whose roof is unsupported by pillar or prop. Two regiments of cavalry are able to go through all their maneuvers and evolutions in this vast room. The boulevards around the Kremlin are very wide; they are planted with shade trees, and have numerous benches. In the suburbs trees, gardens, and parks abound.

During my visit at Moscow I made an excursion to the Sparrow Hills, a slight eminence a few miles from the city, and the first point from which Napoleon with his army saw Moscow. The entire ridge is laid out in gardens, which contain booths, restaurants, cafés, and a pretty little summer theater. It was here that Napoleon, in sight of the blazing city, dictated the intelligence of the conflagration to France. This is a favorite summer evening resort for the Moscow people.

The whole city outside of the Kremlin presents such a vast empty aspect that it seems to have been built in expectation of some future population rather than to meet the present wants; but the many

wooden buildings and the frequency of fires offer an explanation for the immensely wide streets, and the isolation of the houses. By this means the spreading of fire is limited. The city is irregularly built. Churches and other public buildings are mingled confusedly with private dwellings, large and small, thereby making the place more attractive. There are many indulations in the streets, which form fine points of view.

Warsaw was the next place I visited. It was the capital of Poland until that country was united to Russia. It is situated on both sides of the Vistula River, which is spanned by a fine iron bridge. This bridge, a beautiful park, a few interesting streets, and some large public buildings, constitute all there is to be seen in Warsaw.

After having spent a few days in Warsaw, I went to Vienna. This unattractive route has no fine forest, pretty cottages, lakes, or waterfalls to please the traveler.

Vienna, the capital of Austria, is one of the most charming cities in Europe. In fact, no European city except Paris has more parks or finer public buildings, including cathedrals and palaces. I visited this city in 1883. I have described it in a previous chapter, so will pass on to Buda Pesth, the capital of Hungary, occupying a pleasant site on the Danube, one hundred and fifteen miles below Vienna. The name is derived from the united towns of Pesth and Buda, they being situated one upon each side of the river.

Buda, the older part, was an ancient Roman colony. Pesth, a modern city, has wide streets, pleasant promenades, and magnificent edifices. There is a beautiful suspension bridge over the Danube. The two cities are connected by a good iron bridge. There are also numbers of ferry-boats which ply between the river banks along the entire extension of the city

Buda is built on both sides of a bluff, which is crowned with a small fort. From this point is spread a magnificent panorama. To the right is the hill on which stands the ancient fortress of Buda; to the front is the majestic royal castle, with gardens and terraces spreading down the declivity of the hill almost to the water's edge. In the background are the vine-clad mountains of Buda, which produce most delicate wines. By crossing the suspension bridge one reaches an excellent tunnel that leads through this hill. A few steps bring one to the little station of the wire rope railway, which transports one up to the ancient fortress.

There is a delightful island in the middle of the Danube, called Margaret Island. It comprises one hundred and twenty-two acres of land near the city, and is the property of Archduke Joseph. It is laid out in gardens that contain groups of stately trees, fragrant flower beds, and smooth, green lawns. It has also many spacious buildings, bath houses, restaurants, dance halls, and

music stands, where gypsy bands perform two or three times a week. The small ruins of an ancient nunnery and a garden of remarkable roses stand in the center of the island. There are springs of hot water, too, which afford a cure, or at least a mitigation, to suffering humanity. There are also hot water springs all along the bank of the Danube near Buda. The famous bitter-water springs are here, the products of which are exported over the whole globe. If these springs were properly managed, Buda Pesth could become a favorite watering place.

On leaving the above city I returned to Vienna and wended my way to Zurich, in Switzerland. On this route one passes through the Tyrol, where the scenery becomes more varied as the road winds in sharp curves through deep defiles, overhung by tremendous cliffs, mounts slowly to dizzy heights, creeps along the edge of precipices, through dense forests, across beautiful natural parks, and along the banks of swiftly running mountain streams. The hills and mountains are covered with fir trees, relieved by villages and fine old castles. Of the endless variety of natural beauty on this route my pen fails me in giving a picture; I can only assure the lover of nature that there could be no more delightful scenes of lakes, mountains, forests, streams, and moorlands. From the summit the descent is quite steep, and the road winds through woodland scenery and ex-

quisite cascades, until the shore of Lake Zurich is reached. From this point the road leads along the lake shore to the city.

Zurich is romantically situated at the base of the Alps, at the place where the Limmat River issues from the lake that lies at the foot of the long line of snowy Alps. It is embedded between ranges of hills, whose slopes are covered with vineyards, orchards, and groups of houses, in pleasing alternation, while the heights are crowned with dusky forests of pine.

Thousands upon thousands of tourists have admired the beauties of this lake, and nothing can be more delightful than to glide swiftly over the smooth waters in a steamboat, to the upper end of the lake, past the vine-clad hills and the trim villages that line its banks.

Zurich, with its numerous delightful promenades, pleased me very much. The Quay promenade, bordering the lake, is connected by a magnificent bridge, from which there is a splendid view of the Alpine chains. The valley of the Limmat, near the city, is not wide, and the heights which limit it are studded with numerous houses and villas, which are interspersed in a very pleasing manner with gardens, orchards, and vineyards.

From Zurich I went to Paris, *en route* for Havre, where I embarked on the steamship *Normandie*, bound for New York. The voyage across the Atlantic was not attended with any incident

worthy of note. The weather, during the entire journey, was fine. There was a large number of passengers, among whom were some excellent musicians who entertained us in the social hall every evening.

On my arrival at New York I found the custom authorities not a whit less particular in their examination of baggage than those in other countries. I shall not undertake a description of the places I visited in the United States. The summer resorts are numerous, and many of them are delightful. The mountains, hills, valleys, glens, lakes, and rivers of the United States present scenes of beauty and grandeur which no region in Europe can surpass, and which fully compensate for the lack of picture galleries and fine churches.

After a short stay in New York I paid a visit to my relatives in the New England States. I then returned to New York *en route* for Chicago, where I remained two weeks with friends who pointed out to me all the attractions of the Garden City of the West.

This city was nearly swept from the earth's surface by fire in 1871. Property was destroyed to the value of nearly three hundred million dollars; but, like Moscow, it has risen from its ashes larger and more beautiful than before. It has mammoth hotels, spacious stores, fine ecclesiastical edifices, other large public buildings, and beautiful residences, while iron foundries, machine

shops, steam sawmills, planing mills, flour mills, and huge elevators are everywhere to be seen. Its market for grain, beef, and pork is the largest in the world. The parks are numerous and the drives delightful.

When I had completed my visit, I journeyed on to the Twin Cities, St. Paul and Minneapolis, located on the Upper Mississippi, two thousand and sixty-five miles above its mouth. They are ten miles apart from center to center. Their combined population is nearly three hundred thousand, and although they are of considerable commercial importance, they contain nothing of interest to detain a traveler.

My next stopping place was Winnipeg, the capital of the Province of Manitoba. It is at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers. It is well built and has a population of thirty thousand. For many years it has been the chief post of the Hudson Bay Company.

The next place of interest to me was Vancouver. Leaving Winnipeg I traveled by the Canadian Pacific through a broad plain checkered with fields of grain and dotted with farmhouses. We passed station after station, resembling each other except in the size of the villages surrounding them. These generally have a church, a hotel, and a grain elevator.

After a ride of nearly a thousand miles over this almost level country, we reached the foothills

of the Rocky Mountains, which rise in successive tiers to the snowy ranges behind them. As we proceeded, the snowy mountains seemed to rise abruptly in great masses, streaked and capped with snow and ice. Next the train passed between two almost vertical walls of dizzy height. This is the gap by which the Rocky Mountains are entered.

In a few hours we reached Banff, the station for Rocky Mountain Park and Hot Springs, a medicinal watering place and pleasure resort. This park is a national reservation, twenty-six miles long and ten wide, embracing parts of the valleys of the Bow, Spray, and Cascade Rivers, with Devil's Lake and several grand mountain ranges. From this point to the Pacific Coast the scenery is magnificent. Three great mountain ranges must be crossed, the Selkirk, the Gold Range, and the Cascade Range. The Selkirk Range forms the backbone of the country, rising in this part higher than the Rocky Mountains.

At Rogers' Pass is a glacier whose top measures a mile in width. Several currents flow from underneath the base of this mass of ice and unite in a deep gorge, in which Glacier Hotel is situated. Magnificent mountain views are to be obtained from this spot. The railroad avails itself of this ravine and also of another that comes into it at right angles a short distance below, to get down out of the pass. The line, by repeated loops and

double loops, runs for six miles, descends six hundred feet, and accomplishes just two miles of actual distance. Here are six almost parallel lines in full view, each at a lower stage; they are the loops of the Canadian Pacific. Further on the steep banks of the deep winding cañons of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers have called for great engineering skill, and give, for hundreds of miles, a succession of grand scenes. From Boston Bar, the principal cañon of the Fraser, to Yale, the scenery is intensely interesting. The great river, forced between vertical walls of rock, roars and foams madly. Down this vast chasm go the railway and river together. The former is cut into the cliff two hundred feet above it. It twists and turns in every direction and plunges at intervals of a minute or two through projecting angles of rock, which seem to close the way.

As the valley widens, farms and orchards become frequent, and, after passing through the forest of mammoth trees, we find ourselves on the tide waters of the Pacific. Shortly after this the train rolls into the station at Vancouver, the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The city of Vancouver is situated on a peninsula, which slopes from the water on either side to an elevation of nearly two hundred feet. The city was incorporated in 1886, at which time it had a population of only six hundred. It has about twenty thousand now. The present site of

the city was at that time a dense wilderness of huge firs; where they stood are massive blocks of brick and stone.

The city is well provided with parks, the largest of which is Stanley Park, of nearly one thousand acres. A beautiful driveway has been constructed around it, and from some of the elevations on this road an extensive view is obtained of the surrounding country and of the numerous islands in the Gulf of Georgia. There are also several other attractive parks.

After having visited the places of interest in Vancouver, I went by steamer to Tacoma, and thence by rail to Portland, Oregon. But all the pleasures of the trip came to an end at this place. Up to this time I had had no hardships to endure, no difficulties to overcome, no accidents or annoyances of any kind. So far the trip had been made with a great deal of pleasure and comfort, which will never be forgotten.

I left Portland at six o'clock in the evening of the 12th of November for San Francisco. After a run of nearly two hours, when crossing a long trestle bridge over what is known as Lake Labish, fifty miles south of Portland, the train and trestle went down together, dropping twenty feet. The crash was tremendous. The engine was overturned and half buried in the mud. The tender overturned behind it, and the cars were broken and twisted out of shape. The number killed at

the time was only three, but since then death has claimed two more. More than a hundred were injured, some very seriously; in fact, almost everyone in the train was more or less injured.

After a stay of three weeks I had so far recovered as to be able to proceed on my way to San Francisco, thus completing my second trip around the world.

There is no course of life that affords more advantages than that of travel, especially in foreign countries. It gives a better education than can be acquired from books; and we learn to appreciate our native land, our own home, for having been away. I have always returned with my love for my own country deepened and my mind broadened. I travel alone and find it the most independent way. One can always find persons with whom to talk, and often someone who will accompany him when sight-seeing in large cities. This over they part and perhaps never meet again. I have often met persons who had started in company with others, but could not agree and had parted, each going by himself.

In order to enjoy traveling one should have a contented spirit, that adapts itself easily to circumstances and treats temporary inconveniences with good-humored contempt. One should not be dependent on little comforts and indulgences, but manage to be happy in their absence.

During my travels I have seldom taken a letter

of introduction, nor do I care for one. I depend much upon accidental acquaintances, and I have always found that being kind and affable to those whom I met, paying proper respect to their manners and customs, and feeling at home among them, was a sure method of enabling me to enjoy myself and to find comforts as sweet as those I had been accustomed to in my native land.

And now my roving disposition has been well satisfied. There are few places visited by travelers that I have not seen. During my wanderings I have come in contact with the rich, the poor, the cultivated, and the rough; but never once, in any part of the world, did I experience the slightest discourtesy or lack of kindness. Often perfect strangers have taken trouble and even put themselves out to do me a favor; and for this kindness and hospitality, that was everywhere extended to me, from all with whom it has been my fortune to come in contact, I have the most grateful recollection.

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